Jeanie Donaldson 1st 66

LETTERS

Of the RIGHT HONOURABLE

Lady M--y W---y M----e:

Written, during her TRAVELS in

EUROPE, ASIA AND AFRICA,

TO

Perſons of Diſtinction, Men of Letters, &c.
in different PARTS of EUROPE.

WHICH CONTAIN,

Among other CURIOUS Relations,

ACCOUNTS of the POLICY and MANNERS of the TURKS;

Drawn from Sources that have been inacceſſible to other Travellers.

LONDON:
Printed for A. HOMER in the *Strand*, and P. MILTON in St. *Paul's* Church-yard.

MDCCLXIV.

BRITISH MUSEUM
30 MAY 68

PREFACE,

BY A

LADY.

Written in 1724.

I WAS going, like common editors, to advertiſe the reader of the beauties and excellencies of the work laid before him: To tell him that the illuſtrious author had opportunities, that other travellers, whatever their quality or curioſity may have been, cannot obtain; and a genius capable of making the beſt improvement of every opportunity. But if the reader, after peruſing *one* letter only, has not diſcernment to diſtinguiſh that natural elegance, that delicacy of ſentiment and obſervation, that eaſy gracefulneſs, and lovely ſimplicity (which is the perfection of writing) and in which theſe *Letters* exceed all that has appeared in this kind, or almoſt any other, let him lay the book down, and leave it to thoſe who have.

The noble author had the goodneſs to lend me her M S. to ſatisfy my curioſity in ſome inquiries I had made concerning her travels; and when I had it in my hands, how was it poſſible to part with it? I once had the vanity

to hope I might acquaint the public, that it owed this invaluable treaſure to my importunities. But alas! the moſt ingenious author has condemned it to obſcurity during her life; and conviction, as well as deference, obliges me to yield to her reaſons. However, if theſe *Letters* appear hereafter, when I am in my grave, let this attend them, in teſtimony to poſterity, that among her contemporaries, *one* woman, at leaſt, was juſt to her merit.

There is not any thing ſo excellent, but ſome will carp at it, and the rather becauſe of its excellency. But to ſuch hypercritics, I ſhall not ſay *.

I confeſs, I am malicious enough to deſire, that the world ſhould ſee, to how much better purpoſe the LADIES travel than their LORDS; and that, whilſt it is ſurfeited with *Male-travels*, all in the ſame tone, and ſtuft with the ſame trifles; a lady has the ſkill to ſtrike out a new path, and to embelliſh a worn-out ſubject, with variety of freſh and elegant entertainment. For beſides the vivacity and ſpirit which enliven every part, and that inimitable beauty which ſpreads through the whole; beſides the purity of the ſtyle, for which it may be juſtly accounted the ſtandard of the Engliſh tongue; the reader will find a more true and accurate account of the cuſtoms and manners of the ſeveral nations, with whom this lady converſed, than

than he can in any other author. But as her ladyſhip's penetration diſcovers the inmoſt follies of the heart, ſo the candour of her temper paſſed over them with an air of pity rather than reproach; treating with the politeneſs of a court, and the gentleneſs of a lady, what the ſeverity of her judgment could not but condemn.

In ſhort, let her own ſex, at leaſt, do her juſtice, lay aſide diabolical Envy, and its *brother* Malice *, with all their accurſed company, ſly whiſpering, cruel back-biting, ſpiteful detraction, and the reſt of that hideous crew, which I hope are very falſely ſaid to attend the *Tea-Table*, being more apt to think they frequent thoſe public places where virtuous women never come. Let the men malign one another if they think fit, and ſtrive to pull down merit when they cannot equal it. Let us be better natured, than to give way to any unkind or diſreſpectful thought of ſo bright an ornament of our ſex, merely becauſe ſhe has better ſenſe; for I doubt not but our hearts will tell us, that this is the real and unpardonable offence, whatever may be pretended. Let us be better Chriſtians, than to look upon her with an evil eye, only becauſe the Giver of all good gifts has entruſted and adorned her with the moſt

* This fair and elegant prefacer, has reſolved, that *Malice* ſhould be of the Maſculine Gender: I believe it is both *Maſculine* and *Feminine*, and I heartily wiſh it were *Neuter*.

excellent talents. Rather let us freely own the ſuperiority of this ſublime genius, as I do in the ſincerity of my ſoul, pleaſed that a *woman* triumphs, and proud to follow in her train. Let us offer her the palm which is ſo juſtly her due; and if we pretend to any laurels, lay them willingly at her feet.

December 18,
1724. M. A.

Charm'd into love of what obſcures my fame,
If I had wit, I'd celebrate her name,
And all the beauties of her mind proclaim.
Till malice, deafen'd with the mighty ſound,
Its ill concerted calumnies confound;
Let fall the maſk, and with pale Envy meet,
To aſk and find, their pardon at her feet.

You ſee, Madam, how I lay every thing at your feet. As the tautology ſhews the poverty of my genius, it likewiſe ſhews the extent of your empire over my imagination.

May 31. 1725.

ADVER-

ADVERTISEMENT OF THE EDITOR.

THE editor of theſe Letters, who, during his reſidence at Venice, was honoured with the eſteem and friendſhip of their ingenious and elegant author, preſents them to the public, for the two following reaſons,

Firſt, Becauſe it was the manifeſt intention of the late Lady M—y W——y M———e, that this SELECT COLLECTION of her Letters ſhould be communicated to the public; an intention declared, not only to the Editor, but to a few more choſen friends, to whom ſhe gave copies of theſe incomparable Letters.

The *ſecond* and principal reaſon that has engaged the Editor to let this Collection ſee the light, is, that the publication of theſe Letters will be an immortal monument to the memory of Lady M—y W—y; and will ſhew, as long as the Engliſh language endures, the ſprightlineſs of her

her wit, the ſolidity of her judgment, the extent of her knowledge, the elegance of her taſte, and the excellence of her *real* character.

The SELECT COLLECTION, here publiſhed, was faithfully tranſcribed from the original manuſcript of her ladyſhip at *Venice*.

The Letters from *Ratisbon*, *Vienna*, *Dreſden*, *Peterwaradin*, *Belgrade*, *Adrianople*, *Conſtantinople*, *Pera*, *Tunis*, *Genoa*, *Lyon*, and *Paris*, are, certainly, the moſt curious and intereſting part of this publication, and both in point of *matter* and *form*, are, to ſay no more of them, ſingularly worthy of the curioſity and attention of all *men of taſte*, and even of all *women of faſhion*. As to thoſe female readers, who read for improvement, and think their beauty an inſipid thing, if it is not ſeaſoned by intellectual charms, they will find in theſe Letters what they ſeek for, and will behold in their author, an ornament and model to their ſex.

LET-

LETTER I.

To the Counteſs of ——.

Rotterdam, Aug. 3. O. S. 1716.

I FLATTER myſelf (dear ſiſter) that I ſhall give you ſome pleaſure in letting you know that I have ſafely paſſed the ſea, though we had the ill fortune of a ſtorm. We were perſuaded by the captain of the yacht to ſet out in a calm, and he pretended there was nothing ſo eaſy as to tide it over; but, after two days ſlowly moving, the wind blew ſo hard, that none of the ſailors could keep their feet, and we were all Sunday night toſſed very handſomely. I never ſaw a man more frighted than the captain. For my part I have been ſo lucky, neither to ſuffer from fear nor ſea-ſickneſs; though, I confeſs, I was ſo impatient to ſee myſelf once more upon dry land, that I would not ſtay till the yatch could get to Rotterdam, but went in the long-boat to Helvoetſluys, where we had voitures to carry us to the Briel. I was charmed with the neatneſs of that little town; but my arrival at Rotterdam, preſented me a new ſcene of pleaſure. All the ſtreets are paved with broad ſtones, and before many of the meaneſt

meaneſt artificers doors are placed ſeats of various coloured marble, ſo neatly kept, that, I'll aſſure you, I walked almoſt all over the town yeſterday, *incognito*, in my ſlippers, without receiving one ſpot of dirt; and you may ſee the Dutch maids waſhing the pavement of the ſtreet, with more application than ours do our bed-chambers. The town ſeems ſo full of people, with ſuch buſy faces, all in motion, that I can hardly fancy it is not ſome celebrated fair; but I ſee it is every day the ſame. 'Tis certain no town can be more advantageouſly ſituated for commerce. Here are ſeven large canals, on which the merchants ſhips come up to the very doors of their houſes. The ſhops and warehouſes are of a ſurpriſing neatneſs and magnificence, filled with an incredible quantity of fine merchandize, and ſo much cheaper than what we ſee in England, that I have much ado to perſuade myſelf I am ſtill ſo near it. Here is neither dirt nor beggary to be ſeen. One is not ſhocked with thoſe loathſome cripples, ſo common in London, nor teized with the importunity of idle fellows and wenches, that chuſe to be naſty and lazy. The common ſervants and little ſhop-women, here, are more nicely clean, than moſt of our ladies, and the great variety of neat dreſſes (every woman dreſſing her head after her own faſhion) is an additional pleaſure in ſeeing the town. You ſee, hitherto, I make no complaints, dear ſiſter, and, if I continue to like travelling, as well as I do at preſent, I ſhall not repent my project. It will go a great way in making me ſatisfied with it, if it affords me an opportunity of entertaining you. But it is not from Holland, that you may

expect

expect a diſintereſted offer. I can write enough, in the ſtile of Rotterdam, to tell you plainly, in one word, that I expect returns of all the London news. You ſee I have already learnt to make a good bargain, and that it is not for nothing I will ſo much as tell you, I am, Your affectionate ſiſter.

LETTER II.

To Mrs S—— ——

Hague, Aug. 5. O. S. 1716.

I MAKE haſte to tell you, dear Madam, that after all the dreadful fatigues you threatened me with, I am hitherto very well pleaſed with my journey. We take care to make ſuch ſhort ſtages every day, that I rather fancy myſelf upon parties of pleaſure, than upon the road, and ſure nothing can be more agreeable than travelling in Holland. The whole country appears a large garden; the roads well paved, ſhaded on each ſide with rows of trees, and bordered with large canals, full of boats, paſſing and repaſſing. Every twenty paces give you the proſpect of ſome villa, and every four hours, that of a large town, ſo ſurprizingly neat, I am ſure you would be charmed with them. The place I am now at, is certainly one of the fineſt villages in the world. Here are ſeveral ſquares finely built, and,

(what

(what I think a particular beauty) the whole ſet with thick large trees. The *Voor-hoot* is, at the ſame time, the Hide Park and Mall of the people of quality; for they take the air in it both on foot and in coaches. There are ſhops for wafers, cool liquors, &c. I have been to ſee ſeveral of the moſt celebrated gardens, but I will not teaze you with their deſcriptions. I dare ſwear you think my letter already long enough. But I muſt not conclude without begging your pardon, for not obeying your commands, in ſending the lace you ordered me. Upon my word I can yet find none, that is not dearer than you may buy it in London. If you want any India goods, here are great variety of penny-worths, and I ſhall follow your orders with great pleaſure and exactneſs, being,

Dear Madam, &c. &c.

LETTER III.

To Mrs S. C.

Nimeguen, Aug. 13. O. S. 1716.

I AM extremely ſorry, my dear S. that your fears of diſobliging your relations, and their fears for your health and ſafety, have hindred me from enjoying the happineſs of your company, and you the pleaſure of a diverting journey. I receive ſome degree

gree of mortification from every agreeable novelty, or pleaſing proſpect, by the reflection of your having ſo unluckily miſſed the delight which I know it would have given you. If you were with me in this town, you would be ready to expect to receive viſits from your Nottingham friends. No two places were ever more reſembling; one has but to give the Maeſe the name of the Trent, and there is no diſtinguiſhing the proſpect. The houſes, like thoſe of Nottingham, are built one above the other, and are intermixed, in the ſame manner, with trees and gardens. The Tower they call Julius Cæſar's, has the ſame ſituation with Nottingham Caſtle; and I cannot help fancying I ſee from it, the Trentfield, Adboulton, places ſo well known to us. 'Tis true, the fortifications make a conſiderable difference. All the learned in the art of war, beſtow great commendations on them; for my part, that know nothing of the matter, I ſhall content myſelf with telling you, 'tis a very pretty walk on the ramparts, on which there is a tower, very deſervedly called the Belvidera, where the people go to drink coffee, tea, &c. and enjoy one of the fineſt proſpects in the world. The public walks have no great beauty, but the thick ſhade of the trees, which is ſolemnly delightful. But I muſt not forget to take notice of the bridge, which appeared very ſurprizing to me. It is large enough to hold hundreds of men, with horſes and carriages. They give the value of an Engliſh two pence to get upon it, and then away they go, bridge and all, to the other ſide of the river, with ſo ſlow a motion, one is hardly ſenſible of any at all.

I was yeſterday at the French church, and ſtared very much at their manner of ſervice. The parſon clapped on a broad-brimmed hat in the firſt place, which gave him entirely the air of, *what d'ye call him*, in Bartholomew fair, which he kept up by extraordinary antic geſtures, and preaching much ſuch ſtuff, as the t'other talked to the puppets. However the congregation ſeemed to receive it with great devotion; and I was inform'd, by ſome of his flock, that he is a perſon of particular fame amongſt them. I believe by this time, you are as much tired with my account of him, as I was with his ſermon; but I am ſure your brother will excuſe a digreſſion in favour of the church of England. You know, ſpeaking diſreſpectfully of the Calviniſts, is the ſame thing as ſpeaking honourably of the church. Adieu, my dear S. always remember me, and be aſſured, I can never forget you, &c. &c.

LETTER IV.

To the Lady ——.

Cologn, Aug. 16. O. S. 1716.

IF my lady —— could have any notion of the fatigues that I have ſuffered theſe two laſt days, I am ſure ſhe would own it a great proof of regard, that I now ſit down to write to her. We hired horſes

horſes from Nimeguen hither, not having the conveniency of the poſt, and found but very indifferent accommodations at Reinberg, our firſt ſtage; but it was nothing to what I ſuffered yeſterday. We were in hopes to reach Cologn; our horſes tired at Stamel, three hours from it, where I was forced to paſs the night in my cloaths, in a room, not at all better than a hovel; for though I have my bed with me, I had no mind to undreſs, where the wind came from a thouſand places. We left this wretched lodging at day-break, and about ſix, this morning, came ſafe here, where I got immediately into bed. I ſlept ſo well for three hours, that I found myſelf perfectly recovered, and have had ſpirits enough to go and ſee all that is curious in the town, that is to ſay, the churches, for here is nothing elſe worth ſeeing. This is a very large town, but the moſt part of it is old built. The Jeſuits church, which is the neateſt, was ſhewed me, in a very complaiſant manner, by a handſome young Jeſuit; who, not knowing who I was, took a liberty in his compliments and railleries, which very much diverted me, having never before ſeen any thing of that nature. I could not enough admire the magnificence of the altars, the rich images of the ſaints (all maſſy ſilver) and the *enchaſſures* of the relics, though I could not help murmuring, in my heart, at the profuſion of pearls, diamonds, and rubies, beſtowed on the adornment of rotten teeth and dirty rags. I own that I had wickedneſs enough to covet St. Urſula's pearl necklace; though perhaps this was no wickedneſs at all, an image not being certainly one's neighbour; but

I went yet farther, and wiſhed the wench herſelf converted into dreſſing plate. I ſhould alſo gladly ſee converted into ſilver, a great St. Chriſtopher, which I imagine would look very well in a ciſtern. Theſe were my pious reflections: though I was very well ſatisfied to ſee, piled up to the honour of our nation, the ſkulls of the eleven thouſand Virgins. I have ſeen ſome hundreds of relics here of no leſs conſequence; but I will not imitate the common ſtile of travellers ſo far, as to give you a liſt of them, being perſuaded, that you have no manner of curioſity for the titles given to jaw-bones and bits of worm-eaten wood.——Adieu, I am juſt going to ſupper, where I ſhall drink your health in an admirable ſort of Lorrain wine, which I am ſure is the ſame you call Burgundy in London, &c. &c.

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LETTER V.

To the Counteſs of B——.

Nuremberg, Aug. 22. O. S. 1716.

AFTER five days travelling poſt, I could not ſit down to write on any other occaſion, than to tell my dear Lady, that I have not forgot her obliging command of ſending her ſome account of my travels. I have already paſſed a large part of Germany, have ſeen all that is remarkable in Cologn, Frank-

Frankfort, Wurtſburgh, and this place. 'Tis impoſſible not to obſerve the difference between the free towns, and thoſe under the government of abſolute princes, as all the little ſovereigns of Germany are. In the firſt there appears an air of commerce and plenty. The ſtreets are well built, and full of people, neatly and plainly dreſſed. The ſhops are loaded with merchandize, and the commonality are clean and chearful. In the other you ſee a ſort of ſhabby finery, a number of dirty people of quality tawdered out; narrow naſty ſtreets out of repair, wretchedly thin of inhabitants, and above half of the common ſort aſking alms. I cannot help fancying one under the figure of a clean Dutch citizen's wife, and the other like a poor town lady of pleaſure, painted and ribboned out in her head-dreſs, with tarniſhed ſilver-laced ſhoes, a ragged under petticoat, a miſerable mixture of vice and poverty.—They have ſumptuary laws in this town, which diſtinguiſh their ranks by their dreſs, prevent the exceſs which ruins ſo many other cities, and has a more agreeable effect to the eye of a ſtranger, than our faſhions. I need not be aſhamed to own, that I wiſh theſe laws were in force in other parts of the world. When one conſiders impartially, the merits of a rich ſuit of cloaths in moſt places, the reſpect and the ſmiles of favour it procures, not to ſpeak of the envy and the ſighs it occaſions (which is very often the principal charm to the wearer) one is forced to confeſs, that there is need of an uncommon underſtanding to reſiſt the temptation of pleaſing friends and mortifying rivals; and that it is natural to young people to fall into a

folly, which betrays them to that want of money, which is the ſource of a thouſand baſeneſſes. What numbers of men have begun the world with generous inclinations, that have afterwards been the inſtruments of bringing miſery on a whole people, being led by a vain expence into debts that they could clear no other way, but by the forfeit of their honour, and which they never could have contracted, if the reſpect the multitude pays to habits, was fixed by law, only to a particular colour or cut of plain cloth. Theſe reflections draw after them others that are too melancholy. I will make haſte to put them out of your head by the farce of relics, with which I have been entertained in all Romiſh churches.

The Lutherans are not quite free from theſe follies. I have ſeen here, in the principal church, a large piece of the croſs ſet in jewels, and the point of the ſpear, which, they told me, very gravely, was the ſame that pierced the ſide of our Saviour. But I was particularly diverted in a little Roman Catholic church which is permitted here, where the profeſſors of that religion are not very rich, and conſequently cannot adorn their images in ſo rich a manner as their neighbours. For not to be quite deſtitute of all finery, they have dreſſed up an image of our Saviour over the altar, in a fair full-bottomed wig, very well powdered. I imagine I ſee your Ladyſhip ſtare at this article, of which you very much doubt the veracity; but, upon my word, I have not yet made uſe of the privilege of a traveller, and my whole account is written with the ſame plain

ſincerity

ſincerity of heart, with which I aſſure you that I am, dear Madam, your, &c. &c.

LETTER VI.

To Mrs P——.

Ratiſbon, Aug. 30. O. S. 1716.

I HAD the pleaſure of receiving yours, but the day before I left London. I give you a thouſand thanks for your good wiſhes, and have ſuch an opinion of their efficacy, that, I am perſuaded, I owe, in part, to them, the good luck of having proceeded ſo far on my long journey without any ill accident. For I don't reckon it any, to have been ſtopped a few days in this town by a cold, ſince it has not only given me an opportunity of ſeeing all that is curious in it, but of making ſome acquaintance with the ladies, who have all been to ſee me with great civility, particularly *Madame* ——, the wife of our King's envoy from Hanover. She has carried me to all the aſſemblies, and I have been magnificently entertained at her houſe, which is one of the fineſt here. You know that all the nobility in this place, are Envoys from different States. Here are a great number of them, and they might paſs their time agreeably enough, if they were leſs delicate on the point of ceremony. But inſtead of join-

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ing in the deſign of making the town as pleaſant to one another as they can, and improving their little ſocieties, they amuſe themſelves no other way, than with perpetual quarrels, which they take care to eternize, by leaving them to their ſucceſſors; and an envoy to Ratiſbon receives, regularly, half a dozen quarrels, among the perquiſites of his employment. You may be ſure the ladies are not wanting, on their ſide, in cheriſhing and improving theſe important *piques*, which divide the town almoſt into as many parties, as there are families. They chuſe rather to ſuffer the mortification of ſitting almoſt alone on their aſſembly nights, than to recede one jot from their pretentions. I have not been here above a week, and yet I have heard from almoſt every one of them the whole hiſtory of their wrongs, and dreadful complaints of the injuſtice of their neighbours, in hopes to draw me to their party. But I think it very prudent to remain neuter, though if I was to ſtay among them, there would be no poſſibility of continuing ſo, their quarrels running ſo high, that they will not be civil to thoſe that viſit their adverſaries. The foundation of theſe everlaſting diſputes, turns entirely upon rank, place, and the title of Excellency, which they all pretend to, and what is very hard, will give it to no body. For my part I could not forbear adviſing them (for the public good) to give the title of Excellency to every body, which would include the receiving it from every body; but the very mention of ſuch a diſhonnrable peace, was received with as much indignation, as Mrs Blackaire did the motion of a reference.

And

And indeed, I began to think myſelf ill-natured, to offer to take from them, in a town where there are ſo few diverſions, ſo entertaining an amuſement. I know that my peaceable diſpoſition already gives me a very ill figure, and that 'tis *publicly* whiſpered as a piece of impertinent pride in me, that I have hitherto been ſaucily civil to every body, as if I thought no body good enough to quarrel with. I ſhould be obliged to change my behaviour, if I did not intend to purſue my journey in a few days. I have been to ſee the churches here, and had the permiſſion of touching the relics, which was never ſuffered in places where I was not known. I had, by this privilege, the opportunity of making an obſervation, which I doubt not might have been made in all the other churches, that the emeralds and rubies which they ſhew round their relics and images, are moſt of them falſe; though they tell you that many of the *Croſſes* and *Madonas*, ſet round with theſe ſtones, have been the gifts of Emperors and other great Princes. I don't doubt indeed, but they were at firſt jewels of value; but the good fathers have found it convenient to apply them to other uſes, and the people are juſt as well ſatisfied with bits of glaſs amongſt theſe relics. They ſhewed me a prodigious claw ſet in gold, which they called the claw of a Griffin, and I could not forbear aſking the Reverend Prieſt that ſhewed it, whether Griffin was a Saint? The queſtion almoſt put him beſide his gravity; but he anſwered, they only kept it as a curioſity. I was very much ſcandalized at a large ſilver image of the *Trinity*, where the *Father* is repreſented under the figure

gure of a decrepid old man, with a beard down to his knees, and triple crown on his head, holding in his arms the *Son*, fixed on the croſs, and the *Holy Ghoſt*, in the ſhape of a dove, hovering over him. Madam —— is come this minute to call me to the aſſembly, and forces me to tell you very abruptly, that I am ever your, &c. &c.

LETTER VII.

To the Counteſs of ——.

Vienna, Sept. 8. O. S. 1716.

I AM now, my dear ſiſter, ſafely arrived at Vienna, and I thank God, have not at all ſuffered in my health, nor (what is dearer to me) in that of my child, by all our fatigues. We travelled by water from Ratiſbon, a journey perfectly agreeable, down the Danube, in one of thoſe little veſſels, that they, very properly, call wooden houſes, having in them all the conveniencies of a palace, ſtoves in the chambers, kitchens, &c. they are rowed by twelve men each, and move with ſuch an incredible ſwiftneſs, that in the ſame day you have the pleaſure of a vaſt variety of proſpects, and within the ſpace of a few hours you have the pleaſure of ſeeing a populous city adorned with magnificent palaces, and the moſt romantic ſolitudes, which appear diſtant from the com-

commerce of mankind, the banks of the Danube being charmingly diverſified with woods, rocks, mountains covered with vines, fields of corn, large cities, and ruins of ancient caſtles. I ſaw the great towns of Paſſau and Lintz, famous for the retreat of the Imperial Court, when Vienna was beſieged. This town, which has the honour of being the Emperor's reſidence, did not at all anſwer my expectation, nor ideas of it, being much leſs than I expected to find it; the ſtreets are very cloſe and ſo narrow, one cannot obſerve the fine fronts of the palaces, though many of them very well deſerve obſervation, being truly magnificent. They are built of fine white ſtone, and are exceſſive high. For as the town is too little for the number of the people that deſire to live in it, the builders ſeem to have projected to repair that misfortune, by clapping one town on the top of another, moſt of the houſes being of five, and ſome of them of ſix ſtories. You may eaſily imagine, that the ſtreets being ſo narrow, the rooms are extremely dark, and what is an inconveniency, much more intolerable, in my opinion, here is no houſe which has ſo few as five or ſix families in it. The apartments of the greateſt ladies, and even of the miniſters of ſtate, are divided, but by a partition, from that of a taylor, or ſhoe-maker, and I know nobody that has above two floors in any houſe, one for their own uſe, and one higher for their ſervants. Thoſe that have houſes of their own, let out the reſt of them, to whoever will take them, and thus the great ſtairs (which are all of ſtone) are as common and as dirty as the ſtreet.

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'Tis true, when you have once travelled through them, nothing can be more ſurpriſingly magnificent than the apartments. They are commonly a *ſuite* of eight or ten large rooms, all inlaid, the doors and windows richly carved and gilt, and the furniture ſuch as is ſeldom ſeen in the palaces of ſovereign princes in other countries. Their apartments are adorned with hangings of the fineſt tapeſtry of Bruſſels, prodigious large looking-glaſſes in ſilver frames, fine japan tables, beds, chairs, canopies, and window curtains of the richeſt Genoa damaſk or velvet, almoſt covered with gold lace or embroidery. All this is made gay by pictures and vaſt jars of japan china, and large luſtres of rock cryſtal. I have already had the honour of being invited to dinner by ſeveral of the firſt people of quality, and I muſt do them the juſtice to ſay, the good taſte and magnificence of their tables very well anſwer to that of their furniture, I have been more than once entertained with fifty diſhes of meat, all ſerved in ſilver, and well dreſſed; the deſert proportionable, ſerved in the fineſt china. But the variety and richneſs of their wines is what appears the moſt ſurprizing. The conſtant way is, to lay a liſt of their names upon the plates of the gueſts along with the napkins, and I have counted ſeveral times, to the number of eighteen different ſorts, all exquiſite in their kinds. I was yeſterday at Count Schoonbourn, the vice chancellor's garden, where I was invited to dinner. I muſt own, I never ſaw a place ſo perfectly delightful as the Fauxbourg of Vienna. It is very large, and almoſt wholly compoſed of delicious palaces. If

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the Emperor found it proper to permit the gates of the town to be laid open, that the Fauxbourgs might be joined to it, he would have one of the largeſt and beſt built cities in Europe. Count Schoonbourn's villa is one of the moſt magnificent; the furniture all rich brocades, ſo well fancied and fitted up, nothing can look more gay and ſplendid; not to ſpeak of a gallery, full of rarities of coral, mother of pearl, and throughout the whole houſe a profuſion of gilding, carving, fine paintings, the moſt beautiful porcelain, ſtatues of alabaſter and ivory, and vaſt orange and lemon trees in gilt pots. The dinner was perfectly fine and well ordered, and made ſtill more agreeable by the good humour of the Count. I have not yet been at court, being forced to ſtay for my gown, without which there is no waiting on the Empreſs; though I am not without great impatience to ſee a beauty that has been the admiration of ſo many different nations. When I have had that honour, I will not fail to let you know my real thoughts, always taking a particular pleaſure in communicating them to my dear ſiſter.

LETTER VIII.

To Mr P——.

Vienna, Sept. 14. O. S.

PERHAPS you'll laugh at me, for thanking you very gravely for all the obliging concern you expreſs for me. 'Tis certain that I may, if I pleaſe, take the fine things you ſay to me for wit and raillery, and, it may be, it would be taking them right. But I never, in my life, was half ſo well diſpoſed to take you in earneſt, as I am at preſent, and that diſtance which makes the continuation of our friendſhip improbable, has very much encreaſed my faith in it. I find that I have (as well as the reſt of my ſex) whatever face I ſet on't, a ſtrong diſpoſition to believe in miracles. Don't fancy, however, that I am infected by the air of theſe popiſh countries; I have, indeed, ſo far wandered from the diſcipline of the church of England, as to have been laſt Sunday at the opera, which was performed in the garden of the Favorita, and I was ſo much pleaſed with it, I have not yet repented my ſeeing it. Nothing of that kind ever was more magnificent; and I can eaſiy believe, what I am told, that the decorations and habits coſt the Emperor thirty thouſand pounds ſterling. The ſtage was built

built over a very large canal, and at the beginning of the ſecond act, divided into two parts, diſcovering the water, on which there immediately came, from different parts, two fleets of little gilded veſſels, that gave the repreſentation of a naval fight. It is not eaſy to imagine the beauty of this ſcene, which I took particular notice of. But all the reſt were perfectly fine in their kind. The ſtory of the opera is the enchantment of Alcina, which gives opportunities for great variety of machines and changes of the ſcenes, which are performed with a ſurprizing ſwiftneſs. The theatre is ſo large that it is hard to carry the eye to the end of it, and the habits in the utmoſt magnificence to the number of one hundred and eight. No houſe could hold ſuch large decorations: but the ladies all ſitting in the open air, expoſes them to great inconveniencies; for there is but one canopy for the imperial family; and the firſt night it was repreſented, a ſhower of rain happening, the opera was broke off, and the company crowded away in ſuch confuſion, that I was almoſt ſqueezed to death.——But if their opera's are thus delightful, their comedies are in as high a degree ridiculous. They have but one play-houſe, where I had the curioſity to go to a German comedy, and was very glad it happened to be the ſtory of Amphitrion. As that ſubject has been already handled by a Latin, French and Engliſh poet, I was curious to ſee what an Auſtrian author would make of it. I underſtand enough of that language to comprehend the greateſt part of it, and beſides I took with me a lady, that had the goodneſs to explain to me every word. The

way is to take a box, which holds four, for yourſelf and company. The fixed price is a gold ducat. I thought the houſe very low and dark; but I confeſs the comedy admirably recompenſed that defect. I never laughed ſo much in my life. It began with Jupiter's falling in love out of a peep hole in the clouds, and ended with the birth of Hercules. But what was moſt pleaſant, was the uſe Jupiter made of his metamorphoſis, for you no ſooner ſaw him under the figure of Amphitrion, but inſtead of flying to Alcmena, with the raptures Mr Dryden puts into his mouth, he ſends for Amphitrion's taylor, and cheats him of a laced coat, and his banker of a bag of money, a Jew of a diamond ring, and beſpeaks a great ſupper in his name; and the greateſt part of the comedy turns upon poor Amphitrion's being tormented by theſe people for their debts. Mercury uſes Soſia in the ſame manner. But I could not eaſily pardon the liberty the poet has taken of larding his play with, not only indecent expreſſions, but ſuch groſs words as I don't think our mob would ſuffer from a mountebank. Beſides, the two Soſia's very fairly let down their breeches in the direct view of the boxes, which were full of people of the firſt rank, that ſeemed very well pleaſed with their entertainment, and aſſured me this was a celebrated piece. I ſhall conclude my letter with this remarkable relation, very well worthy the ſerious conſideration of Mr Collier. I won't trouble you with farewell compliments, which I think generally as impertinent, as courteſies at leaving the room when the viſit has been too long already.

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LETTER IX.

To the Counteſs of ——.

Vienna, Sept. 14. O. S.

THOUGH I have ſo lately troubled you, my dear ſiſter, with a long letter, yet I will keep my promiſe in giving you an account of my firſt going to Court. In order to that ceremony, I was ſqueezed up in a gown, and adorned with a gorget and other implements thereunto belonging, a dreſs very inconvenient, but which certainly ſhews the neck and ſhape to great advantage. I cannot forbear giving you ſome deſcription of the faſhions here, which are more monſtrous and contrary to all common ſenſe and reaſon, than 'tis poſſible for you to imagine. They build certain fabrics of gauſe on their heads, about a yard high, conſiſting of three or four ſtories fortified with numberleſs yards of heavy ribbon. The foundation of this ſtructure is a thing they call a *Bourle*, which is exactly of the ſame ſhape and kind, but about four times as big as thoſe rolls our prudent milk-maids make uſe of to fix their pails upon. This machine they cover with their own hair, which they mix with a great deal of falſe, it being a particular beauty to have their heads too large to go into a moderate tub. Their

hair is prodigiouſly powdered to conceal the mixture, and ſet out with three or four rows of bodkins (wonderfully large, that ſtick out two or three inches from their hair) made of diamonds, pearls, red, green and yellow ſtones, that it certainly requires as much art and experience to carry the load upright, as to dance upon May-day with the garland. Their whalebone petticoats outdo ours by ſeveral yards circumference, and cover ſome acres of ground. You may eaſily ſuppoſe how this extraordinary dreſs ſets off and improves the natural uglineſs, with which God Almighty has been pleaſed to endow them, generally ſpeaking. Even the lovely Empreſs herſelf is obliged to comply, in ſome degree, with theſe abſurd faſhions, which they would not quit for all the world. I had a private audience (according to ceremony) of half an hour, and then all the other ladies were permitted to come and make their court. I was perfectly charmed with the Empreſs; I cannot however tell you that her features are regular; her eyes are not large, but have a lively look full of ſweetneſs; her complexion the fineſt I ever ſaw; her noſe and forehead well made, but her mouth has ten thouſand charms, that touch the ſoul. When ſhe ſmiles, 'tis with a beauty and ſweetneſs, that forces adoration. She has a vaſt quantity of fine fair hair; but then her perſon!——one muſt ſpeak of it poetically to do it rigid juſtice; all that the poets have ſaid of the mein of Juno, the air of Venus, come not up to the truth. The Graces move with her; the famous ſtatue of Medicis was not formed with more delicate proportions; nothing

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can be added to the beauty of her neck and hands. Till I ſaw them, I did not believe there were any in nature ſo perfect, and I was almoſt ſorry that my rank here did not permit me to kiſs them; but they are kiſſed ſufficiently, for every body, that waits on her, pays that homage at their entrance, and when they take leave. When the ladies were come in, ſhe ſat down to Quinze. I could not play at a game I had never ſeen before, and ſhe ordered me a ſeat at her right hand, and had the goodneſs to talk to me very much, with that grace ſo natural to her. I expected every moment, when the men were to come in to pay their court; but this drawing-room is very different from that of England; no man enters it but the grand maſter, who comes in to advertiſe the Empreſs of the approach of the Emperor. His Imperial Majeſty did me the honour of ſpeaking to me in a very obliging manner, but he never ſpeaks to any of the other ladies, and the whole paſſes with a gravity and air of ceremony that has ſomething very formal in it. The Empreſs Amelia, dowager of the late Emperor Joſeph, came this evening to wait on the reigning Empreſs, followed by the two archdutcheſſes her daughters, who are very agreeable young princeſſes. Their Imperial Majeſties roſe and went to meet her at the door of the room, after which ſhe was ſeated in an arm-chair next the Empreſs, and in the ſame manner at ſupper, and there the men had the permiſſion of paying their court. The archdutcheſſes ſat on chairs with backs without arms. The table was entirely ſerved and all the diſhes ſet on by the Empreſs's maids of honour, which

which are twelve young ladies of the firſt quality. They have no ſalary, but their chamber at court, where they live in a ſort of confinement, not being ſuffered to go to the aſſemblies or public places in town, except in compliment to the wedding of a ſiſter maid, whom the Empreſs always preſents with her picture ſet in diamonds. The three firſt of them are called *Ladies of the Key*, and wear gold keys by their ſides; but what I find moſt pleaſant, is the cuſtom, which obliges them as long as they live, after they have left the Empreſs's ſervice, to make her ſome preſent every year on the day of her feaſt. Her Majeſty is ſerved by no married women but the *Grande Maitreſſe*, who is generally a widow of the firſt quality, always very old, and is at the ſame time groom of the ſtole and mother of the maids. The dreſſers are not, at all, in the figure they pretend to in England, being looked upon no otherwiſe than as down-right chamber-maids. I had an audience next day of the Empreſs mother, a princeſs of great virtue and goodneſs, but who piques herſelf too much on a violent devotion. She is perpetually performing extraordinary acts of penance, without having ever done any thing to deſerve them. She has the ſame number of maids of honour, whom ſhe ſuffers to go in colours; but ſhe herſelf never quits her mourning; and ſure nothing can be more diſmal than the mourning here, even for a brother, There is not the leaſt bit of linen to be ſeen; all black crape inſtead of it. The neck, ears, and ſide of the face are covered with a plaited piece of the ſame ſtuff, and the face that peeps out in the midſt of it, looks

as if it were pilloried. The widows wear over and above, a crape forehead-cloth, and in this ſolemn weed, go to all the public places of diverſion without ſcruple. The next day I was to wait on the Empreſs Amelia, who is now at her palace of retirement, half a mile from the town. I had there the pleaſure of ſeeing a diverſion wholly new to me, but which is the common amuſement of this court. The Empreſs herſelf was ſeated on a little throne at the end of the fine alley in her garden, and on each ſide of her were ranged two parties of her ladies of quality, headed by two young arch-dutcheſſes, all dreſſed in their hair, full of jewels, with fine light guns in their hands, and at proper diſtances were placed three oval pictures, which were the marks to be ſhot at. The firſt was that of a CUPID, filling a bumper of Burgundy, and the motto, *'Tis eaſy to be valiant here.* The ſecond a FORTUNE holding a garland in her hand, the motto, *For her whom Fortune favours.* The third was a SWORD with a laurel wreath on the point, the motto, *Here is no ſhame to be vanquiſhed.*——Near the Empreſs was a gilded trophy wreathed with flowers, and made of little crooks, on which were hung rich Turkiſh handkerchiefs, tippets, ribbons, laces, *&c.* for the ſmall prizes. The Empreſs gave the firſt with her own hand, which was a fine ruby ring ſet round with diamonds, in a gold ſnuff-box. There was for the ſecond, a little Cupid ſet with brilliants, and beſides this a ſet of fine china for the tea-table, enchaſed in gold, japan trunks, fans, and many gallantries of the ſame nature. All the men of quality

ty at Vienna were ſpectators; but the ladies only had permiſſion to ſhoot, and the arch-dutcheſs Amelia carried off the firſt prize. I was very well pleaſed with having ſeen this entertainment, and I do not know but it might make as good a figure as the prize-ſhooting in the Æneid, if I could write as well as Virgil. This is the favourite pleaſure of the Emperor, and there is rarely a week without ſome feaſt of this kind, which makes the young ladies ſkilful enough to defend a fort. They laughed very much to ſee me afraid to handle a gun. My dear ſiſter, you will eaſily pardon an abrupt concluſion. I believe by this time you are ready to think I ſhall never conclude at all.

LETTER X.

To the Lady R——.

Vienna, Sept. 20. 1716. O. S.

I AM extremely rejoiced, but not at all ſurprized, at the long, delightful letter, you have had the goodneſs to ſend me. I know that you can think of an abſent friend even in the midſt of a court, and you love to oblige, where you can have no view of a return; and I expect from you that you ſhould love me, and think of me, when you don't ſee me. I have compaſſion for the mortifications that you tell me befel our little, old friend, and I pity her much

much more, ſince I know, that they are, only, owing to the barbarous cuſtoms of our country. Upon my word, if ſhe were here, ſhe would have no other fault but that of being ſomething too young for the faſhion, and ſhe has nothing to do but to tranſplant herſelf hither about ſeven years hence, to be again a young and blooming beauty. I can aſſure you that wrinkles, or a ſmall ſtoop in the ſhoulders, nay even gray hairs, are no objection to the making new conqueſts. I know you cannot eaſily figure to yourſelf, a young fellow of five and twenty, ogling my Lady S—ff—k with paſſion, or preſſing the hand of the Counteſs of O——d from an opera. But ſuch are the ſights I ſee every day, and I don't perceive any body ſurprized at them but myſelf. A woman till five and thirty, is only looked upon as a raw girl, and can poſſibly make no noiſe in the world till about forty. I don't know what your ladyſhip may think of this matter, but 'tis a conſiderable comfort to me to know there is upon earth ſuch a paradiſe for old women, and am content to be inſignificant at preſent, in the deſign of returning when I am fit to appear no where elſe. I cannot help lamenting on this occaſion, the pitiful caſe of too many Engliſh ladies, long ſince retired to prudery and ratafia, who, if their ſtars had luckily conducted hither, would ſtill ſhine in the firſt rank of beauties. Beſides that perplexing word *reputation*, has quite another meaning here than what you give it at London, and getting a lover is ſo far from loſing, that 'tis properly getting reputation; ladies being

ing much more reſpected in regard to the rank of their lovers, than that of their huſbands.

But what you'll think very odd, the two ſects that divide our whole notion of petticoats, are utterly unknown in this place. Here are neither Coquettes nor Prudes. No woman dares appear coquette enough to encourage two lovers at a time. And I have not ſeen any ſuch prudes, as to pretend fidelity to their huſbands, who are certainly the beſt-natured ſet of people in the world, and look upon their wives' gallants as favourably, as men do upon their deputies, that take the troubleſome part of their buſineſs off their hands. They have not however the leſs to do on that account; for they are generally deputies in another place themſelves; in one word, 'tis the eſtabliſhed cuſtom for every lady to have two huſbands, one that bears the name, and another that performs the duties. And the engagements are ſo well known, that it would be a downright affront, and publicly reſented, if you invited a woman of quality to dinner, without, at the ſame time, inviting her two attendants of lover and huſband, between whom ſhe ſits in ſtate with great gravity. The ſubmarriages generally laſt twenty years together, and the lady often commands the poor lover's eſtate, even to the utter ruin of his family. Theſe connexions, indeed, are as ſeldom begun by any real paſſion, as other matches; for a man makes but an ill figure that is not in ſome commerce of this nature, and a woman looks out for a lover as ſoon as ſhe's married, as part of her equipage, without

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which ſhe could not be genteel, and the firſt article of the treaty is eſtabliſhing the penſion, which remains to the lady, in caſe the gallant ſhould prove inconſtant. This chargeable point of honour, I look upon as the real foundation of ſo many wonderful inſtances of conſtancy. I really know ſeveral women of the firſt quality, whoſe penſions are as well known as their annual rents, and yet no body eſteems them the leſs; on the contrary, their diſcretion would be called in queſtion, if they ſhould be ſuſpected to be miſtreſſes for nothing. A great part of their emulation conſiſts in trying who ſhall get moſt; and having no intrigue at all, is ſo far a diſgrace, that I'll aſſure you, a lady who is very much my friend here, told me but yeſterday, how much I was obliged to her for juſtifying my conduct in a converſation relating to me, where it was publicly aſſerted, that I could not poſſibly have common ſenſe, ſince I had been in town above a fortnight, and had made no ſteps towards commencing an amour. My friend pleaded for me, that my ſtay was uncertain, and that ſhe believed that was the cauſe of my ſeeming ſtupidity, and this was all ſhe could find to ſay in my juſtification. But one of the pleaſanteſt adventures I ever met in my life, was laſt night, and will give you a juſt idea in what a delicate manner the *Belles paſſions* are managed in this country. I was at the aſſembly of the Counteſs of ——, and the young Count of —— leading me down ſtairs, aſked me how long I was to ſtay at Vienna; I made anſwer that my ſtay depended on the Emperor, and it was not in my power to determine it. Well, Madam,

(ſaid he) whether your time here is to be longer or ſhorter, I think you ought to paſs it agreeably, and to that end you muſt engage in a *little affair of the heart.*——My heart, (anſwered I gravely enough) does not engage very eaſily, and I have no deſign of parting with it. I ſee, Madam, (ſaid he ſighing) by the ill nature of that anſwer, I am not to hope for it, which is a great mortification to me that am charmed with you. But, however, I am ſtill devoted to your ſervice, and ſince I am not worthy of entertaining you myſelf, do me the honour of letting me know, whom you like beſt amongſt us, and I'll engage to manage the affair entirely to your ſatisfaction. You may judge in what manner I ſhould have received this compliment in my own country; but I was well enough acquainted with the way of this, to know that he really intended me an obligation, and I thanked him, with a very grave courteſy, for his zeal to ſerve me, and only aſſured him, I had no occaſion to make uſe of it. Thus you ſee, my dear, that gallantry and good-breeding are as different, in different climates, as morality and religion. Who have the righteſt notions of both, we ſhall never know till the Day of Judgment, for which great day of *Eclairciſſement*, I own there is very little impatience in your, &c. &c.

LETTER XI.

To Mrs J——.

Vienna, Sept. 26. O. S. 1716.

I WAS never more agreeably ſurprized than by your obliging letter. 'Tis a peculiar mark of my eſteem, that I tell you ſo; and I can aſſure you, that if I loved you one grain leſs than I do, I ſhould be very ſorry to ſee it ſo diverting as it is. The mortal averſion I have to writing, makes me tremble at the thoughts of a new correſpondent, and I believe I diſobliged no leſs than a dozen of my London acquaintance by refuſing to hear from them, though I did verily think they intended to ſend me very entertaining letters. But I had rather loſe the pleaſure of reading ſeveral witty things, than be forced to write many ſtupid ones. Yet in ſpite of theſe conſiderations, I am charmed with the proof of your friendſhip, and beg a continuation of the ſame goodneſs, though I fear the dulneſs of this will make you immediately repent of it. It is not from Auſtria that one can write with vivacity, and I am already infected with the phlegm of the country. Even their amours and their quarrels are carried on with a ſurprizing temper, and they are never lively, but upon points of ceremony. There, I own, they

ſhew all their paſſions, and 'tis not long ſince two coaches meeting in a narrow ſtreet at night, the ladies in them not being able to adjuſt the ceremonial of which would go back, ſat there with equal gallantry till two in the morning, and were both ſo fully determined to die upon the ſpot rather than yield, in a point of that importance, that the ſtreet would never have been cleared till their deaths, if the Emperor had not ſent his guards to part them, and even then they refuſed to ſtir, till the expedient could be found out, of taking them both out in chairs, exactly in the ſame moment. After the ladies were agreed, it was with ſome difficulty, that the paſs was decided between the two coachmen, no leſs tenacious of their rank than the ladies. This paſſion is ſo omnipotent in the breaſts of the women, that even their huſbands never die, but they are ready to break their hearts, becauſe that fatal hour puts an end to their rank, no widows having any place at Vienna. The men are not much leſs touched with this point of honour, and they don't only ſcorn to marry, but even to make love to any woman of a family not as illuſtrious as their own, and the pedigree is much more conſidered by them, than either the complexion or features of their miſtreſſes. Happy are the She's that can number amongſt their anceſtors, Counts of the Empire; they have neither occaſion for beauty, money, nor good conduct, to get them huſbands. 'Tis true as to money, 'tis ſeldom any advantage to the man they marry; the laws of Auſtria confine the woman's portion to two thouſand florins (about two hundred pounds Engliſh) and

and whatever they have beſide, remains in their own poſſeſſion and diſpoſal. Thus here are many ladies much richer than their huſbands, who are however obliged to allow them pin-money agreeable to their quality; and I attribute to this conſiderable branch of prerogative, the liberty that they take upon other occaſions. I am ſure you, that know my lazineſs, and extreme indifference on this ſubject, will pity me, intangled among all theſe ceremonies, which are a wonderful burden to me, though I am the envy of the whole town, having, by their own cuſtoms, the paſs before them all. They indeed, ſo revenge, upon the poor Envoys, this great reſpect ſhewn to ambaſſadors, that (with all my indifference) I ſhould be very uneaſy to ſuffer it. Upon days of ceremony they have no entrance at court, and on other days muſt content themſelves with walking after every ſoul, and being the very laſt taken notice of. But I muſt write a volume to let you know all the ceremonies, and I have already ſaid too much on ſo dull a ſubject, which however employs the whole care of the people here. I need not, after this, tell how agreeably time ſlides away with me; you know as well as I do the taſte of,

Yours, &c. &c.

LETTER XII.

To the Lady X——,

Vienna, Oct. 1. O. S. 1716.

YOU desire me, Madam, to send you some accounts of the customs here, and at the same time a description of Vienna. I am always willing to obey your commands, but you must upon this occasion, take the will for the deed. If I should undertake to tell you all the particulars, in which the manners here differ from ours, I must write a whole quire of the dullest stuff, that ever was read, or printed without being read. Their dress agrees with the French or English in no one article, but wearing petticoats. They have many fashions peculiar to themselves; they think it indecent for a widow ever to wear green or rose colour, but all the other gayest colours at her own discretion. The assemblies here are the only regular diversion, the opera's being always at court, and commonly on some particular occasion. Madam Rabutin has the assembly constantly every night at her house; and the other ladies, when ever they have a mind to display the magnificence of their apartments, or oblige a friend by complimenting them on the day of their Saint, they declare, that on such a day the assembly

ſembly ſhall be at their houſe in honour of the feaſt of the Count or Counteſs——*ſuch a one*. Theſe days are called days of Gala, and all the friends or relations of the lady, whoſe Saint it is, are obliged to appear in their beſt cloaths, and all their jewels. The miſtreſs of the houſe takes no particular notice of any body, nor returns any body's viſit; and, whoever pleaſes, may go, without the formality of being preſented. The company are entertained with ice in ſeveral forms, winter and ſummer; afterwards they divide into ſeveral parties of ombre, piquet, or converſation, all games of hazard being forbid.

I ſaw t'other day the Gala for Count Altheim, the Emperor's favourite, and never in my life ſaw ſo many fine cloaths ill fancied. They embroider the richeſt gold ſtuffs, and provided they can make their cloaths expenſive enough, that is all the taſte they ſhew in them. On other days the general dreſs is a ſcarf, and what you pleaſe under it.

But now I am ſpeaking of Vienna, I am ſure you expect I ſhould ſay ſomething of the convents; they are of all ſorts and ſizes, but I am beſt pleaſed with that of St. Lawrence, where the eaſe and neatneſs they ſeem to live with, appears to me much more edifying than thoſe ſtricter orders, where perpetual penance and naſtineſſes muſt breed diſcontent and wretchedneſs. The nuns are all of quality. I think there are to the number of fifty. They have each of them a little cell perfectly clean, the walls of which are covered with pictures more or leſs fine,

accord-

according to their quality. A long white ſtone gallery runs by all of them, furniſhed with the pictures of exemplary ſiſters; the chapel is extremely neat and richly adorned. But I could not forbear laughing at their ſhewing me a wooden head of our Saviour, which they aſſured me, ſpoke during the ſiege of Vienna; and, as a proof of it bid me remark his mouth, which had been open ever ſince. Nothing can be more becoming than the dreſs of theſe nuns. It is a white robe, the ſleeves of which are turned up with fine white callico, and their headdreſs the ſame, excepting a ſmall veil of black crape that falls behind. They have a lower ſort of ſerving nuns, that wait on them as their chamber-maids. They receive all viſits of women, and play at ombre in their chambers, with permiſſion of their abbeſs, which is very eaſy to be obtained. I never ſaw an old woman ſo good-natured; ſhe is near fourſcore, and yet ſhews very little ſign of decay, being ſtill lively and chearful. She careſſed me as if I had been her daughter, giving me ſome pretty things of her own work, and ſweatmeats in abundance. The grate is not one of the moſt rigid; it is not very hard to put a head through; and I don't doubt but a man, a little more ſlender than ordinary, might ſqueeze in his whole perſon. The young Count of Salamis came to the grate, while I was there, and the abbeſs gave him her hand to kiſs. But I was ſurprized to find here, the only beautiful young woman I have ſeen at Vienna, and not only beautiful but genteel, witty and agreeable, of a great family, and who had been the admiration of the town.

I could

I could not forbear ſhewing my ſurprize at ſeeing a nun like her. She made me a thouſand obliging compliments, and deſired me to come often. It will be an infinite pleaſure to me (ſaid ſhe, ſighing) but I avoid, with the greateſt care, ſeeing any of my former acquaintance, and whenever they come to our convent, I lock myſelf in my cell. I obſerved tears come into her eyes, which touched me extremely, and I began to talk to her in that ſtrain of tender pity ſhe inſpired me with; but ſhe would not own to me, that ſhe is not perfectly happy. I have ſince endeavoured to learn the real cauſe of her retirement, without being able to get any other account, but that every body was ſurprized at it, and no body gueſſed the reaſon. I have been ſeveral times to ſee her; but it gives me too much melancholy to ſee ſo agreeable a young creature buried alive. I am not ſurprized that nuns have ſo often inſpired violent paſſions; the pity one naturally feels for them, when they ſeem worthy of another deſtiny, making an eaſy way for yet more tender ſentiments. I never in my life had ſo little charity for the Roman Catholic religion, as ſince I ſee the miſery it occaſions; ſo many poor unhappy women! and then the groſs ſuperſtition of the common people, who are ſome or other of them, day and night offering bits of candles to the wooden figures, that are ſet up almoſt in every ſtreet. The proceſſions I ſee very often are a pageantry, as offenſive and apparently contradictory to common ſenſe, as the pagods of China. God knows whether it be the *womanly* ſpirit of contradiction that works in me, but there

there never before, was ſuch zeal againſt popery in the heart of,

Dear Madam, &c. &c.

LETTER XIII.

To Mr ——.

Vienna, Oct. 10. O. S. 1716.

I DESERVE not all the reproaches you make me. If I have been ſome time without anſwering your letter, it is not, that I don't know how many thanks are due to you for it; or that I am ſtupid enough to prefer my amuſements, to the pleaſure of hearing from you; but after the profeſſions of eſteem you have ſo obligingly made me, I cannot help delaying as long as I can, ſhewing you that you are miſtaken. If you are ſincere, when you ſay you expect to be extremely entertained by my letters, I ought to be mortified at the diſappointment that I am ſure you will receive, when you hear from me; though I have done my beſt endeavours to find out ſomething worth writing to you. I have ſeen every thing that was to be ſeen with a very diligent curioſity. Here are ſome fine villa's, particularly the late Prince of Litchtenſtein's; but the ſtatues are all modern, and the pictures not of the firſt hands.

'Tis

'Tis true, the Emperor has ſome of great value. I was yeſterday to ſee the Repoſitory, which they call his Treaſure, where they ſeem to have been more diligent in amaſſing a great quantity of things, than in the choice of them. I ſpent above five hours there, and yet there were very few things that ſtopped me long to conſider them. But the number is prodigious, being a very long gallery filled on both ſides, and five large rooms. There is a vaſt quantity of paintings, among which are many fine miniatures, but the moſt valuable pictures are a few of Corregio, thoſe of Titian being at the Favorita.

The cabinet of jewels did not appear to me ſo rich as I expected to ſee it. They ſhewed me there a cup, about the ſize of a tea diſh, of one entire emerald, which they had ſo particular a reſpect for, that only the Emperor has the liberty of touching it. There is a large cabinet full of curioſities of clockwork, only one of which I thought worth obſerving, that was a cray-fiſh with all the motions natural, that it was hard to diſtinguiſh it from the life.

The next cabinet was a large collection of agates, ſome of them extremely beautiful, and of an uncommon ſize, and ſeveral vaſſes of Lapis Lazuli. I was ſurpriſed to ſee the cabinet of medals ſo poorly furniſhed; I did not remark one of any value, and they are kept in a moſt ridiculous diſorder. As to the Antiques, very few of them deſerve that name. Upon my ſaying they were modern, I could not forbear laughing at the anſwer of the profound antiquary

quary that ſhewed them, that *they were ancient enough, for to his knowledge they had been there theſe forty years;* but the next cabinet diverted me yet better, being nothing elſe but a parcel of wax babies, and toys in ivory, very well worthy to be preſented to children of five years old. Two of the rooms were wholly filled with theſe trifles of all kinds, ſet in jewels, among which I was deſired to obſerve a crucifix, that they aſſured me had ſpoke very wiſely to the Emperor Leopold. I won't trouble you with a catalogue of the reſt of the lumber, but I muſt not forget to mention, a ſmall piece of loadſtone that held up an anchor of ſteel too heavy for me to lift. This is what I thought moſt curious in the whole treaſure. There are ſome few heads of antient ſtatues; but ſeveral of them are defaced by modern additions. I foreſee that you will be very little ſatisfied with this letter, and I dare hardly aſk you, to be good-natured enough to charge the dulneſs of it on the barrenneſs of the ſubject, and to overlook the ſtupidity of,

Yours, &c. &c.

LETTER XIV.

To the Countefs of ——.

Prague, Nov. 17. O. S. 1716.

I HOPE my dear ſiſter wants no new proof of my ſincere affection for her; but I am ſure, if you do, I could not give you a ſtronger than writing at this time, after three days, or, more properly ſpeaking, three nights and days, hard poſt-travelling.——The kingdom of Bohemia is the moſt deſert of any I have ſeen in Germany. The villages are ſo poor, and the poſt-houſes ſo miſerable, that clean ſtraw and fair water are bleſſings not always to be met with, and better accommodation not to be hoped for. Though I carried my own bed with me, I could not ſometimes find a place [illegible] up in; and I rather choſe to travel all night, as cold as it is, wrapped up in my furs, than go into the common ſtoves, which are filled with a mixture of all ſorts of ill ſcents.

This town was once the royal ſeat of the Bohemian king, and is ſtill the capital of the kingdom. There are yet ſome remains of its former ſplendour, being one of the largeſt towns in Germany, but, for the moſt part, old built and thinly inhabited, which

makes the houſes very cheap. Thoſe people of quality who cannot eaſily bear the expence of Vienna, chuſe to reſide here, where they have aſſemblies, muſic, and all other diverſions, (thoſe of a court excepted) at very moderate rates, all things being here in great abundance, eſpecially the beſt wild fowl I ever taſted. I have already been viſited by ſome of the moſt conſiderable ladies, whoſe relations I know at Vienna. They are dreſſed after the faſhions there, after the manner of the people of Exeter imitate thoſe of London; that is, their imitation is more exceſſive than the original. 'Tis not eaſy to deſcribe what extraordinary figures they make. The perſon is ſo much loſt between head-dreſs and petticoat, that they have as much occaſion to write upon their backs, "*This is a Woman*," for the information of travellers, as ever ſign-poſt painter had to write, "*This is a Bear*." I will not forget to write to you again from Dreſden and Leipzig, being much more ſolicitous to content your curioſity, than to indulge my own repoſe.

I am, &c.

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LETTER XV.

To the Counteſs of ———.

Leipzig, Nov. 21. O. S. 1716.

I BELIEVE, dear ſiſter, you will eaſily forgive my not writing to you from Dreſden, as I promiſed, when I tell you, that I never went out of my chaiſe from Prague to this place. You may imagine how heartily I was tired with twenty-four hours poſt-travelling, without ſleep or refreſhment (for I can never ſleep in a coach however fatigued.) We paſſed, by moon-ſhine, the frightful precipices that divide Bohemia from Saxony, at the bottom of which runs the river Elbe; but I cannot ſay, that I had reaſon to fear drowning in it, being perfectly convinced, that, in caſe of a tumble, it was utterly impoſſible to come alive to the bottom. In many places the road is ſo narrow, that I could not diſcern an inch of ſpace between the wheels and the precipice. Yet I was ſo good a wife as not to wake Mr. W———y, who was faſt aſleep by my ſide, to make him ſhare in my fears ſince the danger was unavoidable, till I perceived by the bright light of the moon, our poſtilions nodding on horſe-back, while the horſes were in a full gallop. Then indeed I thought it very convenient to call out to deſire them

to look where they were going. My calling waked Mr W———y, and he was much more ſurprized than myſelf at the ſituation we were in, and aſſured me, that he paſſed the Alps five times in different places, without ever having gone a road ſo dangerous. I have been told ſince, that 'tis common to find the bodies of travellers in the Elbe, but thank God that was not our deſtiny, and we came ſafe to Dreſden, ſo much tired with fear and fatigue, it was not poſſible for me to compoſe myſelf to write. After paſſing theſe dreadful rocks, Dreſden appeared to me a wonderfully agreeable ſituation, in a fine large place on the banks of the Elbe. I was very glad to ſtay there a day to reſt myſelf. The town is the neateſt I have ſeen in Germany, moſt of the houſes are new built; the Elector's palace is very handſome, and his repoſitory full of curioſities of different kinds, with a collection of medals very much eſteemed, Sir ——, our king's envoy, came to ſee me here, and Madam de L——, whom I knew in London, when her huſband was miniſter to the King of Poland there. She offered me all things in her power to entertain me, and brought ſome ladies with her, whom ſhe preſented to me. The Saxon ladies reſemble the Auſtrian no more, than the Chineſe do thoſe of London; they are very genteelly dreſſed after the Engliſh and French modes, and have generally pretty faces, but they are moſt determined *Minaudieres* in the whole world. They would think it a mortal ſin againſt good breeding, if they either ſpoke or moved in a natural manner. They all affect a little ſoft liſp, and a pretty pitty

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pat ſtep, which female frailties ought, however, to be forgiven them, in favour of their civility and good nature to ſtrangers, which I have a good deal of reaſon to praiſe.

The counteſs of Cozelle is kept priſoner in a melancholy caſtle, ſome leagues from hence, and I cannot forbear telling you what I have heard of her, becauſe it ſeems to me very extraordinary, though I foreſee I ſhall ſwell my letter to the ſize of a pacquet.——She was miſtreſs to the king of Poland, (Elector of Saxony) with ſo abſolute a dominion over him, that never any lady had ſo much power in that court. They tell a pleaſant ſtory of his majeſty's firſt declaration of love, which he made in a viſit to her, bringing in one hand a bag of a hundred thouſand crowns, and in the other a horſe-ſhoe, which he ſnapped aſunder before her face, leaving her to draw the conſequences of ſuch remarkable proofs of ſtrength and liberality. I know not which charmed her moſt, but ſhe conſented to leave her huſband, and to give herſelf up to him entirely, being divorced publicly, in ſuch a manner, as, by their laws, permits either party to marry again. God knows whether it was at this time, or in ſome other fond fit, but 'tis certain the king had the weakneſs to make her a formal contract of marriage; which, though it could ſignify nothing during the life of the queen, pleaſed her ſo well, that ſhe could not be contented, without telling it to all the people ſhe ſaw, and giving herſelf the airs of a queen. Men endure every thing while they are in love; but when

the exceſs of paſſion was cooled by long poſſeſſion, his majeſty began to reflect on the ill conſequences of leaving ſuch a paper in her hands, and deſired to have it reſtored to him. But ſhe rather choſe to endure all the moſt violent effects of his anger than give it up; and though ſhe is one of the richeſt and moſt avaricious ladies of her country, ſhe has refuſed the offer of the continuation of a large penſion, and the ſecurity of a vaſt ſum of money ſhe has amaſſed, and has, at laſt, provoked the king to confine her perſon to a caſtle, where ſhe endures all the terrors of a ſtrait impriſonment, and remains ſtill inflexible either to threats or promiſes. Her violent paſſions have brought her indeed into fits, which 'tis ſuppoſed will ſoon put an end to her life. I cannot forbear having ſome compaſſion for a woman, that ſuffers for a point of honour, however miſtaken, eſpecially in a country where points of honour are not over ſcrupulouſly obſerved among ladies.

I could have wiſhed Mr W——y's buſineſs had permitted him a longer ſtay at Dreſden.

Perhaps I am partial to a town where they profeſs the Proteſtant Religion, but every thing ſeemed to me with quite another air of politeneſs, than I have found in other places. Leipzig, where I am at preſent, is a town very conſiderable for its trade, and I take this opportunity of buying pages liveries, gold ſtuffs for myſelf, &c. all things of that kind being at leaſt double the price at Vienna, partly becauſe of the exceſſive cuſtoms, and partly through want of

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genius and induſtry in the people, who make no one ſort of thing there, ſo that the ladies are obliged to ſend, even for their ſhoes out of Saxony. The fair here is one of the moſt conſiderable in Germany, and the reſort of all the people of quality, as well as of the merchants. This is alſo a fortified town, but I avoid ever mentioning fortifications, being ſenſible that I know not how to ſpeak of them. I am the more eaſy under my ignorance, when I reflect that I am ſure you'll willingly forgive the omiſſion; for if I made you the moſt exact deſcription of all the ravelins and baſtions I ſee in my travels, I dare ſwear you would aſk me what is a ravelin? and what is a baſtion?

Adieu, my dear ſiſter.

LETTER XVI.

To the Counteſs of ——.

Brunſwick, Nov. 23. O. S. 1716.

I AM juſt come to Brunſwick, a very old town, but which has the advantage of being the capital of the Duke of Wolfenbuttle's dominions, a family (not to ſpeak of its ancient honours) illuſtrious, by having its younger branch on the throne of England, and having given two empreſſes to Germany. I have not forgot to drink your health here in Mum, which I think very well deſerves its reputation of being

being the beſt in the world. This letter is the third I have writ to you during my journey, and I declare to you, that if you don't ſend me immediately a full and true account of all the changes and chances amongſt our London acquaintance, I will not write you any deſcription of Hanover (where I hope to be to-night) though I know you have more curioſity to hear of that place than any other.

LETTER XVII.

To the Counteſs of B——.

Hanover, Nov. 25. O. S. 1716.

I Received your ladyſhip's letter but the day before I left Vienna, though, by the date, I ought to have had it much ſooner; but nothing was ever worſe regulated than the poſt in moſt parts of Germany. I can aſſure you, the pacquet at Prague was behind my chaiſe, and in that manner conveyed to Dreſden, ſo that the ſecrets of half the country were at my mercy, if I had had any curioſity for them. I would not longer delay my thanks for yours, tho' the number of my acquaintances here, and my duty of attending at court, leave me hardly any time to diſpoſe of. I am extremely pleaſed that I can tell you, without flattery or partiality, that our young Prince

Prince*, has all the accompliſhments that 'tis poſſible to have at his age, with an air of ſprightlineſs and underſtanding, and ſomething ſo very engaging and eaſy in his behaviour, that he needs not the advantage of his rank to appear charming. I had the honour of a long converſation with him laſt night, before the king came in. His governor retired on purpoſe (as he told me afterwards) that I might make ſome judgment of his genius, by hearing him ſpeak without conſtraint; and I was ſurpriſed at the quickneſs and politeneſs, that appeared in every thing he ſaid, joined to a perſon perfectly agreeable, and the fine fair hair of the princeſs.

This town is neither large nor handſome; but the palace is capable of holding a much greater court than that of St. James's. The king has had the goodneſs to appoint us a lodging in one part of it, without which we ſhould have been very ill accommodated, for the vaſt number of Engliſh crowd the town ſo much, 'tis very good luck to get one ſorry room in a miſerable tavern. I dined to-day with the Portugueſe ambaſſador, who thinks himſelf very happy to have two wretched parlours in an inn. I have now made the tour of Germany, and cannot help obſerving a conſiderable difference between traveling here and in England. One ſees none of theſe fine ſeats of noblemen, ſo common amongſt us, nor any thing like a country gentleman's houſe, though they have many ſituations perfectly fine. But the whole

* The Father of his preſent Majeſty.

whole people are divided into abſolute ſovereignties, where all the riches and magnificence are at court, or into communities of merchants, ſuch as Nurenburg and Frankfort, where they live always in town for the convenience of trade. The King's company of French comedians play here every night. They are very well dreſſed, and ſome of them not ill actors. His Majeſty dines and ſups conſtantly in public. The court is very numerous, and his affability and goodneſs, make it one of the moſt agreeable places in the world.

Dear Madam,

Your L. &c. &c.

LETTER XVIII.

To the Lady R——.

Hanover, Oct. 1. O. S. 1716.

I AM very glad, my dear lady R——, that you have been ſo well pleaſed, as you tell me, at the report of my returning to England; though like other pleaſures, I can aſſure you it has no real foundation. I hope you know me enough to take my word againſt any report concerning me. 'Tis true, as to diſtance of place, I am much nearer to London than I was ſome weeks ago; but as to the thoughts of a return, I was never farther off in my life. I own,

own, I could with great joy indulge the pleaſing hopes of ſeeing you and the very few others that ſhare my eſteem; but while Mr W—— is determined, to proceed in his deſign, I am determined to follow him.——I am running on upon my own affairs, that is to ſay, I am going to write very dully, as moſt people do, when they write of themſelves. I will make haſte to change the diſagreeable ſubject, by telling you, that I am now got into the region of beauty. All the women have (literally) roſy cheeks, ſnowy foreheads and boſoms, jet eyebrows, and ſcarlet lips, to which they generally add coal-black hair. Thoſe perfections never leave them, till the hour of their deaths, and have a very fine effect by candle light; but I could wiſh they were handſome with a little more variety. They reſemble one another as much as Mrs. Salmon's court of Great Britain, and are in as much danger of melting away by too near approaching the fire, which they for that reaſon carefully avoid, though 'tis now ſuch exceſſive cold weather, that I believe they ſuffer extremely by that piece of ſelf-denial. The ſnow is already very deep, and the people begin to ſlide about in their Traineaus. This is a favourite diverſion all over Germany. They are little machines fixed upon a ſledge, that hold a lady and a gentleman, and are drawn by one horſe. The gentleman has the honour of driving, and they move with a prodigious ſwiftneſs. The lady, the horſe, and the Traineau, are all as fine as they can be made, and when there are many of them together, 'tis a very agreeable ſhow. At Vienna, where all pieces of magni-

magnificence are carried to exceſs, there are ſometimes machines of this kind, that coſt five or ſix hundred pounds Engliſh. The Duke of Wolfenbuttle is now at this court; you know he is nearly related to our king, and uncle to the reigning empreſs, who is, I believe the moſt beautiful princeſs upon earth. She is now with child, which is all the conſolation of the Imperial court for the loſs of the Archduke. I took my leave of her the day before I left Vienna, and ſhe began to ſpeak to me, with ſo much grief and tenderneſs, of the death of that young prince, that I had much ado to withhold my tears. You know that I am not at all partial to people for their titles; but I own, that I love that charming princeſs, (if I may uſe ſo familiar an expreſſion) and if I had not, I ſhould have been very much moved at the tragical end of an only ſon, born after being ſo long deſired, and at length killed by want of good management, weaning him in the beginning of the winter. Adieu, dear Lady R——, continue to write to me, and believe none of your goodneſs is loſt upon

Your, &c.

LETTER XIX.

To the Counteſs of ——.

Blankenburg, Oct. 17. O. S. 1716.

I Received yours, dear ſiſter, the very day I left Hanover. You may eaſily imagine I was then in too great a hurry to anſwer it; but you ſee I take the firſt opportunity of doing myſelf that pleaſure. I came here the 15th, very late at night, after a terrible journey in the worſt roads and weather that ever a poor traveller ſuffered. I have taken this little fatigue merely to oblige the reigning Empreſs, and carry a meſſage from her Imperial Majeſty to the Dutcheſs of Blankenburg, her mother, who is a princeſs of great addreſs and good breeding, and may be ſtill called a fine woman. It was ſo late when I came to this town, I did not think it proper to diſturb the Duke and Dutcheſs with the news of my arrival; ſo I took up my quarters, in a miſerable inn; but as ſoon as I had ſent my compliments to their Highneſſes, they immediately ſent me their own coach and ſix horſes, which had however enough to do, to draw us up the very high hill on which the caſtle is ſituated. The dutcheſs is extremely obliging to me, and this little court is not without its diverſions. The Duke taillys at Baſſet

every night, and the Dutcheſs tells me, ſhe is ſo well pleaſed with my company, that it makes her play leſs than ſhe uſed to do. I ſhould find it very difficult to ſteal time to write, if ſhe was not now at church, where I cannot wait on her, not underſtanding the language enough to pay my devotions in it. You will not forgive me, if I do not ſay ſomething of Hanover; I cannot tell you that the town is either large or magnificent. The opera-houſe, which was built by the late Elector, is much finer than that of Vienna. I was very ſorry that the ill weather did not permit me to ſee Herenhauſen in all its beauty; but in ſpite of the ſnow, I thought the gardens very fine. I was particularly ſurprized, at the vaſt number of orange trees, much larger than any I have ever ſeen in England, though this climate is certainly colder. But I had more reaſon to wonder that night at the King's table, to ſee a preſent from a gentleman of this country, of two large baſkets full of ripe oranges and lemons of different ſorts, many of which were quite new to me; and what I thought worth all the reſt, two ripe Ananaſſes, which, to my taſte, are a fruit perfectly delicious. You know they are naturally the growth of Brazil, and I could not imagine how they came here, but by enchantment. Upon enquiry, I learnt that they have brought their ſtoves to ſuch perfection, they lengthen their ſummer as long as they pleaſe, giving to every plant the degree of heat it would receive from the ſun in its native ſoil. The effect is very near the ſame; I am ſurprized we do not practiſe, in England, ſo uſeful an invention. This reflection

flection leads me to conſider our obſtinacy in ſtaking with cold, five months in the year, rather than make uſe of ſtoves, which are certainly one of the greateſt conveniences of life. Beſides, they are ſo far from ſpoiling the form of a room, that they add very much to the magnificence of it, when they are painted and gilt, as they are at Vienna, or at Dreſden, where they are often in the ſhapes of china jars, ſtatues or fine cabinets, ſo naturally repreſented, that they are not to be diſtinguiſhed. If ever I return, in defiance of the faſhion, you ſhall certainly ſee one in the chamber of

Dear Siſter, Your, &c.

I will write often, ſince you deſire it; but I muſt beg you to be a little more particular in yours; you fancy me at forty miles diſtance, and forget, that, after ſo long an abſence, I can't underſtand hints.

LETTER XX.

To the Lady ——.

Vienna, Jan. 1. O. S. 1717.

I HAVE juſt received here at Vienna, your Ladyſhip's compliments on my return to England, ſent me from Hanover. You ſee, Madam, all things

that are aſſerted with confidence, are not abſolutely true; and that you have no ſort of reaſon to complain of me for making my deſign return a myſtery to you, when you ſay, all the world are informed of it. You may tell all the world in my name, that they are never ſo well informed of my affairs as I am myſelf, that I am very poſitive I am at this time at Vienna, where the carnival is begun, and all ſorts of diverſions are carried to the greateſt height, except that of maſquing, which is never permitted during a war with the Turks. The balls are in public places, where the men pay a gold ducat at entrance, but the ladies nothing. I am told that theſe houſes get ſometimes a thouſand ducats in a night. They are very magnificently furniſhed, and the muſic good, if they had not that deteſtable cuſtom of mixing hunting horns with it, that almoſt deafen the company. But that noiſe is ſo agreeable here, they never make a conſort without them. The ball always concludes with Engliſh country dances, to the number of thirty or forty couple, and ſo ill danced, that there is very little pleaſure in them. They know but half a dozen, and they have danced them over and over theſe fifty years: I would fain have taught them ſome new ones, but I found it would be ſome months labour to make them comprehend them. Laſt night there was an Italian comedy acted at court. The ſcenes were pretty, but the comedy itſelf ſuch intolerable low farce, without either wit or humour, that I was ſurprized how all the court could ſit there attentively for four hours together. No women are ſuffered to act on the

ſtage,

ſtage, and the men dreſſed like them, were ſuch aukward figures, they very much added to the ridicule of the ſpectacle. What compleated the diverſion was the exceſſive cold, which was ſo great I thought I ſhould have died there. It is now the very extremity of the winter here; the Danube is entirely frozen, and the weather not to be ſupported without ſtoves and furs; but, however, the air ſo clear, almoſt every body is well, and colds not half ſo common as in England. I am perſuaded there cannot be a purer air, nor more wholeſome than that of Vienna. The plenty and excellence of all ſorts of proviſions are greater here than in any place I ever was before, and 'tis not very expenſive to keep a ſplendid table. 'Tis really a pleaſure to paſs thro' the markets, and ſee the abundance of what we ſhould think rarities, of fowls and veniſon, that are daily brought in from Hungary and Bohemia. They want nothing but ſhell-fiſh, and are ſo fond of oyſters, that they have them ſent from Venice, and eat them very greedily, ſtink or not ſtink. Thus I obey your commands, Madam, in giving you an account of Vienna, though I know you will not be ſatisfied with it. You chide me for my lazineſs in not telling you a thouſand agreeable and ſurprizing things, that you ſay you are ſure, I have ſeen and heard. Upon my word, Madam, 'tis my regard to truth, and not lazineſs, that I do not entertain you with as many prodigies as other travellers uſed to divert their readers with. I might eaſily pick up wonders in every town I paſs through, or tell you a long ſeries of popiſh miracles, but I cannot fancy

that there is any thing new in leting you know, that prieſts will lye, and the mob believe, all the world over. Then as for news, that you are ſo inquiſitive about, how can it be entertaining to you (that don't know the people) that the Prince of —— has forſaken the Counteſs of ——? or that the Prince ſuch a one, has had an intrigue with Counteſs ſuch a one? Would you have me write novels like the Counteſs D——, and is it not better to tell you a plain truth,

That I am, &c.

LETTER XXI.

To the Counteſs of ——.

Vienna, Jan. 16. O.S. 1717.

I Am now, dear ſiſter, to take leave of you for a long time, and of Vienna for ever, deſigning, to-morrow, to begin my journey through Hungary, in ſpite of the exceſſive cold, and deep ſnows, which are enough to damp a greater courage than I am miſtreſs of. But my principle of *paſſive obedience*, carries me through every thing. I have had my audience of leave of the Empreſs. His Imperial Majeſty was pleaſed to be preſent, when I waited on the reigning Empreſs, and, after a very obliging converſation, both their Imperial Majeſty's invited me

me to take Vienna in my road back; but I have no thoughts of enduring, over again, ſo great a fatigue. I delivered a letter from the Dutcheſs of Blankenburg. I ſtayed but a few days at that court, tho' her Highneſs preſſed me very much to ſtay; and when I left her, engaged me to write to her. I wrote you a long letter from thence, which I hope you have received, though you don't mention it; but I believe I forgot to tell you one curioſity in all the German courts, which I cannot forbear taking notice of: All the princes keep favourite dwarfs. The Emperor and Empreſs have two of theſe little monſters, as ugly as devils, eſpecially the female; but they are all bedaubed with diamonds, and ſtand at her Majeſty's elbow in all public places. The duke of Wolfenbuttle has one, and the dutcheſs of Blankenburg is not without hers, but indeed the moſt proportionable I ever ſaw. I am told the King of Denmark has ſo far improved upon this faſhion, that his dwarf is his chief miniſter. I can aſſign no reaſon for their fondneſs for theſe pieces of deformity, but the opinion all the abſolute princes have, that it is below them to converſe with the reſt of mankind; and not to be quite alone, they are forced to ſeek their companions among the refuſe of human nature, theſe creatures being the only part of their court privileged to talk freely to them. I am at preſent confined to my chamber by a ſore throat; and am really glad of the excuſe to avoid ſeeing people, that I love well enough, to be very much mortified when I think I am going to part with them for ever. 'Tis true, the Auſtrians are

not

not commonly the moſt polite people in the world, nor the moſt agreeable. But Vienna is inhabited by all nations, and I had formed to myſelf a little ſociety of ſuch as were perfectly to my own taſte. And though the number was not very great. I could never pick up, in any other place, ſuch a number of reaſonable, agreeable people. We were almoſt always together, and you know I have ever been of opinion, that a choſen converſation, compoſed of a few that one eſteems, is the greateſt happineſs of life. Here are ſome Spaniards of both ſexes, that have all the vivacity and generoſity of ſentiments antiently aſcribed to their nation; and could I believe that the whole kingdom were like them, I ſhould wiſh nothing more than to end my days there. The ladies of my acquaintance have ſo much goodneſs for me, they cry whenever they ſee me, ſince I am determined to undertake this journey. And, indeed, I am not very eaſy when I reflect on what I am going to ſuffer. Almoſt every body I ſee frights me with ſome new difficulty. Prince Eugene has been ſo good as to ſay all the things he could to perſuade me to ſtay till the Danube is thawed, that I might have the conveniency of going by water, aſſuring me, that the houſes in Hungary are ſuch, as are no defence againſt the weather, and that I ſhall be obliged to travel three or four days between Buda and Eſſek, without finding any houſe at all, thro' deſart plains covered with ſnow; where the cold is ſo violent, many have been killed by it. I own theſe terrors have made a very deep impreſſion on my mind,

becauſe

becauſe I believe he tells me things truly as they are, and no body can be better informed of them.

Now I have named that great man, I am ſure you expect, I ſhould ſay ſomething particular of him, having the advantage of ſeeing him very often; but I am as unwilling to ſpeak of him at Vienna, as I ſhould be to talk of Hercules in the court of Omphale, if I had ſeen him there. I don't know what comfort other people find in conſidering the weakneſs of great men, (becauſe, perhaps, it brings them nearer to their level) but 'tis always a mortification to me, to obſerve, that there is no perfection in humanity. The young Prince of Portugal is the admiration of the whole court; he is handſome and polite, with a great vivacity. All the officers tell wonders of his gallantry the laſt campaign. He is lodged at court with all the honours due to his rank——Adieu, dear ſiſter, this is the laſt account you will have from me of Vienna. If I ſurvive my journey, you ſhall hear from me again. I can ſay, with great truth, in the words of Moneſes, *I have long learnt to hold myſelf as nothing;* but when I think of the fatigue my poor infant muſt ſuffer, I have all a mother's fondneſs in my eyes, and all her tender paſſions in my heart.

P. S. I have written a letter to my Lady ——, that I believe ſhe won't like: and upon cooler reflection, I think I had done better to have let it alone; but I was downright peeviſh at all her queſtions, and her ridiculous imagination, that I have certainly

ſeen

ſeen abundance of wonders which I keep to myſelf out of mere malice. She is very angry that I won't lie like other travellers. I verily believe ſhe expects I ſhould tell her of the *Anthropophagi*, men whoſe heads grow below their ſhoulders; however, pray ſay ſomething to pacify her.

LETTER XXII.

To Mr Pope.

Vienna, Jan. 16. O. S. 1717.

I Have not time to anſwer your letter, being in all the hurry of preparing for my journey; but, I think, I ought to bid adieu to my friends with the ſame ſolemnity, as if I was going to mount a breach, at leaſt, if I am to believe the information of the people here, who denounce all ſort of terrors to me; and, indeed, the weather is at preſent ſuch, as very few ever ſet out in. I am threatned, at the ſame time, with being frozen to death, buried in the ſnow, and taken by the Tartars, who ravage that part of Hungary I am to paſs. 'Tis true, we ſhall have a conſiderable eſcorte, ſo that poſſibly, I may be diverted with a new ſcene, by finding myſelf in the midſt of a battle. How my adventures may conclude, I leave entirely to providence; if comically, you ſhall hear

hear of them.—Pray be ſo good as to tell Mr —— I have received his letter. Make him my adieus; if I live I will anſwer it. The ſame compliment to my lady R——.

LETTER XXIII.

To the Counteſs of ——.

Peterwaradin, Jan. 30. O. S. 1717.

AT length, dear ſiſter, I am ſafely arrived with all my family in good health at Peterwaradin; having ſuffered ſo little from the rigour of the ſeaſon, (againſt which we were well provided by furs) and found ſuch tolerable accommodation every where, by the care of ſending before, that I can hardly forbear laughing when I recollect all the frightful ideas that were given me of this journey. Theſe, I ſee were wholly owing to the tenderneſs of my Vienna friends, and their deſire of keeping me with them for this winter. Perhaps it will not be diſagreeable to give you a ſhort journal of my journey, being through a country entirely unknown to you, and very little paſſed, even by the Hungarians themſelves, who generally chuſe to take the conveniency of going down the Danube. We have had the bleſſing of being favoured with finer weather than is common at this time of the year; though the ſnow was ſo deep,

deep, we were obliged to have our own coaches fixed upon Traineaus, which move ſo ſwift and ſo eaſily, 'tis by far the moſt agreeable manner of traveling poſt. We came to Raab (the ſecond day from Vienna) on the ſeventeenth inſtant, where Mr W—— ſending word of our arrival to the governor, the beſt houſe in the town was provided for us, the garriſon put under arms, a guard ordered at our door, and all other honours paid to us. The governor, and all other officers immediately waited on Mr W——, to know if there was any thing to be done for his ſervice. The biſhop of Temeſwaer came to viſit us, with great civility, earneſtly preſſing us to dine with him next day, which we refuſing, as being reſolved to purſue our journey, he ſent us ſeveral baſkets of winter fruit, and a great variety of Hungarian wines, with a young hind juſt killed. This is a prelate of great power in this country, of the antient family of Nadaſti, ſo conſiderable, for many ages in this kingdom. He is a very polite, agreeable, chearful old man, wearing the Hungarian habit, with a venerable white beard down to his girdle. ——Raab is a ſtrong town, well garriſoned and fortified, and was a long time the frontier town between the Turkiſh and German empires. It has its name from the river Rab, on which it is ſituated, juſt on its meeting with the Danube, in an open champain country. It was firſt taken by the Turks under the command of Baſſa Sinan, in the reign of Sultan Amurath III. in the year fifteen hundred ninety four. The governor being ſuppoſed to have betrayed it, was afterwards beheaded by the Emperor's

for's command. The Counts of Swartzenburg and Palfi retook it by ſurprize 1598, ſince which time it has remained in the hands of the Germans, though the Turks once more attempted to gain it by ſtratagem in 1642. The cathedral is large and well built, which is all I ſaw remarkable in the town. Leaving Comora on the other ſide the river, we went the eighteenth to Noſmhul, a ſmall village, where, however, we made ſhift to find tolerable accommodation. We continued two days travelling between this place and Buda, through the fineſt plains in the world, as even as if they were paved, and extremely fruitful; but for the moſt part deſart and uncultivated, laid waſte by the long wars between the Turks and the Emperor; and the more cruel civil war, occaſioned by the barbarous perſecution of the Proteſtant religion, by the Emperor Leopold. That prince has left behind him the character of an extraordinary piety, and was naturally of a mild merciful temper; but, putting his conſcience into the hands of a Jeſuit, he was more cruel and treacherous to his poor Hungarian ſubjects, than ever the Turk has been to the Chriſtians; breaking, without ſcruple, his coronation oath, and his faith, ſolemnly given in many public treaties. Indeed nothing can be more melancholy than in travelling through Hungary, to reflect on the former flouriſhing ſtate of that kingdom, and to ſee ſuch a noble ſpot of earth almoſt uninhabited. Such are alſo the preſent circumſtances of Buda (where we arrived very early the twenty-ſecond) once the royal ſeat of the Hungarian kings, whoſe palace there was reckoned one of the

moſt beautiful buildings of the age, now wholly deſtroyed, no part of the town having been repaired ſince the laſt ſiege, but the fortifications and the caſtle, which is the preſent reſidence of the governor General Ragule, an officer of great merit. He came immediately to ſee us, and carried us in his coach to his houſe, where I was received by his lady, with all poſſible civility, and magnificently entertained. This city is ſituated upon a little hill on the ſouth ſide of the Danube. The caſtle is much higher than the town, and from it the proſpect is very noble. Without the walls lie a vaſt number of little houſes, or rather huts, that they call the Raſcian town, being altogether inhabited by that people. The governor aſſured me it would furniſh twelve thouſand fighting men. Theſe towns look very odd; their houſes ſtand in rows, many thouſands of them ſo cloſe together, that they appear at a little diſtance, like old-faſhioned thatched tents. They conſiſt, every one of them, of one hovel above, and another under ground; theſe are their ſummer and winter apartments. Buda was firſt taken by Solyman the Magnificent, in 1526, and loſt the following year to Ferdinand the Firſt, King of Bohemia. Solyman regained it by the treachery of the garriſon, and voluntarily gave it into the hands of King John of Hungary, after whoſe death his ſon being an infant, Ferdinand laid ſiege to it, and the Queen-mother was forced to call Solyman to her aid. He indeed raiſed the ſiege; but left a Turkiſh garriſon in the town, and commanded her to remove her court from thence, which ſhe was forced to ſubmit to, in

1541.

1541. It reſiſted afterwards the ſieges laid to it, by the Marquis of Brandenburgh, in the year 1542; Count Schwartzenburgh, in 1598; General Roſworm, in 1602; and the Duke of Lorrain, commander of the Emperor's forces, in 1684, to whom it yielded, in 1686, after an obſtinate defence, Apti Baſſa, the governor, being killed, fighting in the breach, with a Roman bravery. The loſs of this town was ſo important, and ſo much reſented by the Turks, that it occaſioned the depoſing of their Emperor Mahomet the Fourth, the year following.

We did not proceed on our journey till the twenty-third, when we paſſed through Adam and Todowar, both conſiderable towns, when in the hands of the Turks, but now quite ruined. The remains, however, of ſome Turkiſh towns, ſhew ſomething of what they have been. This part of the country is very much overgrown with wood, and little frequented. 'Tis incredible what vaſt numbers of wild-fowl we ſaw, which often live here to a good old age,—and undiſturb'd by guns in quiet ſleep.——We came the five and twentieth, to Mohatch, and were ſhewed the field near it, where Lewis, the young King of Hungary, loſt his army and his life, being drowned in a ditch, trying to fly from Balybeus, general of Solyman the Magnificent. This battle opened the firſt paſſage for the Turks into the heart of Hungary.——I don't name to you the little villages, of which I can ſay nothing remarkable; but I'll aſſure you, I have always found a warm ſtove, and great plenty, particularly of wild

boar, veniſon, and all kinds of Gibier. The few people that inhabit Hungary, live eaſily enough; they have no money; but the woods and plains afford them proviſion in great abundance; they were ordered to give us all things neceſſary, even what horſes we pleaſed to demand, gratis; but Mr W——— would not oppreſs the poor country people, by making uſe of this order, and always paid them to the full worth of what we had. They were ſo ſurprized at this unexpected generoſity, which they are very little uſed to, that they always preſſed upon us, at parting, a dozen of fat pheaſants, or ſomething of that ſort for a preſent. Their dreſs is very primitive, being only a plain ſheep's ſkin, and a cap and boots of the ſame ſtuff. You may eaſily imagine this laſts them many winters; and thus they have very little occaſion for money. The twenty-ſixth, we paſſed over the frozen Danube, with all our equipage and carriages. We met on the other ſide General Veterani, who invited us, with great civility, to paſs the night at a little caſtle of his, a few miles off, aſſuring us we ſhould have a very hard day's journey to reach Eſſek. This we found but too true, the woods being very dangerous, and ſcarce paſſable, from the vaſt quantity of wolves that herd in them. We came, however, ſafe, though late, to Eſſek, where we ſtayed a day, to diſpatch a courier with letters to the Baſſa of Belgrade; and I took that opportunity of ſeeing the town, which is not very large, but fair built and well fortified. This was a town of great trade, very rich and populous, when in the hands of the Turks. It is ſituated

tuated on the Drave, which runs into the Danube. The bridge was eſteemed one of the moſt extraordinary in the world, being eight thouſand paces long, and all built of oak. It was burnt, and the city laid in aſhes by Count Leſley 1685, but was again repaired and fortified by the Turks, who however abandoned it in 1687. General Dunnewalt then took poſſeſſion of it for the Emperor, in whoſe hands it has remained ever ſince, and is eſteemed one of the bulwarks of Hungary. The twenty-eighth we went to Bocorvar, a very large Raſcian town, all built after the manner I have deſcribed to you. We were met there by Colonel ———, who would not ſuffer us to go any where but to his quarters, where I found his wife a very agreeable Hungarian lady, and his niece and daughter, two pretty young women, crowded into three or four Raſcian houſes, caſt into one, and made as neat and convenient as thoſe places are capable of being made. The Hungarian ladies are much handſomer than thoſe of Auſtria. All the Vienna beauties are of that country; they are generally very fair and well-ſhaped, and their dreſs, I think, is extremely becoming. This lady was in a gown of ſcarlet velvet, lined and faced with ſables, made exact to her ſhape, and the ſkirt falling to her feet. The ſleeves are ſtrait to their arms, and the ſtays buttoned before, with two rows of little buttons of gold, pearl, or diamonds. On their heads they wear a taſſel of gold, that hangs low on one ſide, lined with ſable or ſome other fine fur.—They gave us a handſome dinner, and I thought the converſation very polite and agreeable. They would accompany

us part of our way.—The twenty-ninth we arrived here, where we were met by the commanding officer at the head of all the officers of the garriſon. We were lodged in the beſt apartments in the governor's houſe, and entertained in a very ſplendid manner by the Emperor's order. We wait here till all points are adjuſted, concerning our reception on the Turkiſh frontiers. Mr W——'s courier, which he ſent from Eſſek, returned this morning, with the Baſſa's anſwer in a purſe of ſcarlet ſatin, which the interpreter here has tranſlated. 'Tis to promiſe him to be honourably received. I deſired him to appoint where he would be met, by the Turkiſh convoy.—He has diſpatched the courier back, naming Betſko, a village in the midway between Peterwaraden and Belgrade. We ſhall ſtay here till we receive his anſwer.—— Thus, dear ſiſter, I have given you a very particular, and (I am afraid you'll think) a tedious account of this part of my travels. It was not an affectation of ſhewing my reading, that has made me tell you ſome little ſcraps of the hiſtory of the towns I have paſſed through; I have always avoided any thing of that kind, when I ſpoke of places that I believe you knew the ſtory of, as well as myſelf. But Hungary being a part of the world, which, I believe quite new to you, I thought you might read with ſome pleaſure an account of it, which I have been very ſolicitous to get from the beſt hands. However, if you don't like it, 'tis in your power to forbear reading it. I am, Dear ſiſter.

I am promiſed to have this letter carefully ſent to Vienna.

LET-

LETTER XXIV.

To Mr Pope.

Belgrade, Feb. 12. O. S. 1617.

I Did verily intend to write you a long letter from Peterwaradin, where I expected to ſtay three or four days, but the Baſſa here was in ſuch haſte to ſee us, that he diſpatched the courier back (which Mr. W—— had ſent to know the time he would ſend the convoy to meet us) without ſuffering him to pull off his boots. My letters were not thought important enough to ſtop our journey; and we left Peterwaradin the next day, being waited on by the chief officers of the garriſon, and a conſiderable convoy of Germans and Raſcians. The Emperor has ſeveral regiments of theſe people; but, to ſay the truth, they are rather plunderers than ſoldiers; having no pay, and being obliged to furniſh their own arms and horſes; they rather look like vagabond gypſies, or ſtout beggars, than regular troops. I cannot forbear ſpeaking a word of this race of creatures, who are very numerous all over Hungary. They have a patriarch of their own at Grand Cairo, and are really of the Greek church, but their extreme igno-

ignorance gives their prieſts occaſion to impoſe ſeveral new notions upon them. Theſe fellows letting their hair and beard grow inviolate, make exactly the figure of the Indian Bramins. They are heirs-general to all the money of the laity; for which, in return, they give them formal paſſports ſigned and ſealed for Heaven; and the wives and children only inherit the houſe and cattle. In moſt other points they follow the Greek church.——This little digreſſion has interrupted my telling you we paſſed over the fields of Carlowitz, where the laſt great victory was obtained by Prince Eugene over the Turks. The marks of that glorious bloody day are yet recent, the field being yet ſtrewed with the ſkulls and carcaſſes of unburied men, horſes, and camels. I could not look, without horror, on ſuch numbers of mangled human bodies, nor without reflecting on the injuſtic of war, that makes murder, not only neceſſary, but meritorious. Nothing ſeems to be a plainer proof of the *irrationality* of mankind (whatever fine claims we pretend to reaſon) than the rage with which they conteſt for a ſmall ſpot of ground, when ſuch vaſt parts of fruitful earth lie quite uninhabited. 'Tis true, cuſtom has now made it unavoidable; but can there be a greater demonſtration of want of reaſon, than a cuſtom being firmly eſtabliſhed, ſo plainly contrary to the intereſt of man in general? I am a good deal inclined to believe Mr Hobbes, that the *ſtate of nature*, is a *ſtate of war*; but thence I conclude human nature, not rational, if the word reaſon means common ſenſe, as I ſuppoſe it does. I have a great many admirable arguments

to ſupport this reflection; I won't however trouble you with them, but return, in a plain ſtile, to the hiſtory of my travels.

We were met at Betſko (a village in the midway between Belgrade and Peterwaradin) by an Aga of the Janizaries, with a body of Turks, exceeding the Germans by one hundred men, though the Baſſa had engaged to ſend exactly the ſame number. You may judge by this of their fears. I am really perſuaded, that they hardly thought the odds of one hundred men ſet them even with the Germans; however, I was very uneaſy till they were parted, fearing ſome quarrel might ariſe notwithſtanding the parole given. We came late to Belgrade, the deep ſnows making the aſcent to it very difficult. It ſeems a ſtrong city, fortified, on the eaſt ſide by the Danube; and on the South, by the river Save, and was formerly the barrier of Hungary. It was firſt taken by Solyman the Magnificent; and ſince, by the Emperor's forces, led by the Elector of Bavaria. The Emperor held it only two years, it being retaken by the Grand Vizier. It is now fortified with the utmoſt care and ſkill the Turks are capable of, and ſtrengthened by a very numerous garriſon, of their braveſt Janizaries, commanded by a Baſſa Seraſkier (*i. e.* General) though this laſt expreſſion is not very juſt; for to ſay truth, the Seraſkier is commanded by the Janizaries. Theſe troops have an abſolute authority here, and their conduct carries much more the aſpect of rebellion, than the appearance of ſubordination. You may judge of this by the

the following ſtory, which at the ſame time, will give you an idea of the *admirable* intelligence of the Governor of Peterwaradin, though ſo few hours diſtant. We were told by him at Peterwaradin, that the garriſon and inhabitans of Belgrade were ſo weary of the war, they had killed their Baſſa about two months ago, in a mutiny, becauſe he had ſuffered himſelf to be prevailed upon, by a bribe of five purſes (five hundred pound ſterling) to give permiſſion to the Tartars to ravage the German frontiers. We were very well pleaſed to hear of ſuch favourable diſpoſitions in the people; but when we came hither, we found the Governor had been ill informed, and the real truth of the ſtory to be this. The late Baſſa fell under the diſpleaſure of his ſoldiers, for no other reaſon, but reſtraining their incurſions on the Germans. They took it into their heads from that mildneſs, that he had intelligence with the enemy, and ſent ſuch information to the Grand Signior at Adrianople; but, redreſs not coming quick enough from thence, they aſſembled themſelves in a tumultuous manner, and by force dragged their Baſſa before the Cadi and Mufti, and there demanded juſtice in a mutinous way; one crying out, Why he procted the Infidels? Another, Why he ſqueezed them of their money? The Baſſa, eaſily gueſſing their purpoſe, calmly replied to them, that they aſked him too many queſtions, and that he had but one life, which muſt anſwer for all. They then immediately fell upon him with their ſcymitars, (without waiting the ſentence of their heads of the law) and in a few moments cut him in pieces. The

preſent

preſent Baſſa has not dared to puniſh the murder; on the contrary, he affected to applaud the actors of it, as brave fellows, that knew how to do themſelves juſtice. He takes all pretences of throwing money among the garriſon, and ſuffers them to make little excurſions into Hungary, where they burn ſome poor Raſcian houſes.

You may imagine, I cannot be very eaſy in a town which is really under the government of an inſolent ſoldiery.——We expected to be immediately diſmiſſed, after a night's lodging here, but the Baſſa detains us till he receives orders from Adrianople, which may, poſſibly, be a month coming. In the mean time, we are lodged in one of the beſt houſes, belonging to a very conſiderable man amongſt them, and have a whole chamber of Janizaries to guard us. My only diverſion is the converſation of our hoſt Achmet-beg, a title ſomething like that of Count in Germany. His father was a great Baſſa, and he has been educated in the moſt polite Eaſtern learning, being perfectly ſkilled in the Arabic and Perſian languages, and an extraordinary ſcribe, which they call Effendi. This accompliſhment makes way to the greateſt preferments; but he has had the good ſenſe to prefer an eaſy, quiet, ſecure life, to all the dangerous honours of the Porte. He ſups with us every night, and drinks wine very freely. You cannot imagine how much he is delighted with the liberty of converſing with me. He has explained to me many pieces of Arabian poetry, which, I obſerve, are in numbers, not unlike ours, generally of an alternate

ternate verſe, and of a very muſical ſound. Their expreſſions of love are very paſſionate and lively. I am ſo much pleaſed with them, I really believe I ſhould learn to read Arabic, if I was to ſtay here a few months. He has a very good library of their books of all kinds; and, as he tells me, ſpends the greateſt part of his life there. I paſs for a great ſcholar with him, by relating to him ſome of the Perſian tales, which I find are genuine. At firſt he believed I underſtood Perſian. I have frequent diſputes with him, concerning the difference of our cuſtoms, particularly the confinement of women. He aſſures me, there is nothing at all in it; only, ſays he, we have the advantage, that when our wives cheat us, no body knows it. He has wit, and is more polite than many Chriſtian men of quality. I am very much entertained with him.—He has had the curioſity to make one of our ſervants ſet him an alphabet of our letters, and can already write a good Roman hand. But theſe amuſements do not hinder my wiſhing heartily to be out of this place; for the weather is colder than I believe it ever was, any where, but in Greenland.——We have a very large ſtove conſtantly kept hot, and yet the windows of the room are frozen on the inſide.——God knows when I may have an opportunity of ſending this letter; but I have written it, for the diſcharge of my own conſcience; and you cannot now reproach me, that one of yours makes ten of mine. Adieu.

LETTER XXV.

To her Royal Highneſs the Princeſs of Wales *.

Adrianople, April 1. O. S. 1717.

I Have now, Madam, finiſhed a journey that has not been undertaken by any Chriſtian, ſince the time of the Greek emperors: and I ſhall not regret all the fatigues I have ſuffered in it, if it gives me an opportunity of amuſing your R. H. by an account of places utterly unknown amongſt us: the Emperor's embaſſadors, and thoſe few Engliſh that have come hither, always going on the Danube to Nicopolis. But the river was now frozen, and Mr W—— was ſo zealous for the ſervice of his Majeſty, that he would not defer his journey to wait for the conveniency of that paſſage. We croſſed the deſerts of Servia, almoſt quite over-grown with wood, though a country naturally fertile. The inhabitants are induſtrious; but the oppreſſion of the peaſants is ſo great, they are forced to abandon their houſes, and neglect their tillage, all they have being a prey to the Janizaries, when ever they pleaſe to ſeize upon it. We had a guard of five hundred of them, and I was almoſt in tears every day, to ſee their inſolencies in the poor villages through which we paſſed.——

* The late Queen Caroline.

After ſeven days travelling through thick woods, we came to Niſſa, once the capital of Servia, ſituated in a fine plain on the river Niſſava, in a very good air, and ſo fruitful a ſoil, that the great plenty is hardly credible. I was certainly aſſured, that the quantity of wine laſt vintage was ſo prodigious, that they were forced to dig holes in the earth to put it in, not having veſſels enough in the town to hold it. The happineſs of this plenty is ſcarce perceived by the oppreſſed people. I ſaw here a new occaſion for my compaſſion. The wretches that had provided twenty waggons for our baggage from Belgrade hither for a certain hire, being all ſent back without payment, ſome of their horſes lamed, and others killed, without any ſatisfaction made for them. The poor fellows came round the houſe weeping and tearing their hair and beards in a moſt pitiful manner, without getting any thing but drubs from the inſolent ſoldiers. I cannot expreſs to your R. H. how much I was moved at this ſcene. I would have paid them the money out of my own pocket, with all my heart; but it would only have been giving ſo much to the Aga, who would have taken it from them without any remorſe. After four days journey from this place over the mountains, we came to Sophia, ſituated in a large beautiful plain on the river Iſca, and ſurrounded with diſtant mountains. 'Tis hardly poſſible to ſee a more agreeable landſcape. The city itſelf is very large and extremely populous. Here are hot baths, very famous for their medicinal virtues.——Four days journey from hence we arrived at Philippopolis, after having paſſed the ridges between

tween the mountains of Haemus and Rhodope, which are always covered with ſnow. This town is ſituated on a riſing ground near the river Hebrus, and is almoſt wholly inhabited by Greeks; here are ſtill ſome antient Chriſtian churches. They have a biſhop; and ſeveral of the richeſt Greeks live here; but they are forced to conceal their wealth with great care, the appearance of poverty (which includes part of its inconveniencies) being all their ſecurity againſt feeling it in earneſt. The country from hence to Adrianople, is the fineſt in the world. Vines grow wild on all the hills, and the perpetual ſpring they enjoy, makes every thing gay and flouriſhing. But this climate, happy as it ſeems, can never be preferred to England, with all its froſts and ſnows, while we are bleſſed with an eaſy government, under a king, who makes his own happineſs conſiſt in the liberty of his people, and chooſes rather to be looked upon, as their father than their maſter.——This theme would carry me very far, and I am ſenſible, I have already tired your R. H's patience. But my letter is in your hands, and you may make it as ſhort as you pleaſe, by throwing it into the fire, when weary of reading it. I am, Madam,

With the greateſt reſpect,

LETTER XXVI.

To the Lady ——.

Adrianople, April 1. O. S. 1717.

I AM now got into a new world, where every thing I ſee, appears to me a change of ſcene; and I write to your ladyſhip with ſome content of mind, hoping, at leaſt, that you will find the charm of novelty in my letters, and no longer reproach me, that I tell you nothing extraordinary. I won't trouble you with a relation of our tedious journey; but I muſt not omit what I ſaw remarkable at Sophia, one of the moſt beautiful towns in the Turkiſh empire, and famous for its hot baths, that are reſorted to both for their diverſion and health. I ſtop'd here one day, on purpoſe to ſee them; and deſigning to go *incognito*, I hired a Turkiſh coach. Theſe voitures are not at all like ours, but much more convenient for the country, the heat being ſo great that glaſſes would be very troubleſome. They are made a good deal in the manner of the Dutch ſtage-coaches, having wooden lattices painted and gilded; the inſide being alſo painted with baſkets and noſegays of flowers, intermixed commonly with little poetical motto's. They are covered all over with ſcarlet cloth, lined with ſilk, and very often richly embroidered

dered and fringed. This covering entirely hides the perſons in them, but may be thrown back at pleaſure, and thus permits the ladies to peep thro' the lattices. They hold four people very conveniently, ſeated on cuſhions, but not raiſed.

In one of theſe covered waggons, I went to the bagnio about ten o'clock. It was already full of women. It is built of ſtone, in the ſhape of a dome, with no windows but in the roof, which gives light enough. There were five of theſe domes joined together, the outmoſt being leſs than the reſt, and ſerving only as a hall, where the portreſs ſtood at the door. Ladies of quality generally give this woman a crown or ten ſhillings, and I did not forget that ceremony. The next room is a very large one, paved with marble, and all round it are two raiſed ſofas of marble, one above another. There were four fountains of cold water in this room, falling firſt into marble baſons, and then running on the floor in little channels made for that purpoſe, which carried the ſtreams into the next room, ſomething leſs than this, with the ſame ſort of marble ſofas, but ſo hot with ſtreams of ſulphur proceeding from the baths joining to it, 'twas impoſſible to ſtay there with one's cloaths on. The two other domes were the hot baths, one of which had cocks of cold water turning into it, to temper it to what degree of warmth the bathers pleaſed to have.

I was in my travelling habit, which is a riding dreſs, and certainly appeared very extraordinary to

them. Yet there was not one of them that ſhewed the leaſt ſurprize or impertinent curioſity, but received me with all the obliging civility poſſible. I know no European court, where the ladies would have behaved themſelves in ſo polite a manner to ſuch a ſtranger. I believe, upon the whole, there were two hundred women, and yet none of thoſe diſdainful ſmiles, and ſatyrical whiſpers, that never fail in our aſſemblies, when any one appears that is not dreſſed exactly in the faſhion. They repeated over and over to me; "UZELLE, PEK UZELLE," which is nothing but, "*Charming, very charm-*" "*ing.*"—The firſt ſofas were covered with cuſhions and rich carpets, on which ſat the ladies; and on the ſecond, their ſlaves behind them, but without any diſtinction of rank by their dreſs, all being in the ſtate of nature, that is, in plain Engliſh, ſtark naked, without any beauty or defect concealed. Yet there was not the leaſt wanton ſmile or immodeſt geſture among them. They walked and moved with the ſame majeſtic grace, which Milton deſcribes our General Mother with. There were many amongſt them, as exactly proportioned as ever any goddeſs was drawn, by the pencil of a Guido or Titian.——And moſt of their ſkins ſhiningly white, only adorned by their beautiful hair divided into many treſſes, hanging on their ſhoulders, braided either with pearl or ribbon, perfectly repreſenting the figures of the graces.

I was here convinced of the truth of a reflection I have often made, *That if it were the faſhion to go naked,*

naked, the face would be hardly obſerved. I perceived that the ladies of the moſt delicate ſkins and fineſt ſhapes, had the greateſt ſhare of my admiration, though their faces were ſometimes leſs beautiful than thoſe of their companions. To tell you the truth, I had wickedneſs enough, to wiſh ſecretly, that Mr. Gervais could have been there inviſible. I fancy it would have very much improved his art, to ſee ſo mady fine women naked, in different poſtures, ſome in converſation, ſome working, others drinking coffee or ſherbet, and many negligently lying on their cuſhions, while their ſlaves (generally pretty girls of ſeventeen, or eighteen) were employ'd in braiding their hair in ſeveral pretty fancies. In ſhort, 'tis the women's coffee-houſe, where all the news of the town is told, ſcandal invented, &c.——They generally take this diverſion once a week, and ſtay there at leaſt four or five hours, without getting cold by immediate coming out of the hot bath into the cool room, which was very ſurprizing to me. The lady, that ſeemed the moſt conſiderable amongſt them, entreated me to ſit by her, and would fain have undreſſed me for the bath. I excuſed myſelf with ſome difficulty. They being however all ſo earneſt in perſuading me, I was at laſt forced to open my ſhirt, and ſhew them my ſtays; which ſatisfied them very well; for, I ſaw, they believed I was locked up in that machine, and that it was not in my own power to open it, which contrivance they attributed to my huſband.——I was charmed with their civility and beauty, and ſhould have been very glad to paſs more time with them; but

Mr

Mr W—— reſolving to purſue his journey next morning early, I was in haſte to ſee the the ruins of Juſtinian's church, which did not afford me ſo agreeable a proſpect as I had left, being little more than a heap of ſtones.

Adieu, Madam, I am ſure I have now entertained you, with an account of ſuch a ſight as you never ſaw in your life, and what no book of travels could inform you of, as 'tis no leſs than death for a man to be found in one of theſe places.

LETTER XXVII.

To the Abbot ——.

Adrianople, April 1. O. S. 1717.

YOU ſee that I am very exact in keeping the promiſe you engaged me to make. I know not, however, whether your curioſity will be ſatisfied with the accounts I ſhall give you, though I can aſſure you, the deſire I have to oblige you to the utmoſt of my power, has made me very diligent in my enquiries, and obſervations. 'Tis certain we have but very imperfect accounts of the manners and religion of theſe people. This part of the world being ſeldom viſited, but by merchants, who mind little but their own affairs; or travellers, who make

too

too ſhort a ſtay to be able to report any thing exactly of their own knowledge. The Turks are too proud to converſe familiarly with merchants, who can only pick up ſome confuſed informations, which are generally falſe, and can give no better account of the ways here, than a French refugee, lodging in a garret in Greek-ſtreet, could write of the court of England. The journey we have made from Belgrade hither, cannot poſſibly be paſſed by any out of a public character. The deſart woods of Servia, are the common refuge for thieves, who rob fifty in a company, ſo that we had need of all our guards to ſecure us; and the villages are ſo poor, that only force could extort from them neceſſary proviſions. Indeed the Janizaries had no mercy on their poverty, killing all the poultry and ſheep they could find, without aſking to whom they belonged; while the wretched owners durſt not put in their claim for fear of being beaten. Lambs juſt fallen, geeſe and turkies big with egg, all maſſacred without diſtinction! I fancied I heard the complaints of Meliboeus for the hope of his flock. When the Baſſas travel, 'tis yet worſe. Theſe oppreſſors are not content with eating all that is to be eaten belonging to the peaſants; after they have crammed themſelves and their numerous retinue, they have the impudence to exact what they call *teeth-money*, a contribution for the uſe of their teeth, worn with doing them the honour of devouring their meat. This is literally and exactly true, however extravagant it may ſeem; and ſuch is the natural corruption of a

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military government, their religion not allowing of this barbarity, any more than our does.

I had the advantage of lodging three weeks at Belgrade, with a principal Effendi, that is to say, a ſcholar. This ſet of men are equally capable of preferments in the law, or the church, thoſe two ſciences being caſt into one, and a lawyer and a prieſt being the ſame word in the Turkiſh language. They are the only men really conſiderable in the empire, all the profitable employments and church revenues are in their hands. The Grand Signior, tho' general heir to his people, never preſumes to touch their lands or money, which go, in an uninterrupted ſucceſſion to their children. 'Tis true, they loſe their privilege, by accepting a place at court, or the title of Baſſa; but there are few examples of ſuch fools among them. You may eaſily judge of the power of theſe men, who have engroſſed all the learning, and almoſt all the wealth of the empire. 'Tis they that are the real authors, though the ſoldiers are the actors of revolutions. They depoſed the late Sultan Muſtapha, and their power is ſo well known, that 'tis the Emperor's intereſt to flatter them.

This is a long digreſſion. I was going to tell you, that an intimate, daily converſation with the Effendi Achmet-beg, gave me an opportunity of knowing their religion and morals in a more particular manner than perhaps any Chriſtian ever did. I explained to him the difference between the religion of England

land and Rome; and he was pleaſed to hear there were Chriſtians, that did not worſhip images, or adore the Virgin Mary. The ridicule of tranſubſtantiation appeared very ſtrong to him.——Upon comparing our creeds together, I am convinced that if our friend Dr. —— had free liberty of preaching here, it would be very eaſy to perſuade the generality to Chriſtianity, whoſe notions are very little different from his. Mr Whiſton would make a very good apoſtle here. I don't doubt but his zeal will be much fired, if you communicate this account to him; but tell him, he muſt firſt have the gift of tongues, before he can poſſibly be of any uſe.—— Mahometiſm is divided into as many ſects as Chriſtianity, and the firſt inſtitution as much neglected, and obſcured by interpretations. I cannot here forbear reflecting on the natural inclination of mankind to make myſteries and novelties.——The Zeidi, Kudi, Jabari, &c. put me in mind of the Catholics, Lutherans, and Calviniſts, and are equally zealous againſt one another. But the moſt prevailing opinion, if you ſearch into the ſecret of the Effendi's, is plain Deiſm. This is indeed kept from the people, who are amuſed with a thouſand different notions, according to the different intereſt of their preachers.——There are very few amongſt them (Achmet-beg denied there were any) ſo abſurd, as to ſet up for wit, by declaring they believe no God at all. And Sir Paul Rycaut is miſtaken (as he commonly is) in calling the ſect Muterin (*i. e. the ſecret with us*) Atheiſts, they being Deiſts, whoſe impiety conſiſts in making a jeſt of their prophet. Achmet-beg did not

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own to me, that he was of this opinion, but made no ſcruple of deviating from ſome part of Mahomet's law, by drinking wine with the ſame freedom we did. When I aſked him how he came to allow himſelf that liberty? He made anſwer, that all the creatures of God are good, and deſigned for the uſe of man; however, that the prohibition of wine was a very wiſe maxim, and meant for the common people, being the ſource of all diſorders amongſt them; but, that the prophet never deſigned to confine thoſe that knew how to uſe it with moderation; nevertheleſs, he ſaid, that ſcandal ought to be avoided, and that he never drank it in public. This is the general way of thinking amongſt them, and very few forbear drinking wine, that are able to afford it. He aſſured me, that if I underſtood Arabic, I ſhould be very well pleaſed with reading the Alcoran, which is ſo far from the nonſenſe we charge it with, that 'tis the pureſt morality, delivered in the very beſt language. I have ſince heard impartial Chriſtians ſpeak of it in the ſame manner; and I don't doubt but that all our tranſlations are from copies got from the Greek prieſts, who would not fail to falſify it with the extremity of malice. No body of men ever were more ignorant, or more corrupt; yet they differ ſo little from the Romiſh church, that, I confeſs, nothing gives me a greater abhorrence of the cruelty of your clergy than the barbarous perſecution of them, whenever they have been their maſters, for no other reaſon, than their not acknowledging the Pope. The diſſenting in that one article, has got them the title of Heretics, and Schiſmatics; and

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what is worſe, the ſame treatment. I found at Philippopolis, a ſect of Chriſtians that called themſelves Paulines. They ſhew an old church where, they ſay, St. Paul preached, and he is their favourite ſaint, after the ſame manner that St. Peter is at Rome; neither do they forget to give him the ſame preference over the reſt of the apoſtles.

But of all the religions I have ſeen, that of the Arnounts ſeems to me the moſt particular; they are natives of Arnountlich, the antient Macedonia, and ſtill retain the courage and hardineſs, though they have loſt the name of Macedonians, being the beſt militia in the Turkiſh empire, and the only check upon the Janizaries. They are foot ſoldiers; we had a guard of them, relieved in every conſiderable town we paſſed; they are all cloathed and armed at their own expence, dreſſed in clean white coarſe cloth, carrying guns of a prodigious length, which they run with upon their ſhoulders, as if they did not feel the weight of them, the leader ſinging a ſort of a rude tune, not unpleaſant, and the reſt making up the chorus. Theſe people living between Chriſtians and Mahometans, and not being ſkilled in controverſy, declare, that they are utterly unable to judge which religion is beſt; but to be certain of not entirely rejecting the truth, they very prudently follow both. They go to the moſques on Fridays, and to the church on Sunday, ſaying for their excuſe, that at the day of judgment they are ſure of protection from the true prophet; but which that is, they are not able to determine in this world. I

believe there is no other race of mankind, who have ſo modeſt an opinion of their own capacity.

Theſe are the remarks I have made, on the diverſity of religions I have ſeen. I don't aſk your pardon for the liberty I have taken in ſpeaking of the Roman. I know you equally condemn the quackery of all churches, as much as you revere the ſacred truths, in which we both agree.

You will expect I ſhould ſay ſomething to you of the antiquities of this country, but there are few remains of antient Greece. We paſſed near the piece of an arch which is commonly called Trajan's Gate, from a ſuppoſition that he made it to ſhut up the paſſage over the mountains, between Sophia and Philippopolis. But I rather believe it the remains of ſome triumphal arch (though I could not ſee any inſcription;) for if that paſſage had been ſhut up, there are many others, that would ſerve for the march of an army; and notwithſtanding the ſtory of Baldwin Earl of Flanders, being overthrown in theſe ſtraits, after he won Conſtantinople, I don't fancy the Germans would find themſelves ſtopped by them at this day. 'Tis true, the road is now made (with great induſtry) as commodious as poſſible, for the march of the Turkiſh army; there is not one ditch or puddle between this place and Belgrade, that has not a large ſtrong bridge of planks built over it; but the precipices are not ſo terrible as I had heard them repreſented. At theſe mountains, we lay at the little village Kiſkoi, wholly inhabited by Chriſtians, as all

all the peaſants of Bulgaria are. Their houſes are nothing but little huts, raiſed of dirt baked in the ſun, and they leave them and fly into the mountains, ſome months before the march of the Turkiſh army, who would elſe entirely ruin them, by driving away their whole flocks. This precaution ſecures them in a ſort of plenty; for ſuch vaſt tracts of land lying in common, they have the liberty of ſowing what they pleaſe, and are generally very induſtrious huſbandmen. I drank here ſeveral ſorts of delicious wine. The women dreſs themſelves in a great variety of coloured glaſs beads, and are not ugly, but of tawny complexions. I have now told you all, that is worth telling you, and perhaps more, relating to my journey. When I am at Conſtantinople, I'll try to pick up ſome curioſities, and then you ſhall hear again from,

Yours, &c.

LETTER XXVIII.

To the Counteſs of B——.

Adrianople, April. 1. O. S. 1717.

AS I never can forget the ſmalleſt of your ladyſhip's commands, my firſt buſineſs here, has been to enquire after the ſtuffs, you ordered me to

look for, without being able to find what you would like. The difference of the dreſs here and at London is ſo great, the ſame ſort of things is not proper for Caftans and Manteaus. However, I will not give over my ſearch, but renew it again at Conſtantinople, though I have reaſon to believe there is nothing finer than what is to be found here, as this place is at preſent the reſidence of the court. The Grand Signior's eldeſt daughter was married ſome few days before I came hither, and upon that occaſion, the Turkiſh ladies diſplayed all their magnificence. The bride was conducted to her huſband's houſe in very great ſplendor. She is widow of the late Vizier, who was killed at Peterwaradin, though that ought rather to be called a contract, than a marriage, ſince ſhe never has lived with him; however, the greateſt part of his wealth is hers. He had the permiſſion of viſiting her in the Seraglio; and being one of the handſomeſt men in the empire, had very much engaged her affections.—When ſhe ſaw this ſecond huſband, who is at leaſt fifty, ſhe could not forbear burſting into tears. He is indeed a man of merit, and the declared favourite of the Sultan, (which they call Moſayp) but that is not enough to make him pleaſing in the eyes of a girl of thirteen.

The government here is entirely in the hands of the army. The Grand Signior, with all his abſolute power, is as much a ſlave as any of his ſubjects, and trembles at a Janizary's frown. Here is, indeed, a much greater appearance of ſubjection than amongſt us;

us; a minister of state is not spoke to, but upon the knee; should a reflection on his conduct be dropt in a coffee-house, (for they have spies every where) the house would be raz'd to the ground, and perhaps the whole company put to the torture. No *buzzaing mobs, senseless pamphlets, and tavern disputes about politics;*

A consequential ill that freedom draws;
A bad effect,—but from a noble cause.

None of our harmless calling names! but when a minister here displeases the people, in three hours time he is dragged even from his master's arm. They cut off his hands, head and feet, and throw them before the palace gate, with all the respect in the world; while the Sultan (to whom they all profess an unlimited adoration) sits trembling in his apartment, and dare neither defend nor revenge his favourite. This is the blessed condition of the most absolute monarch upon earth, who owns no *law* but his *will*.

I cannot help wishing, in the loyalty of my heart, that the Parliament would send hither a ship-load of your passive-obedience men, that they might see arbitrary government in its clearest and strongest light, where 'tis hard to judge, whether the Prince, People, or Ministers, are most miserable. I could make many reflections on this subject; but I know, Madam, your own good sense has already furnished you with better than I am capable of.

I went yeſterday along with the French Ambaſſadreſs to ſee the Grand Signior in his paſſage to the Moſque. He was preceded by a numerous guard of Janizaries, with vaſt white feathers in their heads, as alſo by the Spahis and Boſtangees, (theſe are foot and horſe guards) and the Royal Gardeners, which are a very conſiderable body of men, dreſſed in different habits of fine lively colours, ſo that, at a diſtance, they appeared like a parterre of tulips. After them the Aga of the Janizaries, in a robe of purple velvet, lined with ſilver tiſſue, his horſe led by two ſlaves richly dreſſed. Next him the Kyzlier-Aga, (your ladyſhip knows this is the chief guardian of the Seraglio Ladies) in a deep yellow cloth (which ſuited very well to his black face) lined with ſables. Laſt came his Sublimity himſelf, arrayed in green, lined with the fur of a black Muſcovite fox, which is ſuppoſed worth a thouſand pound ſterling, and mounted on a fine horſe, with furniture embroidered with jewels. Six more horſes richly capariſoned were led after him; and two of his principal courtiers bore, one his gold, and the other his ſilver coffee-pot on a ſtaff; another carried a ſilver ſtool on his head for him to ſit on.—It would be too tedious to tell your ladyſhip, the various dreſſes and turbans by which their rank is diſtinguiſhed; but they were all extremely rich and gay, to the number of ſome thouſands; ſo that perhaps there cannot be ſeen a more beautiful proceſſion. The Sultan appeared to us a handſome man of about forty, with ſomething, however, ſevere in his countenance, and

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his eyes very full and black. He happened to ſtop under the window where we ſtood, and (I ſuppoſe being told who we were) looked upon us very attentively, ſo that we had full leiſure to conſider him. The French Ambaſſadreſs agreed with me as to his good mein: I ſee that lady very often; ſhe is young, and her converſation would be a great relief to me, if I could perſuade her to live without thoſe forms and ceremonies that make life formal and tireſome. But ſhe is ſo delighted with her guards, her four and twenty footmen, gentlemen uſhers, &c. that ſhe would rather die than make me a viſit without them; not to reckon a coachful of attending damſels y'clep'd maids of honour. What vexes me is, that as long as ſhe will viſit me with a troubleſome equipage, I am obliged to do the ſame; however, our mutual intereſt makes us much together. I went with her the other day all round the town, in an open gilt chariot, with our joint train of attendants, preceded by our guards, who might have ſummoned the people to ſee what they had never ſeen, nor ever perhaps would ſee again, two young Chriſtian Ambaſſadreſſes at the ſame time. Your ladyſhip may eaſily imagine, we drew a vaſt crowd of ſpectators, but all ſilent as death. If any of them had taken the liberties of our mobs upon any ſtrange ſight, our Janizaries had made no ſcruple of falling on them with their ſcymitars, without danger for ſo doing, being above law. Theſe people however (I mean the Janizaries) have ſome good qualities; they are very zealous and faithful where they ſerve, and look upon it as their buſineſs to fight for you on all occaſi-

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ons. Of this I had a very pleaſant inſtance in a village on this ſide Philippopolis, where we were met by our domeſtic guards. I happened to beſpeak pigeons for ſupper, upon which one of my Janizaries went immediately to the Cadi (the chief civil officer of the town) and ordered him to ſend in ſome dozens. The poor man anſwered, that he had already ſent about, but could get none. My Janizary, in the height of his zeal for my ſervice, immediately locked him up priſoner in his room, telling him he deſerved death for his impudence, in offering to excuſe his not obeying my command; but, out of reſpect to me, he would not puniſh him but by my order. Accordingly he came very gravely to me, to aſk what ſhould be done to him; adding by way of compliment, that if I pleaſed he would bring me his head.——This may give you ſome idea of the unlimited power of theſe fellows, who are all ſworn brothers, and bound to revenge the injuries done to one another, whether at Cairo, Aleppo, or any part of the world. This inviolable league makes them ſo powerful, that the greateſt man at court never ſpeaks to them, but in a flattering tone; and in Aſia, any man that is rich, is forced to enroll himſelf a Janizary to ſecures his eſtate.——But I have already ſaid enough, and I dare ſwear, dear Madam, that, by this time, 'tis a very comfortable reflection to you, that there is no poſſibility of your receiving ſuch a tedious letter but once in ſix months; 'tis that conſideration has given me the aſſurance of entertaining you ſo long, and will, I hope, plead the excuſe of, dear Madam, Yours, &c.

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LETTER XXIX.

To the Counteſs of ——.

Adrianople, April 1. O. S. 1718.

I Wiſh to God, dear ſiſter, that you were as regular in letting me know what paſſes on your ſide of the globe, as I am careful in endeavouring to amuſe you by the account of all I ſee here, that I think worth your notice. You content yourſelf with telling me over and over, that the town is very dull; it may, poſſibly, be dull to you, when every day does not preſent you with ſomething new; but for me that am in arrears, at leaſt two months news, all that ſeems very ſtale with you, would be very freſh and ſweet here. Pray let me into more particulars, and I will try to awaken your gratitude, by giving you a full and true relation of the novelties of this place, none of which would ſurprize you more than a ſight of my perſon, as I am now in my Turkiſh habit, though I believe you would be of my opinion, that 'tis admirably becoming.—— I intend to ſend you my picture; in the mean time accept of it here.

The firſt part of my dreſs is a pair of drawers, very full, that reach to my ſhoes, and conceal the legs more

more modeſtly than your petticoats. They are of a thin roſe-coloured damaſk, brocaded with ſilver flowers. My ſhoes are of white kid leather, embroidered with gold. Over this hangs my ſmock, of a fine white ſilk gauze, edged with embroidery. This ſmock has wide ſleeves, hanging half way down the arm, and is cloſed at the neck with a diamond button; but the ſhape and colour of the boſom is very well to be diſtinguiſhed through it.——The Antery is a waiſt-coat, made cloſe to the ſhape, of white and gold damaſk, with very long ſleeves falling back, and fringed with deep gold fringe, and ſhould have diamond or pearl buttons. My Caftan, of the ſame ſtuff with my drawers, is a robe exactly fitted to my ſhape and reaching to my feet, with very long ſtrait falling ſleeves. Over this is my girdle, of about four fingers broad, which, all that can afford it, have entirely of diamonds or other precious ſtones; thoſe who will not be at that expence, have it of exquiſite embroidery on ſattin; but it muſt be faſtened before with a claſp of diamonds.——The Curdee is a looſe robe they throw off, or put on, according to the weather, being of a rich brocade (mine is green and gold) either lined with ermine or ſables; the ſleeves reach very little below the ſhoulders. The head-dreſs is compoſed of a cap, called Talpock, which is, in winter, of fine velvet embroidered with pearls or diamonds, and, in ſummer, of a light ſhining ſilver ſtuff. This is fixed on one ſide of the head, hanging a little way down with a gold taſſel, and bound on, either with a circle of diamonds (as I have ſeen ſeveral) or a rich embroidered hand-

handkerchief. On the other ſide of the head, the hair is laid flat; and here the ladies are at liberty to ſhew their fancies; ſome putting flowers, others a plume of heron's feathers, and, in ſhort, what they pleaſe; but the moſt general faſhion is a large Bouquet of jewels, made like natural flowers, that is, the buds of pearl; the roſes of different coloured rubies; the jeſſamines of diamonds; the jonquils of topazes, &c. ſo well ſet and enamelled, 'tis hard to imagine any thing of that kind, ſo beautiful. The hair hangs at its full length behind, divided into treſſes braided with pearl or ribbon, which is always in great quantity. I never ſaw in my life, ſo many fine heads of hair. In one lady's, I have counted a hundred and ten of theſe treſſes, all natural; but it muſt be owned, that every kind of beauty is more common here than with us. 'Tis ſurprizing to ſee a young woman that is not very handſome. They have naturally the moſt beautiful complexions in the world, and generally large black eyes. I can aſſure you with great truth, that the court of England (tho' I believe it the faireſt in Chriſtendom) does not contain ſo many beauties as are under our protection here. They generally ſhape their eye-brows, and both Greeks and Turks have the cuſtom of putting round their eyes a black tincture, that, at diſtance, or by candle-light, adds very much to the blackneſs of them. I fancy many of our ladies would be overjoyed to know this ſecret; but 'tis too viſible by day. They dye their nails a roſe-colour; but I own, I cannot enough accuſtom myſelf to this faſhion, to find any beauty in it.

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As to their morality or good conduct, I can ſay, like Harlequin, that 'tis juſt as 'tis with you; and the Turkiſh ladies don't commit one ſin the leſs for not being Chriſtians. Now that I am a little acquainted with their ways, I cannot forbear admiring, either the exemplary diſcretion, or extreme ſtupidity of all the writers that have given accounts of them. 'Tis very eaſy to ſee, they have in reality more liberty than we have. No woman, of what rank ſoever, is permitted to go into the ſtreets without two Murlins, one that covers her face all but her eyes; and another, that hides the whole dreſs of her head, and hangs half way down her back. Their ſhapes are alſo wholly concealed, by a thing they call a Ferigee, which no woman of any ſort appears without; this has ſtrait ſleeves, that reach to their finger-ends, and it laps all round them, not unlike a riding-hood. In Winter, 'tis of cloth; and in ſummer, of plain ſtuff or ſilk. You may gueſs then, how effectually this diſguiſes them, ſo that there is no diſtinguiſhing the great lady from her ſlave. 'Tis impoſſible for the moſt jealous huſband to know his wife, when he meets her, and no man dare touch or follow a woman in the ſtreet.

This perpetual maſquerade gives them entire liberty of following their inclinations without danger of diſcovery. The moſt uſual method of intrigue is, to ſend an appointment to the lover to meet the lady at a Jew's ſhop, which are as notoriouſly convenient as our India-houſes; and yet, even thoſe who don't

don't make uſe of them, do not ſcruple to go to buy penny-worths, and tumble over rich goods, which are chiefly to be found amongſt that ſort of people. The great ladies ſeldom let their gallants know who they are; and 'tis ſo difficult to find it out, that they can very ſeldom gueſs at her name, whom they have correſponded with for above half a year together. You may eaſily imagine the number of faithful wives very ſmall in a country where they have nothing to fear from a lover's indiſcretion, ſince we ſee ſo many have the courage to expoſe themſelves to that in this world, and all the threatened puniſhment of the next, which is never preached to the Turkiſh damſels. Neither have they much to apprehend from the reſentment of their huſbands; thoſe ladies that are rich, having all their money in their own hands. Upon the whole, I look upon the Turkiſh women, as the only free people in the empire; the very Divan pays a reſpect to them, and the Grand Signior himſelf, when a Baſſa is executed, never violates the privileges of the Haram, (or womens apartment) which remains unſearched and entire to the widow. They are queens of their ſlaves, whom the huſband has no permiſſion ſo much as to look upon, except it be an old woman or two that his lady chuſes. 'Tis true their law permits them four wives, but there is no inſtance of a man of quality that makes uſe of this liberty, or of a woman of rank that would ſuffer it. When a huſband happens to be inconſtant (as thoſe things will happen) he keeps his miſtreſs in a houſe apart, and viſits her as privately as he can, juſt as 'tis with you. Amongſt all the great men

here, I only know the Tefterdar (*i. e.* Treaſurer) that keeps a number of ſhe-ſlaves, for his own uſe, (that is, on his own ſide of the houſe, for a ſlave once given to ſerve a lady, is entirely at her diſpoſal) and he is ſpoke of as a libertine, or what we ſhould call a rake; and his wife won't ſee him, tho' ſhe continues to live in his houſe. Thus you ſee, dear ſiſter, the manners of mankind do not differ ſo widely, as our voyage writers would make us believe. Perhaps, it would be more entertaining to add a few ſurprizing cuſtoms of my own invention; but nothing ſeems to me ſo agreeable as truth, and I believe nothing ſo acceptable to you. I conclude therefore, with repeating the great truth of my being,

Dear ſiſter, &c.

LETTER XXX.

To Mr Pope.

Adrianople, April 1. O. S. 1718.

I DARE ſay you expect, at leaſt ſomething very new in this letter, after I have gone a journey, not undertaken, by any Chriſtian, for ſome hundred years. The moſt remarkable accident that happened to me, was my being very near over-turned into the Hebrus; and, if I had much regard for the glo-

ries

ries that one's name enjoys after death, I ſhould certainly be ſorry for having miſſed the romantic concluſion of ſwimming down the ſame river in which the muſical head of Orpheus repeated verſes ſo many ages ſince:

" *Caput a cervice revulſum,*
" *Gurgite cum medio portans Oeagrius Hebrus*
" *Volveret, Eurydicen vox ipſa et frigida lingua,*
" *Ah miſeram Eurydicen! anima fugiente vocabat:*
" *Eurydicen toto referebant flumine ripæ.*"

Who knows but ſome of your bright wits, might have found it a ſubject affording many poetical turns, and have told the world, in an heroic elegy, that,

As equal were our ſouls, ſo equal were our fates.

I deſpair of ever hearing ſo many fine things ſaid of me, as ſo extraordinary a death would have given occaſion for.

I am at this preſent moment writing in a houſe ſituated on the banks of the Hebrus, which runs under my chamber window. My garden is full of tall cypreſs trees, upon the branches of which, ſeveral couple of true turtles are ſaying ſoft things to one another from morning till night. How naturally do boughs and vows come into my mind, at this minute? And muſt you not confeſs, to my praiſe, that 'tis more than an ordinary diſcretion, that can reſiſt

the wicked ſuggeſtions of poetry, in a place where truth, for once, furniſhes all the ideas of paſtoral. The ſummer is already far advanced, in this part of the world; and for ſome miles round Adrianople, the whole ground is laid out in gardens, and the banks of the rivers are ſet with rows of fruit trees, under which all the moſt conſiderable Turks divert themſelves every evening, not with walking, that is not one of their pleaſures; but a ſet party of them chooſe out a green ſpot, where the ſhade is very thick, and there they ſpread a carpet on which they ſit drinking their coffee, and are generally attended by ſome ſlave with a fine voice, or that plays on ſome inſtrument. Every twenty paces you may ſee one of theſe little companies liſtening to the daſhing of the river; and this taſte is ſo univerſal, that the very gardeners are not without it. I have often ſeen them and their children ſitting on the banks of the river; and playing on a rural inſtrument, perfectly anſwering the deſcription of the antient Fiſtula, being compoſed of unequal reeds, with a ſimple but agreeable ſoftneſs in the ſound.

Mr Addiſon might here make the experiment he ſpeaks of in his travels; there not being one inſtrument of muſic among the Greek or Roman ſtatues, that is not to be found in the hands of the people of this country. The young lads generally divert themſelves with making garlands for their favourite lambs, which I have often ſeen painted and adorned with flowers, lying at their feet, while they ſung or played. It is not that they ever read romances. But

theſe

theſe are the antient amuſements here, and as natural to them as cudgel playing and foot-ball to our Britiſh ſwains; the ſoftneſs and warmth of the climate forbidding all rough exerciſes, which were never ſo much as heard of amongſt them, and naturally inſpiring a lazineſs and averſion from labour which the great plenty indulges. Theſe gardeners are the only happy race of country people in Turkey. They furniſh all the city with fruits and herbs, and ſeem to live very eaſily. They are moſt of them Greeks, and have little houſes in the midſt of their gardens, where their wives and daughters take a liberty, not permitted in the town, I mean to go unveiled. Theſe wenches are very neat and handſome, and paſs their time at their looms under the ſhade of the trees.

I no longer look upon Theocritus as a romantic writer; he has only given a plain image of the way of life among the peaſants of his country; who before oppreſſion had reduced them to want, were, I ſuppoſe, all employed as the better ſort of them are now. I don't doubt, had he been born a Briton, but his Idylliums had been filled with deſcriptions of threſhing and churning, both which are unknown here, the corn being all trode out by oxen; and butter (I ſpeak it with ſorrow) unheard of.

I read over your Homer here, with an infinite pleaſure, and find ſeveral little paſſages explained, that I did not before entirely comprehend the beauty of: Many of the cuſtoms, and much of the dreſs

then in fashion, being yet retained. I don't wonder to find more remains here, of an age so distant, than is to be found in any other country, the Turks not taking that pains to introduce their own manners, as has been generally practised by other nations that imagine themselves more polite. It would be too tedious to you to point out all the passages that relate to present customs. But I can assure you, that the princesses and great ladies pass their time at their looms, embroidering veils and robes, surrounded by their maids, which are always very numerous, in the same manner as we find Andromache and Helen described. The description of the belt of Menelaus, exactly resembles those that are now worn by the great men, fastened before with broad gold clasps, and embroidered round with rich work. The snowy veil, that Helen throws over her face, is still fashionable; and I never see half a dozen of old Bashaws (as I do very often) with their reverend beards sitting basking in the sun, but I recollect good King Priam and his councellors. Their manner of dancing is certainly the same that Diana is sung to have danced on the banks of Eurotas. The great lady still leads the dance, and is followed by a troop of young girls, who imitate her steps, and, if she sings, make up the chorus. The tunes are extremely gay and lively, yet with something in them wonderfully soft. The steps are varied according the pleasure of her that leads the dance, but always in exact time, and infinitely more agreeable than any of our dances, at least in my opinion. I sometimes make one in the train, but am not skilful enough to lead; these

are the Grecian dances, the Turkiſh being very different.

I ſhould have told you, in the firſt place, that the Eaſtern manners give a great light into many Scripture-paſſages, that appear odd to us, their phraſes being commonly what we ſhould call Scripture language. The vulgar Turkiſh is very different from what is ſpoken at court, or amongſt the people of figure; who always mix ſo much Arabic and Perſian in their diſcourſe, that it may be very well called another language. And 'tis as ridiculous to make uſe of the expreſſion commonly uſed, in ſpeaking to a great man or lady, as it would be to ſpeak broad Yorkſhire, or Somerſetſhire, in the drawing-room. Beſides this diſtinction, they have what they call ſublime, that is, a ſtile proper for poetry, and which is the exact ſcripture ſtile. I believe you will be pleaſed to ſee a genuine example of this; and I am very glad I have it in my power to ſatisfy your curioſity, by ſending you a faithful copy of the verſes that Ibrahim Baſſa, the reigning favourite, has made for the young princeſs, his contracted wife, whom he is not yet permitted to viſit without witneſſes, though ſhe is gone home to his houſe. He is a man of wit and learning; and whether or no he is capable of writing good verſe, you may be ſure, that, on ſuch an occaſion, he would not want the aſſiſtance of the beſt poets in the Empire. Thus the verſes may be looked upon as a ſample of their fineſt poetry, and I don't doubt you'll be of my mind, that it is

moſt

moſt wonderfully reſembling the *Song of Solomon*, which was alſo addreſſed to a Royal Bride.

TURKISH VERSES addreſſed to the *Sultana*, eldeſt daughter of SULTAN ACHMET III.

STANZA I.

Ver. 1. *THE Nightingale now wanders in the vines;*
Her paſſion is to ſeek roſes.

2. *I went down to admire the beauty of the vines;*
The ſweetneſs of your charms has raviſhed my ſoul.

3. *Your eyes are black and lovely*
But wild and diſdainful as thoſe of a ſtag.

STANZA II.

1. *The wiſh'd poſſeſſion is delay'd from day to day,*
The cruel Sultan ACHMET *will not permit me*
To ſee thoſe cheeks, more vermilion than roſes.

2. *I dare not ſnatch one of your kiſſes,*
The ſweetneſs of your charms has raviſh'd my ſoul.
3. *Your eyes are black and lovely,*
But wild and diſdainful as thoſe of a ſtag.

STANZA III.

1. *The wretched* IBRAHIM *ſighs in theſe verſes,*
One dart from your eyes has pierced thro' my heart.

2. *Ah!*

2. *Ah! when will the hour of poſſeſſion arrive?*
Muſt I yet wait long time?
The ſweetneſs of your charms has raviſh'd my ſoul.

3. *Ah!* SULTANA! *ſtag-ey'd—an angel amongſt angels!*
I deſire,—and, *my deſire remains unſatisfied.*
Can you take delight to prey upon my heart?

STANZA IV.

1. *My cries pierce the heavens!*
My eyes are without ſleep!
Turn to me, SULTANA—*let me gaze on thy beauty.*

2. *Adieu——I go down to the grave.*
If you call me—I return.
My heart is——hot as ſulphur;——ſigh and it will flame.

3. *Crown of my life, fair light of my eyes!*
My SULTANA! *my Princeſs!*
I rub my face againſt the earth;—I am drown'd in ſcalding tears—I rave!
Have you no compaſſion? will you not turn to look upon me.

I have taken abundance of pains to get theſe verſes in a literal tranſlation; and if you were acquainted with my interpreters, I might ſpare myſelf the trouble of aſſuring you, that they have received no poetical touches from their hands. In my opinion,

(allow-

(allowing for the inevitable faults of a proſe tranſlation into a language ſo very different) there is a good deal of beauty in them. The epithet of *ſtag-eyed* (though the ſound is not very agreeable in Engliſh) pleaſes me extremely; and I think it a very lively image of the fire and indifference in his miſtreſs's eyes.——Monſieur Boileau has very juſtly obſerved, that we are never to judge of the elevation of any expreſſion in an antient author, by the ſound it carries with us; ſince it may be extremely fine with them, when, at the ſame time, it appears low or uncouth to us. You are ſo well acquainted with Homer, you cannot but have obſerved the ſame thing, and you muſt have the ſame indulgence for all oriental poetry. The repetitions at the end of the two firſt ſtanza's are meant for a ſort of chorus, and are agreeable to the antient manner of writing. The muſic of the verſes apparently changes in the third ſtanza, where the burden is altered; and I think he very artfully ſeems more paſſionate at the concluſion, as 'tis natural for people to warm themſelves by their own diſcourſe, eſpecially on a ſubject in which one is deeply concerned; 'tis certainly far more touching, than our modern cuſtom of concluding a ſong of paſſion, with a turn which is inconſiſtent with it. The firſt verſe is a deſcription of the ſeaſon of the year; all the country now being full of nightingales, whoſe amours with roſes, in an Arabian fable, are as well known here, as any part of Ovid amongſt us, and is much the ſame as if an Engliſh poem ſhould begin, by ſaying,——"*Now Philomela ſings.*" Or what

if

if I turned the whole into the ſtile of Engliſh poetry, to ſee how it would look!

STANZA I.

" NOW Philomel renews her tender ſtrain,
" Indulging all the night her pleaſing pain;

" I ſought the groves to hear the wanton ſing,
" There ſaw a face more beauteous than the ſpring.

" Your large ſtag-eyes where thouſand glories play,
" As bright, as lively, but as wild as they.

STANZA II.

" In vain I'm promis'd ſuch a heav'nly prize,
" Ah! cruel SULTAN! who delay'ſt my joys!

" While piercing charms tranſfix my am'rous heart,
" I dare not ſnatch one kiſs, to eaſe the ſmart.

" Thoſe eyes! like, &c.

STANZA III.

" Your wretched lover in theſe lines complains;
" From thoſe dear beauties riſe his killing pains.

" When will the hour of wiſh'd for bliſs arrive?
" Muſt I wait longer?—Can I wait and live?

" Ah!

" Ah! bright Sultana! Maid divinely fair!
" Can you, unpitying, ſee the pains I bear?

STANZA IV.

" The Heavens relenting hear my piercing cries,
" I loath the light, and ſleep forſakes my eyes.
" Turn thee, Sultana, ere thy lover dies:

" Sinking to earth, I ſigh the laſt adieu,
" Call me, my goddeſs, and my life renew.

" My queen! my angel! my fond heart's deſire,
" I rave—my boſom burns with heavenly fire!
" Pity that paſſion, which thy charms inſpire.

I have taken the liberty in the ſecond verſe, of following what I ſuppoſe the true ſenſe of the author, though not literally expreſſed. *By his ſaying he went down to admire the beauty of the vines, and her charms raviſhed his ſoul*, I underſtand a poetical fiction, of having firſt ſeen her in a garden, where he was admiring the beauty of the ſpring. But I could not forbear retaining the compariſon of her eyes with thoſe of a ſtag, though perhaps the novelty of it may give it a burleſque ſound in our language. I cannot determine, upon the whole, how well I have ſucceeded in the tranſlation, neither do I think our Engliſh proper to expreſs ſuch violence of paſſion, which is very ſeldom felt among us. We want, alſo,

alſo, thoſe compound words which are very frequent and ſtrong in the Turkiſh language.

You ſee I am pretty far gone in Oriental learning, and to ſay truth, I ſtudy very hard. I wiſh my ſtudies may give me an occaſion of entertaining your curioſity, which will be the utmoſt advantage hoped for from them, by,

Yours, &c.

LETTER XXXI.

To Mrs S. C.

Adrianople, April 1. O. S. 1718.

IN my opinion, dear S. I ought rather to quarrel with you, for not anſwering my Nimiguen letter of Auguſt, till December, than to excuſe my not writing again till now. I am ſure there is on my ſide a very good excuſe for ſilence, having gone ſuch tireſome land journeys, though I don't find the concluſion of them ſo bad as you ſeem to imagine. I am very eaſy here, and not in the ſolitude you fancy me. The great number of Greeks, French, Engliſh, and Italians, that are under our protection, make their court to me from morning till night, and I'll aſſure you, are, many of them, very fine ladies;

for there is no poſſibility for a Chriſtian to live eaſy under this government, but by the protection of an ambaſſador—— and the richer they are, the greater is their danger.

Thoſe dreadful ſtories you have heard of the Plague, have very little foundation in truth. I own, I have much ado to reconcile myſelf to the ſound of a word, which has always given me ſuch terrible ideas; though I am convinced there is little more in it, than in a fever. As a proof of this, let me tell you, that we paſſed thro' two or three towns moſt violently infected. In the very next-houſe where we lay, (in one of thoſe places) two perſons died of it, Luckily for me, I was ſo well received, that I knew nothing of the matter; and I was made believe, that our ſecond cook, had only a great cold. However we left our doctor to take care of him, and yeſterday they both arrived here in good health; and I am now let into the ſecret, that he has had the Plague. There are many that eſcape it, neither is the air ever infected. I am perſuaded that it would be as eaſy a matter to root it out here, as out of Italy, and France; but it does ſo little miſchief, they are not very ſolicitous about it, and are content to ſuffer this diſtemper, inſtead of our variety, which they are utterly unacquainted with.

A propos of diſtempers, I am going to tell you a thing, that will make you wiſh yourſelf here. The ſmall-pox, ſo fatal, and ſo general amongſt us, is here entirely harmleſs, by the invention of engrafting,

ing, which is the term they give it. There is a ſet of old women, who make it their buſineſs to perform the operation, every autumn, in the month of September, when the great head is abated. People ſend to one another to know if any of their family has a mind to have the ſmall-pox; they make parties for this purpoſe, and when they are met (commonly fifteen or ſixteen together) the old woman comes with a nut-ſhell full of the matter of the beſt ſort of ſmall-pox, and aſks what vein you pleaſe to have open'd. She immediately rips open that you offer to her, with a large needle (which gives you no more pain than a common ſcratch) and puts into the vein, as much matter as can ly upon the head of her needle, and after that, binds up the little wound with a hollow bit of ſhell, and in this manner opens four or five veins. The Grecians have commonly the ſuperſtition of opening one in the middle of the forehead, one in each arm, and one on the breaſt, to mark the ſign of the croſs; but this has a very ill effect, all theſe wounds leaving little ſcars, and is not done by thoſe that are not ſuperſtitious, who chuſe to have them in the legs, or that part of the arm that is concealed. The children or young patients play together all the reſt of the day, and are in perfect health to the eighth. Then the fever begins to ſeize them, and they keep their beds two days, very ſeldom three. They have very rarely above twenty or thirty in their faces, which never mark, and in eight days time they are as well as before their illneſs. Where they are wounded, there remain running ſores during the diſtemper, which I don't doubt is a great relief to it.

Every year thouſands undergo this operation, and the French Ambaſſador ſays pleaſantly, that they take the ſmall-pox here by way of diverſion, as they take the waters in other countries. There is no example of any one that has died in it, and you may believe I am well ſatisfied of the ſafety of this experiment, ſince I intend to try it on my dear little ſon. I am patriot enough to take pains to bring this uſeful invention into faſhion in England, and I ſhould not fail to write to ſome of our doctors very particularly about it, if I knew any one of them that I thought had virtue enough to deſtroy ſuch a conſiderable branch of their revenue, for the good of mankind. But that diſtemper is too beneficial to them, not to expoſe to all their reſentment, the hardy wight that ſhould undertake to put an end to it. Perhaps if I live to return, I may, however, have courage to war with them. Upon this occaſion, admire the heroiſm in the heart of,

Your friend, &c. &c.

LETTER XXXII.

To Mrs T——.

Adrianople, April 1. O. S. 1718.

I Can now tell you dear Mrs T——, that I am ſafely arrived at the end of my very long journey. I will not tire you with the account of the many fatigues I have ſuffered. You would rather be informed of the ſtrange things that are to be ſeen here; and a letter out of Turkey, that has nothing extraordinary in it, would be as great a diſappointment as my viſitors will receive at London, if I return thither without any rarities to ſhew them.——What ſhall I tell you of?——You never ſaw camels in your life; and perhaps the deſcription of them will appear new to you; I can aſſure you, the firſt ſight of them was ſo to me; and though I have ſeen hundreds of pictures of thoſe animals, I never ſaw any that was reſembling enough to give a true idea of them. I am going to make a bold obſervation, and poſſibly a falſe one, becauſe nobody has ever made it before me; but I do take them to be of the ſtag-kind; their legs, bodies, and necks, are exactly ſhaped like them, and their colour very near the ſame. 'Tis true, they are much larger, being a great deal higher than a horſe, and ſo ſwift, that after the defeat

of Peterwaradin, they far outran the ſwifteſt horſes, and brought the firſt news of the loſs of the battle to Belgrade. They are never throroughly tamed; the drivers take care to tie them one to another, with ſtrong ropes, fifty in a ſtring, led by an aſs, on which the driver rides. I have ſeen three hundred in one caravan. They carry the third part more than any horſe; but 'tis a particular art to load them, becauſe of the bunch on their backs. They ſeem to me very ugly creatures, their heads being ill formed and diſproportioned to their bodies. They carry all the burdens; and the beaſts deſtined to the plough are buffaloes, an animal you are alſo unaquainted with. They are larger and more clumſy than an ox; they have ſhort thick black horns cloſe to their heads, which grow turning backwards. They ſay this horn looks very beautiful when 'tis well poliſhed. They are all black, with very ſhort hair on their hides, and have extremely little white eyes, that make them look like devils. The country people dye their tails, and the hair of their forehead red, by way of ornament. Horſes are not put here to any laborious work, nor are they at all fit for it. They are beautiful and full of ſpirit, but generally little, and not ſtrong, as the breed of colder countries; very gentle, however, with all their vivacity, and alſo ſwift and ſure-footed. I have a little white favourite, that I would not part with on any terms; he prances under me with ſo much fire, you would think that I had a great deal of courage to dare mount him; yet I'll aſſure you, I never rid a horſe ſo much at my command, in my life. My ſide ſaddle is the

firſt

firſt that was ever ſeen in this part of the world, and is gazed at with as much wonder, as the ſhip of Columbus in the firſt diſcovery of America. Here are ſome little birds, held in a ſort of religious reverence, and for that reaſon multiply prodigiouſly; Turtles, on the account of their innocence; and Storks, becauſe they are ſuppoſed to make every winter the pilgrimage to Mecca. To ſay truth, they are the happieſt ſubjects under the Turkiſh government, and are ſo ſenſible of their privileges, that they walk the ſtreets without fear, and generally build in the low parts of houſes. Happy are thoſe whoſe houſes are ſo diſtinguiſhed, as the vulgar Turks are perfectly perſuaded, that they will not be, that year, attacked either by fire or peſtilence. I have the happineſs of one of their ſacred neſts under my chamber window.

Now I am talking of my chamber, I remember, the deſcription of the houſes here will be as new to you, as any of the birds or beaſts. I ſuppoſe you have read in moſt of our accounts of Turkey, that their houſes are the moſt miſerable pieces of building in the world. I can ſpeak very learnedly on that ſubject, having been in ſo many of them; and I aſſure you 'tis no ſuch thing. We are now lodged in a palace belonging to the Grand Signior. I really think the manner of building here very agreeable, and proper for the country. 'Tis true, they are not, at all, ſolicitous to beautify the outſides of their houſes, and they are generally built of wood; which, I own, is the cauſe of many inconveniencies; but

but this is not to be charged on the ill taſte of the people, but on the oppreſſion of the government. Every houſe, at the death of its maſter, is at the Grand Signior's diſpoſal, and therefore no man cares to make a great expence, which he is not ſure his family will be the better for. All their deſign is to build a houſe commodious, and that will laſt their lives; and they are very indifferent if it falls down the year after. Every houſe, great and ſmall, is divided into two diſtinct parts, which only join together by a narrow paſſage. The firſt houſe has a large court before it, and open galleries all round it, which is, to me a thing very agreeable. This gallery leads to all the chambers, which are commonly large, and with two rows of windows, the firſt being of painted glaſs; they ſeldom build above two ſtories, each of which has galleries. The ſtairs are broad, and not often above thirty ſteps. This is the houſe belonging to the lord, and the adjoining one is called the Haram, that is, the ladies apartment, (for the name of Seraglio is peculiar to the Grand Signior) it has alſo a gallery running round it towards the garden, to which all the windows are turned, and the ſame number of chambers as the other, but more gay and ſplendid, both in painting and furniture The ſecond row of windows is very low, with grates like thoſe of convents, the rooms are all ſpread with Perſian carpets, and raiſed at one end of them (my chambers are raiſed at both ends) about two feet. This is the Sofa, which is laid with a richer ſort of carpet, and all round it a ſort of couch raiſed half a foot, covered with rich ſilk, accord-

according to the fancy and magnificence of the owner. Mine is of ſcarlet cloth with a gold fringe; round about this are placed, ſtanding againſt the wall, two rows of cuſhions, the firſt very large, and the next little ones; and here the Turks diſplay their greateſt magnificence. They are generally brocade, or embroidery of gold wire upon white ſattin.—Nothing can look more gay and ſpendid.——Theſe ſeats are alſo ſo convenient and eaſy, that I believe I ſhall never endure chairs as long as I live.——The rooms are low, which I think no fault, and the ceiling is always of wood, generally inlaid or painted with flowers. They open in many places, with folding doors, and ſerve for cabinets, I think more conveniently than ours. Between the windows are little arches to ſet pots of purfume, or baſkets of flowers. But what pleaſes me beſt, is the faſhion of having marble fountains in the lower part of the room, which throw up ſeveral ſpouts of water, giving, at the ſame time, an agreeable coolneſs, and a pleaſant daſhing ſound, falling from one baſon to another. Some of theſe are very magnificent. Each houſe has a bagnio, which conſiſts generally of two or three little rooms leaded on the top, paved with marble, with baſons, cocks of water, and all conveniencies for either hot or cold baths.

You will perhaps be ſurprized at an account ſo different from what you have been entertained with by the common voyage writers, who are very fond of ſpeaking of what they don't know. It muſt be under a very particular character, or on ſome extra-

ordinary

ordinary occaſion, that a Chriſtian is admitted into the houſe of a man of quality, and their Harams are always forbidden ground. Thus they can only ſpeak of the outſide, which makes no great appearance; and the womens apartments are always built backward, removed from ſight, and have no other proſpect than the gardens, which are encloſed with very high walls. There are none of our parterres in them, but they are planted with high trees, which give an agreeable ſhade, and, to my fancy, a pleaſing view. In the midſt of the garden is the Chioſk, that is, a large room commonly beautified with a fine fountain in the midſt of it. It is raiſed nine or ten ſteps, and encloſed with gilded lattices, round which, vines, jeſſamines, and honey-ſuckles, make a ſort of green wall. Large trees are planted round this place, which is the ſcene of their greateſt pleaſures, and where the ladies ſpend moſt of their hours, employed by their muſic or embroidery.——In the public gardens, there are public Chioſks, where people go, that are not ſo well accommodated at home, and drink their coffee, ſherbet, &c. Neither are they ignorant of a more durable manner of building; their Moſques are all of free ſtone, and the public Hanns, or inns, extremely magnificent, many of them taking up a large ſquare, built round with ſhops under ſtone arches, where poor artificers are lodged *gratis*. They have always a moſque joining to them, and the body of the Hann is a moſt noble hall, capable of holding three or four hundred perſons, the court extremely ſpacious, and cloiſters round it, that give it the air of our colleges. I own,

I think

I think it a more reaſonable piece of charity than the founding of convents.——I think I have now told you a great deal for once. If you don't like my choice of ſubjects, tell me what you would have me write upon; there is no body more deſirous to entertain you than, dear Mrs T——,

Yours, &c. &c.

LETTER XXXIII.

To the Counteſs of ——.

Adrianople, April 18. O. S.

I Wrote to you, dear ſiſter, and to all my other Engliſh correſpondents, by the laſt ſhip, and only Heaven can tell, when I ſhall have another opportunity of ſending to you; but I cannot forbear to write again, though perhaps my letter may lie upon my hands this two months. To confeſs the truth, my head is ſo full of my entertainment yeſterday, that 'tis abſolutely neceſſary, for my own repoſe, to give it ſome vent. Without farther preface I will then begin my ſtory.

I was invited to dine with the Grand Vizier's lady, and it was with a great deal of pleaſure I prepared myſelf for an entertainment, which was never before

before given to any Chriſtian. I thought, I ſhould very little ſatisfy her curioſity, (which I did not doubt was a conſiderable motive to the invitation) by going in a dreſs ſhe was uſed to ſee, and therefore dreſſed myſelf in the court habit of Vienna, which is much more magnificent than ours. However, I choſe to go *incognito*, to avoid any diſputes about ceremony, and went in a Turkiſh coach, only attended by my woman, that held up my train, and the Greek lady, who was my interpreteſs. I was met at the court door, by her black eunuch, who helped me out of the coach with great reſpect, and conducted me through ſeveral rooms, where her ſhe ſlaves, finely dreſſed, were ranged on each ſide. In the innermoſt, I found the lady ſitting on her ſofa, in a ſable veſt. She advanced to meet me, and preſented me half a dozen of her friends, with great civility. She ſeemed a very good woman, near fifty years old. I was ſurprized to obſerve ſo little magnificence in her houſe, the furniture being all very moderate: and, except the habits and number of her ſlaves, nothing about her appeared expenſive. She gueſſed at my thoughts, and told me ſhe was no longer of an age to ſpend either her time or money in ſuperfluities; that her whole expence was in charity, and her whole employment praying to God. There was no affectation in this ſpeech; both ſhe and her huſband are entirely given up to devotion. He never looks upon any other woman; and what is much more extraordinary, touches no bribes, notwithſtanding the example of all his predeceſſors. He is ſo ſcrupulous in this point, he would not accept

cept Mr W——'s preſent, till he had been aſſured over and over, that it was a ſettled perquiſite of his place, at the entrance of every ambaſſador. She entertained me with all kinds of civility, till dinner came in, which was ſerved one diſh at a time, to a vaſt number, all finely dreſſed after their manner, which I don't think ſo bad as you have perhaps heard it repreſented. I am a very good judge of their eating, having lived three weeks in the houſe of an Effendi at Belgrade, who gave us very magnificent dinners, dreſſed by his own cooks. The firſt week they pleaſed me extremely; but, I own, I then began to grow weary of their table, and deſired our own cook might add a diſh or two after our manner. But I attribute this to cuſtom, and am very much inclined to believe that an Indian, who had never taſted of either, would prefer their cookery to ours. Their ſauces are very high, all the roaſt very much done. They uſe a great deal of very rich ſpice. The ſoup is ſerved for the laſt diſh; and they have, at leaſt, as great a variety of ragouts, as we have. I was very ſorry I could not eat of as many as the good lady would have had me, who was very earneſt in ſerving me of every thing. The treat concluded with coffee and perfumes, which is a high mark of reſpect; two ſlaves kneeling *cenſed* my hair, cloaths, and handkerchief. After this ceremony, ſhe commanded her ſlaves to play and dance, which they did with their guitars in their hands, and ſhe excuſed to me their want of ſkill, ſaying ſhe took no care to accompliſh them in that art.

I returned her thanks, and ſoon after took my leave. I was conducted back in the ſame manner I entered, and would have gone ſtraight to my own houſe, but the Greek lady, with me, earneſtly ſolicited me to viſit the Kahya's lady, ſaying he was the ſecond officer in the empire, and ought indeed to be looked upon as the firſt, the Grand Vizier having only the name, while he exerciſed the authority. I had found ſo little diverſion in the Vizier's Haram, that I had no mind to go into another. But her importunity prevailed with me, and I am extremely glad I was ſo complaiſant. All things here were with quite another air than at the Grand Vizier's; and the very houſe confeſſed the difference between an old devotee, and a young beauty. It was nicely clean and magnificent. I was met at the door by two black Eunuchs, who led me through a long gallery, between two ranks of beautiful young girls, with their hair finely plaited, almoſt hanging to their feet, all dreſſed in fine light damaſks, brocaded with ſilver. I was ſorry that decency did not permit me to ſtop to conſider them nearer. But that thought was loſt upon my entrance into a large room, or rather pavilion, built round with gilded ſaſhes, which were moſt of them thrown up, and the trees planted near them gave an agreeable ſhade, which hindered the ſun from being troubleſome. The jeſſamines and honey-ſuckles that twiſted round their trunks, ſhed a ſoft perfume, increaſed by a white marble fountain playing ſweet water in the lower part of the room which fell into three or four baſons, with a pleaſing ſound. The roof was painted

ed with all ſorts of flowers, falling out of gilded baſkets, that ſeemed tumbling down. On a ſofa, raiſed three ſteps, and covered with fine Perſian carpets, ſat the Kahya's lady, leaning on cuſhions of white ſattin, embroidered; and at her feet ſat two young girls about twelve years old, lovely as angels, dreſſed perfectly rich, and almoſt covered with jewels. But they were hardly ſeen near the fair Fatima, (for that is her name) ſo much her beauty effaced every thing I have ſeen, nay, all that has been called lovely either in England or Germany. I muſt own, that I never ſaw any thing ſo glorioufly beautiful, nor can I recollect a face that would have been taken notice of near her's. She ſtood up to receive me, ſaluting me after their faſhion, putting her hand to her heart with a ſweetneſs full of majeſty, that no court-breeding could ever give. She ordered cuſhions to be given me, and took care to place me in the corner, which is the place of honour. I confeſs, though the Greek lady had before given me a great opinion of her beauty, I was ſo ſtruck with admiration, that I could not, for ſome time, ſpeak to her, being wholly taken up in gazing. That ſurprizing harmony of features! that charming reſult of the whole! that exact proportion of body! that lovely bloom of complexion unſullied by art! the unalterable enchantment of her ſmile!——But her eyes!—large and black, with all the ſoft languiſhment of the blue! every turn of her face diſcovering ſome new grace.

After my firſt ſurprize was over, I endeavoured,

by nicely examining her face, to find out ſome imperfection, without any fruit of my ſearch, but my being clearly convinced of the error of that vulgar notion, that a face exactly proportioned, and perfectly beautiful, would not be agreeable; nature having done for her, with more ſucceſs, what Apelles is ſaid to have eſſayed by a collection of the moſt exact features to form a perfect face. Add to all this, a behaviour ſo full of grace and ſweetneſs, ſuch eaſy motions, with an air ſo majeſtic, yet free from ſtiffneſs or affectation, that I am perſuaded, could ſhe be ſuddenly tranſported upon the moſt polite throne of Europe, no body would think her other than born and bred to be a queen, though educated in a country we call barbarous. To ſay all in a word, our moſt celebrated Engliſh beauties would vaniſh near her.

She was dreſſed in a Caftan of gold brocade, flowered with ſilver, very well fitted to her ſhape, and ſhewing to advantage the beauty of her boſom, only ſhaded by the thin gauze of her ſhift. Her drawers were pale pink, her waiſtcoat, green and ſilver, her ſlippers white ſattin finely embroidered; her lovely arms adorned with bracelets of diamonds, and her broad girdle ſet round with diamonds; upon her head a rich Turkiſh handkerchief of pink and ſilver, her own fine black hair hanging a great length, in various treſſes, and on one ſide of her head ſome bodkins of jewels. I am afraid you will accuſe me of extravagance in this deſcription. I think I have read ſomewhere, that women always

ſpeak

ſpeak in rapture, when they ſpeak of beauty, and I cannot imagine why they ſhould not be allowed to do ſo. I rather think it a virtue to be able to admire without any mixture of deſire or envy, The graveſt writers have ſpoken with great warmth of ſome celebrated pictures and ſtatues. The workmanſhip of Heaven, certainly excels all our weak imitations, and I think, has a much better claim to our praiſe. For my part, I am not aſhamed to own, I took more pleaſure in looking on the beauteous Fatima, than the fineſt piece of ſculpture could have given me. She told me the two girls at her feet were her daughters, though ſhe appeared too young to be their mother. Her fair maids were ranged below the ſofa, to the number of twenty, and put me in mind of the pictures of the antient nymphs. I did not think all nature could have furniſhed ſuch a ſcene of beauty. She made them a ſign to play and dance. Four of them immediately began to play ſome ſoft airs on inſtruments, between a lute and a guitar. which they accompanied with their voices, while the others danced by turns. This dance was very different from what I had ſeen before. Nothing could be more artful, or more proper to raiſe *certain ideas*. The tunes ſo ſoft!——the motions ſo languiſhing!——accompanied with pauſes and dying eyes! half-falling back, and then recovering themſelves in ſo artful a manner, that I am very poſitive, the coldeſt and moſt rigid prude upon earth, could not have looked upon them without thinking of *ſomething not to be ſpoken of*——I ſuppoſe you may have read that the Turks have no muſic, but what

is ſhocking to the ears; but this account is from thoſe who never heard any but what is played in the ſtreets, and is juſt as reaſonable, as if a foreigner ſhould take his ideas of Engliſh muſic, from the *bladder* and *ſtring*, or the *marrow-bones* and *cleavers*. I can aſſure you that the muſic is extremely pathetic; 'tis true, I am inclined to prefer the Italian, but perhaps I am partial. I am acquainted with a Greek lady who ſings better than Mrs Robinſon, and is very well ſkilled in both, who gives the preference to the Turkiſh. 'Tis certain they have very fine natural voices, theſe were very agreeable. When the dance was over, four fair ſlaves came into the room, with ſilver cenſers in their hands, and perfumed the air with amber, aloes-wood, and other ſcents. After this, they ſerved me coffee upon their knees, in the fineſt japan china, with *ſoucoupes* of ſilver gilt. The lovely Fatima entertained me, all this while, in the moſt polite agreeable manner, calling me often *Uzelle Sultanam*, or the beautiful Sultana, and deſiring my friendſhip with the beſt grace in the world, lamenting that ſhe could not entertain me in my own language.

When I took my leave, two maids brought in a fine ſilver baſket of embroidered handkerchiefs; ſhe beg'd I would wear the richeſt for her ſake, and gave the others to my woman and interpreteſs.——I retired, through the ſame ceremonies as before, and could not help thinking, I had been ſome time in Mahomet's paradiſe; ſo much was I charmed with what I had ſeen. I know not how the relation of it

appears

appears to you. I wiſh it may give you part of my pleaſure; for I would have my dear ſiſter ſhare in all the diverſions of,

Yours, &c.

LETTER XXXIV.

To the Abbot ——.

Adrianople, May 17. O. S.

I AM going to leave Adrianople, and I will not do it without giving you ſome account of all that is curious in it, which I have taken a great deal of pains to ſee. I will not trouble you with wiſe diſſertations, whether or no this is the ſame city, that was antiently called Oreſteſit or Oreſte, which you know better than I do. It is now called from the Emperor Adrian, and was the firſt European ſeat of the Turkiſh empire, and has been the favourite reſidence of many Sultans. Mahomet the fourth, and Muſtapha, the brother of the reigning Emperor, were ſo fond of it, that they wholly abandoned Conſtantinople, which humour ſo far exaſperated the Janizaries, that it was a conſiderable motive to the rebellions that depoſed them Yet this man ſeems to love to keep his court here. I can give you no reaſon for this partiality. 'Tis true, the

the ſituation is fine, and the country all round very beautiful; but the air is extremely bad, and the Seraglio itſelf, is not free from the ill effect of it. The town is ſaid to be eight miles in compaſs, I ſuppoſe they reckon in the gardens. There are ſome good houſes in it, I mean large ones; for the architecture of their palaces never makes any great ſhow. It is now very full of people; but they are, moſt of them, ſuch as follow the court, or camp, and when they are removed, I am told, 'tis no populous city. The river Maritza (antiently the Hebrus) on which it is ſituated, is dried up every ſummer, which contributes very much to make it unwholeſome. It is now a very pleaſant ſtream. There are two noble bridges built over it. I had the curioſity to go to ſee the Exchange in my Turkiſh dreſs, which is diſguiſe ſufficient. Yet I own, I was not very eaſy when I ſaw it crowded with Janizaries; but they dare not be rude to a woman, and made way for me with as much reſpect, as if I had been in my own figure. It is half a mile in length, the roof arched, and kept extremely neat. It holds three hundred and ſixty-five ſhops, furniſhed with all ſorts of rich goods, expoſed to ſale in the ſame manner as at the New Exchange in London. But the pavement is kept much neater, and the ſhops are all ſo clean, they ſeem juſt new painted.——Idle people of all ſorts walk here for their diverſion, or amuſe themſelves with drinking coffee, or ſherbet, which is cried about as oranges and ſweet-meats are in our play-houſes. I obſerved moſt of the rich tradeſmen were Jews. That people are in incredible power in this country.

country. They have many privileges above all the natural Turks themſelves, and have formed a very conſiderable commonwealth here, being judged by their own laws. They have drawn the whole trade of the empire into their hands, partly by the firm union among themſelves, and partly by the idle temper and want of induſtry in the Turks. Every Baſſa has his Jew, who is his *homme d' affaires;* he is let into all his ſecrets, and does all his buſineſs. No bargain is made, no bribe received, no merchandiſe diſpoſed of, but what paſſes through their hands. They are the phyſicians, the ſtewards, and the interpreters of all the great men. You may judge how advantageous this is to a people who never fail to make uſe of the ſmalleſt advantages. They have found the ſecret of making themſelves ſo neceſſary, that they are certain of the protection of the court, whatever miniſtry is in power. Even the Engliſh, French, and Italian merchants, who are ſenſible of their artifices, are, however, forced to truſt their affairs to their negociation, nothing of trade being managed without them, and the meaneſt among them being too important to be diſobliged, ſince the whole body take care of his intereſts, with as much vigour as they would thoſe of the moſt conſiderable of their members. They are many of them vaſtly rich, but they care to make little public ſhow of it; though they live in their houſes in the utmoſt luxury and magnificence. This copious ſubject has drawn me from my deſcription of the exchange, founded by Ali Baſſa, whoſe name it bears. Near it is the Sherſki, a ſtreet of a mile in length, full of ſhops

of

of all kinds of fine merchandiſe, but exceſſive dear, nothing being made here. It is covered on the top with boards to keep out the rain, that merchants may meet conveniently in all weathers. The Beſiten near it, is another exchange, built upon pillars, where all ſorts of horſe furniture is ſold. Glittering every where with gold, rich embroidery, and jewels; it makes a very agreeable ſhow. From this place I went, in my Turkiſh coach, to the camp, which is to move in a few days to the frontiers. The Sultan is already gone to his tents, and all his court; the appearance of them is, indeed, very magnificent. Thoſe of the great men are rather like palaces than tents, taking up a great compaſs of ground, and being divided into a vaſt number of apartments. They are all of green, and the *Baſſas of three Tails*, have thoſe enſigns of their power, placed in a very conſpicuous manner before their tents, which are adorned, on the top, with guilded balls, more or leſs, according to their different ranks. The ladies go in coaches to ſee the camp, as eagerly as ours did to that of Hide-Park; but 'tis very eaſy to obſerve, that the ſoldiers do not begin the campaign with any great chearfulneſs. The war is a general grievance upon the people, but particularly hard upon the tradeſmen, now that the grand Signior is reſolved to lead his army in perſon. Every company of them is obliged, upon this occaſion, to make a preſent according to their ability.

I took the pains of riſing at ſix in the morning to ſee the ceremony, which did not however begin till eight.

eight. The Grand Signior was at the Seraglio window, to ſee the proceſſion, which paſſed through the principal ſtreets. It was preceded by an Effendi, mounted on a camel, richly furniſhed, reading aloud the Alcoran, finely bound, laid upon a cuſhion. He was ſurrounded by a parcel of boys, in white, ſinging ſome verſes of it, followed by a man dreſſed in green boughs, repreſenting a clean huſbandman ſowing ſeed. After him ſeveral reapers with garlands of ears of corn, as Ceres is pictured, with ſcythes in their hands, ſeeming to mow. Then a little machine drawn by oxen, in which was a wind-mill, and boys employed in grinding corn, followed by another machine drawn by buffaloes carrying an oven, and two more boys, one employed in kneading the bread, and another in drawing it out of the oven. Theſe boys threw little cakes on both ſides amongſt the crowd, and were followed by the whole company of bakers, marching on foot, two by two, in their beſt cloaths, with cakes, loaves, paſties, and pies of all ſorts on their heads, and after them two buffoons, or jack puddings, with their faces and cloaths ſmeared with meal, who diverted the mob with their antic geſtures. In the ſame manner followed all the companies of trade in the empire; the nobler ſort, ſuch as jewellers, mercers, &c. finely mounted, and many of the pageants that repreſent their trades perfectly magnificent; amongſt which, that of the furriers made one of the beſt figures, being a very large machine ſet round with the ſkins of ermines, foxes, &c. ſo well ſtuffed, that the animals ſeemed to be alive, and followed by muſic and dancers. I believe

they

they were, upon the whole, twenty thouſand men, all ready to follow his Highneſs if he commanded them. The rear was cloſed by the volunteers, who came to beg the honour of dying in his ſervice. This part of the ſhow ſeemed to me ſo barbarous, that I removed from the window upon the firſt appearance of it. They were all naked to the middle. Some had their arms pierced through with arrows left ſticking in them. Others had them ſticking in their heads, the blood trickling down their faces. Some ſlaſhed their arms with ſharp knives, making the blood ſpring out upon thoſe that ſtood there; and this is looked upon as an expreſſion of their zeal for glory. I am told, that ſome make uſe of it to advance their love; and when they are near the window, where their miſtreſs ſtands (all the women in town being veiled to ſee this ſpectacle) they ſtick another arrow for her ſake, who gives ſome ſign of approbation and encouragement to this gallantry. The whole ſhow laſted for near eight hours, to my great ſorrow, who was heartily tired, though I was in the houſe of the widow of the Captain Baſſa (Admiral) who refreſhed me with coffee, ſweat-meats, ſherbet, &c. with all poſſible civility.

I went two days after, to ſee the moſque of Sultan Selim I. which is a building very well worth the curioſity of a traveller. I was dreſſed in my Turkiſh habit, and admitted without ſcruple; though I believe they gueſſed who I was, by the extreme officiouſneſs of the door-keeper, to ſhow me every part of it. It is ſituated very advantageouſly in the midſt

of

of the city, and in the higheſt part of it, making a very noble ſhow. The firſt court has four gates, and the innermoſt three. They are both of them ſurrounded with cloiſters, with marble pillars of the Ionic order, finely poliſhed, and of very lively colours; the whole pavement is of white marble, and the roof of the cloiſters divided into ſeveral cupola's or domes, headed with gilt balls on the top. In the midſt of each court are fine fountains of white marble; and before the great gate of the moſque, a portico with green marble pillars, which has five gates, the body of the moſque being one prodigious dome. I underſtand ſo little of architecture, I dare not pretend to ſpeak of the proportions. It ſeemed to be very regular; this I am ſure of, it is vaſtly high, and I thought it the nobleſt building I ever ſaw. It has two rows of marble galleries on pillars, with marble balliſters; the pavement is alſo marble covered with Perſian carpets. In my opinion, it is a great addition to its beauty, that it is not divided into pews, and encumbered with forms and benches like our churches; nor the pillars (which are the moſt of them red and white marble) disfigured by the little tawdry images, and pictures, that give Roman Catholic churches the air of toy-ſhops. The walls ſeemed to me inlaid, with ſuch very lively colours, in ſmall flowers, that I could not imagine what ſtones had been made uſe of. But going nearer, I ſaw they were cruſted with japan china, which has a very beautiful effect. In the midſt hang a vaſt lamp of ſilver gilt; beſides which, I do verily believe, there were at leaſt two thouſand of a leſſer ſize. This

muſt look very glorious when they are all lighted; but being at night, no women are ſuffered to enter. Under the large lamp is a great pulpit of carved wood gilt, and juſt by, a fountain to waſh, which you know is an eſſential part of their devotion. In one corner is a little gallery encloſed with gilded lattices for the Grand Signior. At the upper end is a large niche, very like an altar, raiſed two ſteps, covered with gold brocade, and ſtanding before it two ſilver gilt candleſticks, the height of a man, and in them white wax candles, as thick as a man's waiſt. The outſide of the moſque is adorned with towers vaſtly high, gilt on the top, from whence the Imaums call the people to prayers. I had the curioſity to go up one of them, which is contrived ſo artfully, as to give ſurprize to all that ſee it. There is but one door, which leads to three different ſtair-caſes, going to three different ſtories of the tower, in ſuch a manner, that three prieſts may aſcend, rounding, without ever meeting each other; a contrivance very much admired. Behind the moſque, is an exchange full of ſhops, where poor artificers are lodged *gratis*. I ſaw ſeveral Derviſes at their prayers here. They are dreſſed in a plain piece of woolen, with their arms bare, and a woolen cap on their heads, like a high crowned hat without brims. I went to ſee ſome other moſques built much after the ſame manner, but not comparable in point of magnificence, to this I have deſcribed, which is infinitely beyond any church in Germany or England; I won't talk of other countries, I have not ſeen. The Seraglio does not ſeem a very magnificent palace.

But

But the gardens are very large, plentifully ſupplied with water, and full of trees; which is all I know of them, having never been in them.

I tell you nothing of the order of Mr W———'s entry, and his audience. Theſe things are always the ſame, and have been ſo often deſcribed, I won't trouble you with the repetition. The young prince, about eleven years old, ſits near his father, when he gives audience; he is a handſome boy, but, probably, will not immediately ſucceed the Sultan, there being two ſons of Sultan Muſtapha (his eldeſt brother) remaining; the eldeſt about twenty years old, on whom the hopes of the people are fixed. This reign has been bloody and avaricious. I am apt to believe they are very impatient to ſee the end of it.

I am, Sir, Your, &c. &c.

P. S. I will write to you again from Conſtantinople.

LETTER XXXV.

To the Abbot ———.

Conſtantinople, May 29. O. S.

I Have had the advantage of very fine weather all my journey, and as the ſummer is now in its beauty, I enjoy the pleaſure of fine proſpects; and

the meadows being full of all ſorts of garden flowers, and ſweet herbs, my berlin perfumed the air as it preſſed them. The Grand Signior furniſhed us with thirty covered waggons for our baggage, and five coaches of the country for my women. We found the road full of the great Spahis and their equipages coming out of Aſia to the war. They always travel with tents; but I choſe to ly in houſes all the way. I will not trouble you with the names of the villages we paſſed, in which there was nothing remarkable, but at Ciorlci, where there was a Conac, or little Seraglio, built for the uſe of the Grand Signior, when he goes this road. I had the curioſity to view all the apartments deſtined for the ladies of his court. They were in the midſt of a thick grove of trees made freſh by fountains; but I was moſt ſurprized to ſee the walls almoſt covered with little diſtichs of Turkiſh verſe, wrote with pencils. I made my interpreter explain them to me, and I found ſeveral of them very well turned; though I eaſily believed him, that they had loſt much of their beauty in the tranſlation. One was literally thus in Engliſh:

We come into this world, we lodge, and we depart;
He never goes, that's lodg'd within my heart.

The reſt of our journey was through fine painted meadows, by the ſide of the ſea of Marmora, the antient Propontis. We lay the next night at Selivrea, antiently a noble town. It is now a good ſea port, and neatly built enough, and has a bridge of thirty-two arches. Here is a famous antient Greek church.

church. I had given one of my coaches to a Greek lady, who desired the conveniency of travelling with me: she designed to pay her devotions, and I was glad of the opportunity of going with her, I found it an ill built edifice, set out with the same sort of ornaments, but less rich, than the Roman Catholic churches. They shewed me a saint's body, where I threw a piece of money; and a picture of the Virgin Mary, drawn by the hand of St. Luke, very little to the credit of his painting; but however, the finest Madona of Italy, is not more famous for her miracles. The Greeks have a monstrous taste in their pictures, which, for more finery, are always drawn upon a gold ground. You may imagine what a good air this has; but they have no notion either of shade or proportion. They have a bishop here, who officiated in his purple robe, and sent me a candle almost as big as myself for a present, when I was at my lodging. We lay that night at a town called Bujuk Cekmege, or Great Bridge; and the night following, at Kujuk Cekmege, or Little Bridge, in a very pleasant lodging, formerly a monastery of Dervises, having before it a large court, encompassed with marble cloisters, with a good fountain in the middle. The prospect from this place, and the gardens round it, is the most agreeable I have seen; and shews, that monks, of all religions, know how to chuse their retirements. 'Tis now belonging to a Hogia, or school-master, who teaches boys here. I asked him to shew me his own apartment, and was surprised to see him point to a tall cypress tree in the garden, on the top of which was a place for a bed

for himſelf, and a little lower, one for his wife and two children, who ſlept there every night. I was ſo much diverted with the fancy, I reſolved to examine his neſt nearer; but after going up fifty ſteps, I found I had ſtill fifty to go up, and then I muſt climb from branch to branch, with ſome hazard of my neck. I thought it therefore the beſt way to come down again.

We arrived the next day at Conſtantinople; but I can yet tell you very little of it, all my time having been taken up with receiving viſits, which are, at leaſt, a very good entertainment to the eyes, the young women being all beauties, and their beauty highly improved by the high taſte of their dreſs. Our palace is in Pera, which is no more a ſuburb of Conſtantinople, than Weſtminſter is a ſuburb to London. All the ambaſſadors are lodged very near each other. One part of our houſe ſhews us the port, the city, and the Seraglio, and the diſtant hills of Aſia, perhaps, all together, the moſt beautiful proſpect in the world.

A certain French author ſays, Conſtantinople is twice as big as Paris. Mr. W——y is unwilling to own 'tis bigger than London, though I confeſs it appears to me to be ſo; but I don't believe it is ſo populous. The burying fields about it are certainly much larger than the whole city. 'Tis ſurpriſing what a vaſt deal of land is loſt this way in Turkey. Sometimes I have ſeen burying places of ſeveral miles belonging to very inconſiderable villages, which were

were formerly great towns, and retain no other mark of their antient grandeur, than this diſmal one. On no occaſion do they ever remove a ſtone that ſerves for a monument. Some of them are coſtly enough, being of very fine marble. They ſet up a pillar with a carved turban on the top of it, to the memory of a man; and as the turbans by their different ſhapes, ſhew the quality or profeſſion, 'tis in a manner putting up the arms of the deceaſed. Beſides, the pillar commonly bears an inſcription in gold letters. The ladies have a ſimple pillar, without other ornament, except thoſe that die unmarried, who have a roſe on the top of their monument. The ſepulchres of particular families are railed in, and planted round with trees. Thoſe of the Sultans, and ſome great men, have lamps continually burning in them.

When I ſpoke of their religion, I forgot to mention two particularities, one of which I have read of, but it ſeemed ſo odd to me, I could not believe it; yet 'tis certainly true; that when a man has divorced his wife, in the moſt ſolemn manner, he can take her again upon no other terms, than permitting another man to paſs a night with her; and there are ſome examples of thoſe, who have ſubmitted to this law, rather than not have back their beloved. The other point of doctrine is very extraordinary. Any woman that dies unmarried, is looked upon to die in a ſtate of reprobation. To confirm this belief, they reaſon, that the end of the creation of woman, is to increaſe and multiply; and that ſhe is only properly

perly employed in the works of her calling, when she is bringing forth children, or taking care of them, which are all the virtues that God expects from her. And indeed, their way of life, which shuts them out of all public commerce, does not permit them any other. Our vulgar notion, that they don't own women to have any souls, is a mistake. 'Tis true they say, they are not of so elevated a kind, and therefore must not hope to be admitted into the Paradise appointed for the men, who are to be entertained by celestial beauties. But there is a place of happiness destined for the souls of the inferior order, where all good women are to be in eternal bliss. Many of them are very superstitious, and will not remain widows, ten days, for fear of dying in the reprobate state of a useless creature. But those, that like their liberty, and are not slaves to their religion, content themselves with marrying when they are afraid of dying. This is a piece of theology, very different from that, which teaches nothing to be more acceptable to God, than a vow of perpetual virginity: which divinity is most rational, I leave you to determine.

I have already made some progress in a collection of Greek medals. Here are several professed antiquaries, wo are ready to serve any body that desires them. But you cannot imagine how they stare in my face, when I inquire about them, as if no body was permitted to seek after medals, till they were grown a piece of antiquity themselves. I have got some very valuable ones of the Macedonian kings, particularly

particularly one of Perſeus, ſo lively, I fancy I can ſee all his ill qualities in his face. I have a porphyry head finely cut, of the true Greek ſculpture; but who it repreſents, is to be gueſſed at by the learned when I return. For you are not to ſuppoſe theſe antiquaries (who are all Greeks) know any thing. Their trade is only to ſell; they have correſpondents at Aleppo, Grand Cairo, in Arabia, and Paleſtine, who ſend them all they can find, and very often great heaps, that are only fit to melt into pans, and kettles. They get the beſt price they can for any of them, without knowing thoſe that are valuable, from thoſe that are not. Thoſe that pretend to ſkill, generally find out the image of ſome ſaint in the medals of the Greek cities. One of them, ſhewing me the figure of a Pallas, with a victory in her hand on the reverſe, aſſured me it was the Virgin holding a crucifix. The ſame man offered me the head of a Socrates, on a Sardonyx; and to enhance the value, gave him the title of Saint Auguſtine. I have beſpoke a mummy, which, I hope, will come ſafe to my hands, notwithſtanding the misfortune that befel a very fine one, deſigned for the King of Sweden. He gave a great price for it, and the Turks took it into their heads, that he muſt have ſome conſiderable project depending upon it. They fancied it the body of, God knows who, and that the ſtate of their empire myſtically depended on the conſervation of it. Some old prophecies were remembered upon this occaſion, and the mummy committed priſoner even to the Seven Towers, where it has remained under cloſe confinement ever

ſince.

ſince. I dare not try my intereſt in ſo conſiderable a point, as the releaſe of it; but I hope mine will paſs without examination. I can tell you nothing more at preſent of this famous city. When I have looked a little about me, you ſhall hear from me again. I am, Sir,

Yours, &c. &c.

LETTER XXXVI.

To Mr Pope.

Belgrade Village, June 17. O. S.

I Hope, before this time, you have received two or three of my letters. I had yours but yeſterday, though dated the third of February, in which you ſuppoſe me to be dead and buried. I have already let you know that I am ſtill alive; but to ſay truth, I look upon my preſent circumſtances to be exactly the ſame with thoſe of departed ſpirits. The heats of Conſtantinople have driven me to this place which perfectly anſwers the deſcription of the Elyſian fields. I am in the middle of a wood, conſiſting chiefly of fruit trees, watered by a vaſt number of fountains, famous for the excellency of their water, and divided into many ſhady walks, upon ſhort graſs, that ſeems to be artificial, but, I am aſſured, is the pure work of nature——within view of the Black-

Black-ſea, from whence we perpetually enjoy the refreſhment of cool breezes, that make us inſenſible of the heat of ſummer. The village is only inhabited by the richeſt among the Chriſtians, who meet every night at a fountain, forty paces from my houſe, to ſing and dance. The beauty and dreſs of the women, exactly reſemble the ideas of the antient nymphs, as they are given us by the repreſentations of the poets and painters. But what perſuades me more fully of my deceaſe, is the ſituation of my own mind, the profound ignorance I am in, of what paſſes among the living (which only comes to me by chance) and the great calmneſs with which I receive it. Yet I have ſtill a hankering after my friends and acquaintances left in the world, according to the authority of that admirable author,

That ſpirits departed are wonderous kind
To friends and relations left behind;
Which no body can deny.

Of which ſolemn truth I am a dead inſtance. I think Virgil is of the ſame opinion, that in human ſouls there will ſtill be ſome remains of human paſſions:

———*Curæ non ipſa in morte relinquunt.*

And 'tis very neceſſary to make a perfect Elyſium, that there ſhould be a river Lethe, which I am not ſo happy as to find. To ſay truth, I am ſometimes very weary of the ſinging and dancing, and ſunſhine, and wiſh for the ſmoke and impertinencies in which you toil; though I endeavour to perſuade myſelf that

that I live in a more agreeable variety than you do; and that Monday, ſetting of partridges; Tueſday reading Engliſh; Wedneſday, ſtudying in the Turkiſh language, (in which, by the way, I am already very learned;) Thurſday, claſſical authors; Friday ſpent in writing; Saturday at my needle, and Sunday, admitting of viſits, and hearing of muſic, is a better way of diſpoſing of the week, than Monday, at the drawing room; Tueſday, Lady Mohun's; Wedneſday, at the opera; Thurſday, the play, Friday, Mrs Chetwynd's, &c. a perpetual round of hearing the ſame ſcandal, and ſeeing the ſame follies acted over and over, which here affect me no more than they do other dead people. I can now hear of diſpleaſing things with pity and without indignation. The reflection on the great gulph between you and me, cools all news that comes hither. I can neither be ſenſibly touched with joy or grief, when I conſider that, poſſibly, the cauſe of either is removed, before the letter comes to my hands. But (as I ſaid before) this indolence does not extend to my few friendſhips; I am ſtill warmly ſenſible of yours and Mr Congreve's, and deſire to live in your remembrance, though dead to all the world beſide.

I am, &c. &c.

LET-

LETTER XXXVII.

To the Lady ——.

Belgrade Village, June 17. O. S.

I Heartily beg your ladyſhip's pardon; but I really could not forbear laughing heartily at your letter, and the commiſſions you are pleaſed to honour me with. You deſire me to buy you a Greek ſlave, who is to be miſtreſs of a thouſand good qualities. The Greeks are ſubjects and not ſlaves. Thoſe who are to be bought in that manner, are either ſuch as are taken in war, or ſtolen by the Tartars from Ruſſia, Circaſſia, or Georgia, and are ſuch miſerable aukward poor wretches, you would not think any of them worthy to be your houſe maids. 'Tis true, that many thouſands were taken in the Morea; but they have been, moſt of them, redeemed by the charitable contributions of the Chriſtians, or ranſomed by their own relations at Venice. The fine ſlaves that wait upon the great ladies, or ſerve the pleaſure of the great men, are all bought at the age of eight or nine years old, and educated with great care to accompliſh them in ſinging, dancing, embroidery, &c. they are commonly Circaſſians, and their patron never ſells them, except it is a puniſhment for ſome great fault. If ever they grow weary of them, they either preſent them to a friend, or give

them their freedom. Thoſe that are expoſed to ſale at the markets, are always either guilty of ſome crime, or ſo entirely worthleſs, that they are of no uſe at all. I am afraid you will doubt the truth of this account, which, I own, is very different from our common notions in England; but it is no leſs truth for all that.———Your whole letter is full of miſtakes from one end to the other. I ſee you have taken your ideas of Turky from that worthy author Dumont, who has write with equal ignorance and confidence. 'Tis a particular pleaſure to me here, to read the voyages to the Levant, which are generally ſo far removed from truth and ſo full of abſurdities. I am very well diverted with them. They never fail giving you an account of the women, whom 'tis certain, they never ſaw, and talking very wiſely of the genius of the men, into whoſe company they are never admitted; and very often deſcribe moſques, which they dare not even peep into. The Turks are very proud, and will not converſe with a ſtranger, if they are not aſſured he is conſiderable in his own country. I ſpeak of the men of diſtinction; for, as to the ordinary fellows you may imagine what ideas their converſation can give of the general genius of the people.

As to the balm of Mecca, I will certainly ſend you ſome; but it is not ſo eaſily got as you ſuppoſe it, and I cannot in conſcience adviſe you to make uſe of it. I know not how it comes to have ſuch univerſal applauſe. All the ladies of my acquaintance at London and Vienna, have begged me to ſend pots of it

to

to them. I have had a preſent of a ſmall quantity (which I'll aſſure you is very valuable) of the beſt ſort, and with great joy applied it to my face, expecting ſome wonderful effect to my advantage. The next morning, the change indeed, was wonderful; my face was ſwelled to a very extraordinary ſize, and all over as red as my Lady H———'s. It remained in this lamentable ſtate three days, during which you may be ſure I paſſed my time very ill. I believed it would never be otherwiſe; and, to add to my mortification, Mr W——y reproached my indiſcretion without ceaſing. However, my face is ſince in *ſtatu quo;* nay, I am told by the ladies here, that 'tis much mended by the operation, which I confeſs I cannot perceive in my looking-glaſs. Indeed, if one was to form an opinion of this balm from their faces, one ſhould think very well of it. They all make uſe of it, and have the loveliеſt bloom in the world. For my part, I never intend to endure the pain of it again; let my complexion take its natural courſe, and decay in its own due time. I have very little eſteem for medicines of this nature, but do as you pleaſe, Madam; only remember, before you uſe it, that your face will not be ſuch as you will care to ſhew in the drawing-room for ſome days after. If one was to believe the women in this country, there is a ſurer way of making one's ſelf beloved, than by becoming handſome; though you know that's our method. But they pretend to the knowledge of ſecrets, that, by way of enchantment, give them the entire empire over whom they pleaſe. For me, who am not very apt to believe in wonders,

I cannot find faith for this. I diſputed the point laſt night with a lady, who really talks very ſenſibly on any other ſubject; but ſhe was downright angry with me, in that ſhe did not perceive ſhe had perſuaded me of the truth of forty ſtories ſhe told me of this kind; and, at laſt mentioned ſeveral ridiculous marriages, that there could be no other reaſon aſſigned for. I aſſured her, that in England, where we were entirely ignorant of all magick, where the climate is not half ſo warm, nor the women half ſo handſome, we were not without our ridiculous marriages; and that we did not look upon it, as any thing ſupernatural, when the man played the fool for the ſake of a woman. But my arguments could not convince her againſt (as ſhe ſaid) her certain knowledge. To this ſhe added, that ſhe ſcrupled making uſe of charms herſelf; but that ſhe could do it when ever ſhe pleaſed; and ſtaring me in the face, ſaid, (with a very learned air) that no enchantments would have their effects upon me, and that there were ſome people exempt from their power, but very few. You may imagine how I laughed at this diſcourſe; but all the women are of the ſame opinion. They don't pretend to any commerce with the devil, but only that there are certain compoſitions adapted to inſpire love. If one could ſend over a ſhip-load of them, I fancy it would be a very quick way of raiſing an eſtate. What would not ſome ladies of our acquaintance give for ſuch a merchandize? Adieu, my dear lady.—I cannot conclude my letter with a ſubject that affords more delightful ſcenes to the imagination. I leave you to figure to

yourſelf,

yourſelf, the extreme court that will be made to me, at my return, if my travels ſhould furniſh me with ſuch an uſeful piece of learning. I am, dear Madam,

Your, &c. &c.

LETTER XXXVIII.

To Mrs T——.

Pera of Conſtantinople, Jan. 4. O. S.

I AM infinitely obliged to you, dear Mrs T——, for your entertaining letter. You are the only one of my correſpondents that have judged right enough, to think I gladly would be informed of the news amongſt you. All the reſt of them tell me (almoſt in the ſame words) that they ſuppoſe I know every thing. Why they are pleaſed to ſuppoſe in this manner, I can gueſs no reaſon, except they are perſuaded that the breed of Mahomet's pigeon ſtill ſubſiſts in this country, and that I receive ſupernatural intelligence. I wiſh I could return your goodneſs with ſome diverting accounts from hence. But I know not what part of the ſcenes here would gratify your curioſity, or whether you have any curioſity at all, for things ſo far diſtant. To ſay the truth, I am, at this preſent writing, not very much turned for the recollection of what is diverting, my head being wholly filled with the preparations neceſſary

for the increaſe of my family, which I expect every day. You may eaſily gueſs at my uneaſy ſituation. But I am, however, comforted in ſome degree, by the glory that accrues to me from it, and a reflection on the contempt I ſhould otherwiſe fall under. You won't know what to make of this ſpeech; but, in this country, 'tis more deſpicable to be married and not fruitful, than 'tis with us to be fruitful before marriage. They have a notion, that whenever a woman leaves off bringing forth children, 'tis becauſe ſhe is too old for that buſineſs, whatever her face ſays to the contrary. This opinion makes the ladies here ſo ready to make proofs of their youth, (which is as neceſſary in order to be a *received beauty*, as it is to ſhew the proofs of nobility, to be admitted *Knights of Malta*) that they do not content themſelves with uſing the natural means, but fly to all ſorts of quackeries to avoid the ſcandal of being paſt child-bearing, and often kill themſelves by them. Without any exaggeration, all the women of my acquaintance have twelve or thirteen children; and the old ones boaſt of having had five and twenty or thirty a-piece, and are reſpected according to the number they have produced.—— When they are with child, 'tis the common expreſſion to ſay, *They hope God will be ſo merciful as to ſend them two this time*; and when I have aſked them ſometimes, how they expected to provide for ſuch a flock as they deſire? They anſwer, that the plague will certainly kill half of them; which, indeed, generally happens, without much concern to the parents, who are ſatisfied with the vanity of having brought forth ſo plentifully,

tifully. The French ambaſſadreſs is forced to comply with this faſhion as well as myſelf. She has not been here much above a year, and has lain in once, and is big again. What is moſt wonderful, is, the exemption they ſeem to enjoy from the curſe entailed on the ſex. They ſee all company the day of their delivery, and at the fortnight's end return viſits, ſet out in their jewels and new cloaths. I wiſh I may find the influence of the climate in this particular. But I fear I ſhall continue an Engliſh woman in that affair, as well as I do in my dread of fire and plague, which are two things very little feared here. Moſt families have had their houſes burnt down once or twice, occaſioned by their extraordinary way of warming themſelves, which is neither by chimneys nor ſtoves, but by a certain machine called a Tendour, the height of two foot, in the form of a table, covered with a fine carpet or embroidery. This is made only of wood, and they put into it a ſmall quantity of hot aſhes, and ſit with their legs under the carpet. At this table they work, read, and, very often, ſleep; and if they chance to dream, kick down the Tendour, and the hot aſhes commonly ſet the houſe on fire. There were five hundred houſes burnt in this manner about a fortnight ago, and I have ſeen ſeveral of the owners ſince, who ſeem not at all moved at ſo common a misfortune. They put their goods into a bark and ſee their houſes burn with great philoſophy, their perſons being very ſeldom endangered, having no ſtairs to deſcend.

But having entertained you with things I don't like, 'tis but juſt I ſhould tell you ſomething that pleaſes me. The climate is delightful in the extremeſt degree. I am now ſitting, this preſent fourth of January, with the windows open, enjoying the warm ſhine of the ſun, while you are freezing over a ſad ſea-coal fire; and my chamber is ſet out with carnations, roſes, and jonquils, freſh from my garden. I am alſo charmed with many points of the Turkiſh law, to our ſhame be it ſpoken, better deſigned, and better executed than ours; particularly, the puniſhment of convicted liars (triumphant criminals in our country, God knows:) They are burnt in the forehead with a hot iron, when they are proved the authors of any notorious falſehoods. How many white foreheads ſhould we ſee disfigured? How many fine gentlemen would be forced to wear their wigs as low as their eye-brows, were this law in practice with us? I ſhould go on to tell you many other parts of juſtice, but I muſt ſend for my midwife.

LETTER XXXIX.

To the Counteſs of ——.

Pera of Conſtantinople, March 10. O. S.

I HAVE not written to you, dear ſiſter, theſe many months——a great piece of ſelf-denial. But I know not where to direct, or what part of the world you are in. I have received no letter from you ſince that ſhort note of April laſt, in which you tell me, that you are on the point of leaving England, and promiſe me a direction for the place you ſtay in; but I have, in vain, expected it till now, and now I only learn from the Gazette, that you are returned, which induces me to venture this letter to your houſe at London. I had rather ten of my letters ſhould be loſt, than you imagine I don't write; and I think it hard fortune, if one in ten don't reach you. However, I am reſolved to keep the copies, as teſtimonies of my inclination to give you, to the utmoſt of my power, all the diverting part of my travels, while you are exempt from all the fatigues and inconveniencies.

In the firſt place then, I wiſh you joy of your niece; for I was brought to bed of a daughter * five week's ago. I don't mention this as one of my diverting

* The preſent Counteſs of Bute.

verting adventures; though I muſt own, that it is not half ſo mortifying here as in England; there being as much difference, as there is between a little cold in the head, which ſometimes happens here, and the conſumption coughs ſo common in London. No body keeps their houſe a month for lying-in; and I am not ſo fond of any of our cuſtoms, as to retain them when they are not neceſſary. I returned my viſits at three weeks end, and about four days ago croſſed the ſea, which divides this place from Conſtantinople, to make a new one, where I had the good fortune to pick up many curioſities. I went to ſee the Sultana Hafiten, favourite of the late Emperor Muſtapha, who, you know, (or perhaps you don't know) was depoſed by his brother, the reigning Sultan, and died a few weeks after, being poiſoned, as it was generally believed. This lady was, immediately after his death, ſaluted with an abſolute order to leave the Seraglio, and chuſe herſelf a huſband among the great men at the Porte. I ſuppoſe you may imagine her overjoyed, at this propoſal ——Quite the contrary.——Theſe women, who are called and eſteem themſelves queens, look upon this liberty, as the greateſt diſgrace and affront that can happen to them. She threw herſelf at the Sultan's feet, and begged him to poignard her, rather than uſe his brother's widow with that contempt. She repreſented to him, in agonies of ſorrow, that ſhe was privileged from this misfortune, by having brought five princes into the Ottoman family; but all the boys being dead, and only one girl ſurviving, this excuſe was not received, and ſhe was compel-

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ed to make her choice. She choſe Bekir Effendi, then ſecretary of ſtate, and above four-ſcore years old, to convince the world that ſhe firmly intended to keep the vow ſhe had made, of never ſuffering a ſecond huſband to approach her bed; and ſince ſhe muſt honour ſome ſubject ſo far, as to be called his wife, ſhe would chooſe him, as a mark of her gratitude, ſince it was he that had preſented her at the age of ten years to her laſt lord. But ſhe never permitted him to pay her one viſit; though it is now fifteen years ſhe has been in his houſe, where ſhe paſſes her time in uninterrupted mourning, with a conſtancy very little known in Chriſtendom, eſpecially in a widow of one and twenty, for ſhe is now but thirty-ſix. She has no black eunuchs for her guard, her huſband being obliged to reſpect her as a queen, and not to enquire, at all, into what is done in her apartment.

I was led into a large room, with a ſofa the whole length of it, adorned with white marble pillars like a Ruelle, covered with pale blue figured velvet, on a ſilver ground, with cuſhions of the ſame, where I was deſired to repoſe till the Sultana appeared, who had contrived this manner of reception to avoid riſing up at my entrance, though ſhe made me an inclination of her head, when I roſe up to her. I was very glad to obſerve a lady that had been diſtinguiſhed by the favour of an emperor, to whom beauties were, every day, preſented from all parts of the world. But ſhe did not ſeem to me, to have ever been half ſo beautiful, as the fair Fatima I ſaw at Adrianople;

Adrianople; though ſhe had the remains of a fine face, more decayed by ſorrow than time. But her dreſs was ſomething ſo ſurpriſingly rich, that I cannot forbear deſcribing it to you. She wore a veſt called Dualma, which differs from a Caftan by longer ſleeves, and folding over at the bottom. It was of purple cloth, ſtrait to her ſhape, and thick ſet, on each ſide down to her feet, and round the ſleeves, with pearls of the beſt water, of the ſame ſize as their buttons commonly are. You muſt not ſuppoſe that I mean as large as thoſe of my Lord ——, but about the bigneſs of a pea; and to theſe buttons large loops of diamonds, in the form of thoſe gold loops, ſo common on birth-day coats. This habit was tied, at the waiſt, with two large taſſels of ſmaller pearls, and round the arms embroidered with large diamonds. Her ſhift was faſtned, at the bottom, with a great diamond, ſhaped like a lozenge; her girdle, as broad as the broadeſt Engliſh ribband, entirely covered with diamonds. Round her neck ſhe wore three chains, which reached to her knees; one of large pearl, at the bottom of which hung a fine coloured emerald as big as a turkey-egg; another, conſiſting of two hundred emeralds, cloſe joined together, of the moſt lively green, perfectly matched, every one as large as a half crown-piece, and as thick as three crown pieces, and another of ſmall emeralds perfectly round. But her ear-rings eclipſed all the reſt. They were two diamonds ſhaped exactly like pears, as large as a big hazle-nut. Round her Talpoche ſhe had four ſtrings of pearl —— the whiteſt and moſt perfect in the world, at leaſt enough

to

to make four necklaces, every one as large as the Dutcheſs of Marlborough's, and of the ſame ſhape, faſtened with two roſes, conſiſting of a large ruby for the middle ſtone, and round them twenty drops of clean diamonds to each. Beſides this, her head-dreſs was covered with bodkins of emeralds and diamonds. She wore large diamond bracelets, and had five rings on her fingers (except Mr Pitt's) the largeſt I ever ſaw in my life. 'Tis for jewellers to compute the value of theſe things; but, according to the common eſtimation of jewels in our part of the world, her whole dreſs muſt be worth a hundred thouſand pounds ſterling. This I am ſure of, that no European queen has half the quantity, and the Empreſs's jewels, though very fine, would look very mean near hers. She gave me a dinner of fifty diſhes of meat, which (after their faſhion) were placed on the table but one at a time, and was extremely tedious. But the magnificence of her table anſwered very well to that of her dreſs. The knives were of gold, and the hafts ſet with diamonds. But the piece of luxury which grieved my eyes, was the table-cloth and napkins, which were all tiffany embroidered with ſilk and gold, in the fineſt manner, in natural flowers. It was with the utmoſt regret that I made uſe of theſe coſtly napkins, which were as finely wrought as the fineſt handkerchiefs that ever came out of this country. You may be ſure, that they were entirely ſpoiled before dinner was over. The ſherbet (which is the liquor they drink at meals) was ſerved in china bowls; but the covers and ſalvers maſſy gold. Af-

ter dinner, water was brought in gold baſons, and towels of the ſame kind with the napkins, which I very unwillingly wiped my hands upon, and coffee was ſerved in china, with gold Soucops. *

The Sultana ſeemed in a very good humour, and talked to me with the utmoſt civility. I did not omit this opportunity of learning all that I poſſibly could of the Seraglio, which is ſo entirely unknown amongſt us. She aſſured me that the ſtory of the Sultan's *throwing a handkerchief*, is altogether fabulous; and the manner, upon that occaſion, no other than this: He ſends the Kyſlir Aga, to ſignify to the lady the honour he intends her. She is immediately complimented upon it by the others, and led to the bath, where ſhe is perfumed and dreſſed in the moſt magnificent and becoming manner. The Emperor precedes his viſit by a royal preſent, and then comes into her apartment: neither is there any ſuch thing as her creeping at the bed's foot. She ſaid, that the firſt he made choice of, was always the firſt in rank, and not the mother of the eldeſt ſon, as other writers would make us believe. Sometimes the Sultan diverts himſelf in the company of all his ladies, who ſtand in a circle round him. And ſhe confeſſed, they were ready to die with envy and jealouſy of the *happy ſhe*, that he diſtinguiſhed by any appearance of preference. But this ſeemed to me neither better nor worſe than the circles in moſt courts, where the glance of the monarch is watched, and every ſmile is waited for with impatience, and envied by thoſe who cannot obtain it.

She

* Saucers.

She never mentioned the Sultan without tears in her eyes, yet she seemed very fond of the discourse. "My past happiness, *said she*, appears a dream to "me. Yet I cannot forget that I was beloved by "the greatest, and most lovely of mankind. I was "chosen from all the rest, to make all his campaigns "with him; and I would not survive him, if I was "not passionately fond of the Princess my daughter. "Yet all my tenderness for her was hardly enough "to make me preserve my life. When I left him, "I passed a whole twelve-month without seeing the "light. Time has softened my despair; yet I now "pass some days every week in tears, devoted to "the memory of my Sultan." There was no affectation in these words. It was easy to see she was in a deep melancholy, though her good humour made her willing to divert me.

She asked me to walk in her garden, and one of her slaves immediately brought her a pellice of rich brocade lined with sables. I waited on her into the garden, which had nothing remarkable in it but the fountains; and from thence she shewed me all her apartments. In her bed-chamber, her toilet was displayed, consisting of two looking-glasses, the frames covered with pearls, and her night Talpoche set with bodkins of jewels, and near it three vests of fine sables, every one of which is at least worth a thousand dollars, (two hundred pounds English money.) I don't doubt but these rich habits were purposely placed in sight, though they seemed negligently thrown on the sofa. When I took my leave

of her, I was complimented with perfumes as at the Grand Vizier's, and preſented with a very fine embroidered handkerchief. Her ſlaves were to the number of thirty, beſides ten little ones, the eldeſt not above ſeven years old. Theſe were the moſt beautiful girls I ever ſaw, all richly dreſſed; and I obſerved that the Sultana took a great deal of pleaſure in theſe lovely children, which is a vaſt expence; for there is not a handſome girl of that age, to be bought under a hundred pounds ſterling. They wore little garlands of flowers, and their own hair, braided, which was all their head-dreſs; but their habits were all of gold ſtuffs. Theſe ſerved her coffee kneeling; brought water when ſhe waſhed, &c. ——'Tis a great part of the buſineſs of the older ſlaves to take care of theſe young girls, to teach them to embroider, and to ſerve them as carefully as if they were children of the family. Now, do you imagine I have entertained you, all this while, with a relation that has, at leaſt, received many embelliſhments from my hand? This, you will ſay, is but too like the Arabian tales. —— Theſe embroidered napkins! and a jewel as large as a turkey's egg!— You forget, dear ſiſter, thoſe very tales were written by an author of this country, and (excepting the enchantments) are a real repreſentation of the manners here. We travellers are in very hard circumſtances: If we ſay nothing but what has been ſaid before us, *we are dull, and we have obſerved nothing.* If we tell any thing new, we are laughed at as *fabulous and romantic*, not allowing either for the difference of ranks, which affords difference of company,

ny, or more curioſity, or the change of cuſtoms that happens every twenty years in every country. But the truth is, people judge of travellers, exactly with the ſame candour, good nature, and impartiality, they judge of their neighbours upon all occaſions. For my part, if I live to return amongſt you, I am ſo well acquainted with the morals of all my dear friends and acquaintances, that I am reſolved to tell them nothing at all, to avoid the imputation (which their charity would certainly incline them to) of my telling too much. But I depend upon your knowing me enough, to believe whatever I ſeriouſly aſſert for truth; though I give you leave to be ſurprized at an account ſo new to you. But what would you ſay if I told you, that I have been in a Haram, where the winter apartment was wainſcoted with inlaid work of mother of pearl, ivory of different colours, and olive wood, exactly like the little boxes you have ſeen brought out of this country; and in whoſe rooms deſigned for ſummer, the walls are all cruſted with Japan china, the roofs gilt, and the floors ſpread with the fineſt Perſian carpets? Yet there is nothing more true; ſuch is the palace of my lovely friend, the fair Fatima, whom I was acquainted with at Adrianople. I went to viſit her yeſterday; and if poſſible, ſhe appeared to me handſomer than before. She met me at the door of her chamber, and giving me her hand with the beſt grace in the world; you Chriſtian ladies (ſaid ſhe with a ſmile, that made her as beautiful as an angel) have the reputation of inconſtancy, and I did not expect, whatever goodneſs you expreſs'd for me at

Adrianople, that I ſhould ever ſee you again. But I am now convinced that I have really the happineſs of pleaſing you; and if you knew how I ſpeak of you amongſt our ladies, you would be aſſured, that you do me juſtice in making me your friend. She placed me in the corner of the ſofa, and I ſpent the afternoon in her converſation, with the greateſt pleaſure in the world.——The Sultana Hafiten, is what one would naturally expect to find a Turkiſh lady, willing to oblige, but not knowing how to go about it; and 'tis eaſy to ſee, in her manner, that ſhe has lived excluded from the world. But Fatima has all the politeneſs and good breeding of a court, with an air that inſpires at once, reſpect and tenderneſs; and now that I underſtand her language, I find her wit as agreeable as her beauty. She is very curious after the manners of other countries, and has not the partiality for her own, ſo common to little minds. A Greek that I carried with me, who had never ſeen her before (nor could have been admitted now, if ſhe had not been in my train,) ſhew'd that ſurprize at her beauty and manner, which is unavoidable at the firſt ſight, and ſaid to me in Italian,——*This is no Turkiſh lady, ſhe is certainly ſome Chriſtian.* ——Fatima gueſſed ſhe ſpoke of her, and aſked what ſhe ſaid. I would not have told her, thinking ſhe would have been no better pleaſed with the compliment, than one of our court beauties to be told, ſhe had the air of a Turk. But the Greek lady told it to her, and ſhe ſmiled, ſaying, *It is not the firſt time I have heard ſo; my mother was a Poloneze, taken at the ſiege of Caminiec; and my father uſed*

to

to rally me, ſaying, He believed his Chriſtian wife had found ſome Chriſtian gallant; for that I had not the air of a Turkiſh girl —I aſſur'd her, that if all the Turkiſh ladies were like her, it was abſolutely neceſſary to confine them from public view for the repoſe of mankind; and proceeded to tell her, what a noiſe ſuch a face as hers, would make in London or Paris. *I can't believe you*, replied ſhe agreeably, *if beauty was ſo much valued in your country, as you ſay, they would never have ſuffered you to leave it.*— Perhaps, dear ſiſter, you laugh at my vanity in repeating this compliment, but I only do it, as I think it very well turn'd, and give it you as an inſtance of the ſpirit of her converſation. Her houſe was magnificently furniſhed, and very well fancied; her winter rooms being furniſh'd with figured velvet, on gold grounds, and, thoſe for ſummer, with fine Indian quilting embroidered with gold. The houſes of the great Turkiſh ladies are kept clean with as much nicety as thoſe in Holland. This was ſituated in a high part of the town; and from the window of her ſummer apartment, we had the proſpect of the ſea, the iſlands, and the Aſian mountains.— My letter is inſenſibly grown ſo long, I am aſhamed of it. This is a very bad ſymptom. 'Tis well if I don't degenerate into a downright ſtory-teller. It may be, our proverb, that *knowledge is no burden*, may be true, as to one's ſelf; but knowing too much, is very apt to make us troubleſome to other people.

I am, &c. &c.

LET-

LETTER XL.

To the Lady ——.

Pera, March 16. O. S.

I AM extremely pleaſed, my dear lady, that you have, at length, found a commiſſion for me, that I can anſwer without diſappointing your expectations; though I muſt tell you, that it is not ſo eaſy as perhaps you think it; and that, if my curioſity had not been more diligent than any other ſtranger's has ever yet been, I muſt have anſwered you with an excuſe, as, I was forced to do, when you deſired me to buy you a Greek ſlave. I have got for you, as you deſire, a Turkiſh love-letter, which I have put into a little box, and ordered the captain of the Smyrniote to deliver it to you with this letter. The tranſlation of it is literally as follows: The firſt piece you ſhould pull out of the purſe, is a little pearl, which is in Turkiſh called *Ingi*, and muſt be underſtood in this manner:

Ingi,	Senſin Uzellerin gingi
Pearl,	*Faireſt of the young.*
Caremfil,	Caremfilſen cararen yòk
Clove,	Congé gulſum timarin yòk
	Benſeny chok than ſeverim
	Senin benden, haberin yòk.

You

You are ſlender as this clove;
You are an unblown roſe!
I have long loved you, and you have not known it.

Pul	Derdime derman bul
Jonquil,	*Have pity on my paſſion!*
Kihàt,	Berlerum ſahàt ſahàt
Paper,	*I faint every hour!*
Ermùs,	Ver bizé bir umut
Pear,	*Give me ſome hope.*
Jabun,	Derdinden oldum zabùn
Soap,	*I am ſick with love.*
Chemur,	Ben Oliyim ſize umùr
Coal,	*May I die, and all my years be yours!*
Gul,	Ben aglarum ſen gul
A roſe,	*May you be pleaſed, and your ſorrows mine!*
Haſir,	Oliim ſana yazir
A ſtraw,	*Suffer me to be your ſlave.*
Jò hò,	Uſtuné bulunmàz pahù
Cloth,	*Your price is not to be found.*
Tartſin,	Sen ghel ben chekeim ſenin hargin
Cinamon,	*But my fortune is yours.*

Giro,

Girò, | Eſking-ilen oldum ghirà
A match, | *I burn, I burn! my flame conſumes me!*

Sirma, | Uzunu benden à yirmà
Gold-thread | *Don't turn away your face.*

Satch, | Bazmazun tatch
Hair, | *Crown of my head!*

Uzum, | Benìm iki Guzum.
Grape, | *My eyes!*

Til, | Ulugorum tez ghel.
Gold-wire, | *I die —— come quickly.*

And by way of Poſtſcript:

Beber, | Bize bir dogm haber
Pepper, | *Send me an anſwer.*

You ſee this letter is all in verſe, and I can aſſure you, there is as much fancy ſhewn in the choice of them, as in the moſt ſtudied expreſſions of our letters; there being, I believe, a million of verſes deſigned for this uſe. There is no colour, no flower, no weed, no fruit, herb, pebble, or feather, that has not a verſe belonging to it; and you may quarrel, reproach, or ſend letters of paſſion, friendſhip, or civility, or even of news, without ever inking your fingers.

I fancy you are now wondering at my profound learning; but alas! dear madam, I am almoſt fallen into

into the misfortune so common to the ambitious; while they are employed on distant insignificant conquests abroad, a rebellion starts up at home;—— I am in great danger of losing my English. I find 'tis not half so easy to me to write in it, as it was a twelve-month ago. I am forced to study for expressions, and must leave off all other languages, and try to learn my mother tongue.——Human understanding is as much limited as human power, or human strength. The memory can retain but a certain number of images; and 'tis as impossible for one human creature to be perfect master of ten different languages, as to have, in perfect subjection, ten different kingdoms, or to fight against ten men at a time; I am afraid I shall at last know none as I should do. I live in a place, that very well represents the tower of Babel; in Pera they speak Turkish, Greek, Hebrew, Armenian, Arabic, Persian, Russian, Sclavonian, Walachian, German, Dutch, French, English, Italian, Hungarian; and what is worse, there are ten of these languages spoken in my own family. My grooms are Arabs, my footmen French, English, and Germans; my nurse an Armenian, my house-maids Russians; half a dozen other servants Greeks; my steward an Italian; my Janizaries Turks; so that I live in the perpetual hearing of this medley of sound, which produces a very extraordinary effect upon the people that are born here; for they learn all these languages at the same time, and without knowing any of them well enough to write or read in it. There are very few men, women, or even children here, that have not the same

compass

compaſs of words in five or ſix of them. I know, myſelf, ſeveral infants of three or four years old, that ſpeak Italian, French, Greek, Turkiſh, and Ruſſian, which laſt they learn of their nurſes, who are generally of that country. This ſeems almoſt incredible to you, and is, in my mind, one of the moſt curious things in this country, and takes off very much from the merit of our ladies, who ſet up for ſuch extraordinary geniuſes, upon the credit of ſome ſuperficial knowledge of French and Italian.

As I prefer Engliſh to all the reſt, I am extremely mortified at the daily decay of it in my head, where, I'll aſſure you (with grief of heart) it is reduced to ſuch a ſmall number of words, I cannot recollect any tolerable phraſe to conclude my letter with, and am forced to tell your ladyſhip very bluntly, that I am,

Your faithful humble ſervant.

LETTER XLI.

To the Counteſs of B——.

AT length I have heard from my dear lady B——, for the firſt time. I am perſuaded you have had the goodneſs to write before, but I have had the ill fortune to loſe your letters. Since my laſt, I have ſtayed quietly at Conſtantinople, a city that I ought in conſcience to give your ladyſhip a right

a right notion of, ſince I know you can have none but what is partial and miſtaken from the writings of travellers. 'Tis certain, there are many people that paſs years here in Pera, without having ever ſeen it, and yet they all pretend to deſcribe it. Pera, Tophana, and Galata, wholly inhabited by French Chriſtians (and which, together, make the appearance of a very fine town) are divided from it by the ſea, which is not above half ſo broad as the broadeſt part of the Thames; but the Chriſtian men are loath to hazard the adventures they ſometimes meet with among the Levents or ſeamen (worſe monſters than our watermen) and the women muſt cover their faces to go there, which they have a perfect averſion to do. 'Tis true, they wear veils in Pera, but they are ſuch as only ſerve to ſhew their beauty to more advantage, and would not be permitted in Conſtantinople. Theſe reaſons deter almoſt every creature from ſeeing it; and the French ambaſſadreſs will return to France (I believe) without ever having been there. You'll wonder, Madam to hear me add, that I have been there very often. The Aſmack, or Turkiſh veil, is become not only very eaſy, but agreeable to me; and if it was not, I would be content to endure ſome inconveniency, to gratify a paſſion that is become ſo powerful with me, as curioſity. And indeed, the pleaſure of going in a barge to Chelſea, is not comparable to that of rowing upon the canal of the ſea here, where for twenty miles together down the Boſphorus, the moſt beautiful variety of proſpects preſent themſelves. The Aſian ſide is covered with fruit trees, villages,

and the moſt delightful landſkips in nature; on the European, ſtands Conſtantinople ſituated on ſeven hills.——The unequal heights make it ſeem as large again as it is (tho' one of the largeſt cities in the world) ſhewing an agreeable mixture of gardens, pines, and cypreſs trees, palaces, moſques, and public buildings, raiſed one above another, with as much beauty and appearance of ſymmetry as your ladyſhip ever ſaw in a cabinet adorned by the moſt ſkilful hands, where jars ſhew themſelves above jars, mixed with caniſters, babies and candleſticks. This a very odd compariſon? but it gives me an exact idea of the thing. I have taken care to ſee as much of the Seraglio as is to be ſeen. It is on a point of land running into the ſea; a palace of prodigious extent, but very irregular. The gardens take in a large compaſs of ground, full of high cypreſs trees, which is all I know of them. The buildings are all of white ſtone, headed on the top with gilded turrets and ſpires, which look very magnificent; and indeed, I believe there is no Chriſtian king's palace half ſo large. There are ſix large courts in it, all built round and ſet with trees, having galleries of ſtone; one of thoſe for the guard, another for the ſlaves, another for the officers of the kitchen, another for the ſtables, the fifth for the Divan, and the ſixth for the apartment deſtined for audiences. On the ladies ſide there are, at leaſt, as many more, with diſtinct courts belonging to their eunuchs and attendants, their kitchens, &c.

The next remarkable ſtructure is that of St. Sophia, which 'tis very difficult to ſee. I was forced

to

to ſend three times to the Caimairam, (the Governor of the town) and he aſſembled the chief Effendis or heads of the law, and inquired of the Mufti, whether it was lawful to permit it. They paſſed ſome days in this important debate; but, I inſiſting on my requeſt, permiſſion was granted. I can't be informed why the Turks are more delicate on the ſubject of this moſque, than any of the others, where, what Chriſtian pleaſes may enter without ſcruple. I fancy they imagine that, having been once conſecrated, people, on pretence of curioſity, might profane it with prayers, particularly to thoſe ſaints, who are ſtill very viſible in moſaic work, and no other way defaced but by the decays of time; for it is abſolutely falſe, though ſo univerſally aſſerted, that the Turks defaced all the images that they found in the city. The dome of St. Sophia is ſaid to be one hundred and thirteen feet diameter, built upon arches, ſuſtained by vaſt pillars of marble, the pavement and ſtair-caſe marble. There are two rows of galleries ſupported with pillars of particoloured marble, and the whole roof moſaic work, part of which decays very faſt, and drops down. They preſented me a handful of it; the compoſition ſeems to me a ſort of glaſs, or that paſte with which they make counterfeit jewels. They ſhew here the tomb of the Emperor Conſtantine, for which they have a great veneration.

This is a dull imperfect deſcription of this celebrated building; but I underſtand architecture ſo little, that I am afraid of talking nonſenſe in endea-

vouring to ſpeak of it particularly. Perhaps I am in the wrong, but ſome Turkiſh moſques pleaſe me better. That of Sultan Solyman is an exact ſquare, with four fine towers in the angles; in the midſt is a noble cupola ſupported with beautiful marble pillars; two leſſer at the ends, ſupported in the ſame manner; the pavement and gallery round the moſque, of marble; under the great cupola is a fountain adorned with ſuch fine coloured pillars, that I can hardly think them natural marble; on one ſide is the pulpit of white marble, and on the other the little gallery for the Grand Signior. A fine ſtair-caſe leads to it, and it is built up with gilded lattices. At the upper end is a ſort of altar, where the name of God is written; and before it, ſtand two candleſticks as high as a man, with wax candles as thick as three flambeaux. The pavement is ſpread with fine carpets, and the moſque illuminated with a vaſt number of lamps. The court leading to it is very ſpacious, with galleries of marble, of green columns, covered with twenty eight leading cupola's on two ſides, and a fountain of baſons in the midſt of it.

This deſcription may ſerve for all the moſques in Conſtantinople. The model is exactly the ſame, and they only differ in largeneſs and richneſs of materials. That of the Sultana VALIDA is the largeſt of all, built entirely of marble, the moſt prodigious, and I think the moſt beautiful ſtructure I ever ſaw, be it ſpoke to the honour of our ſex, for it was founded by the mother of MAHOMET the fourth. Between friends, Paul's church would make a pitiful figure near

near it; as any of our ſquares would do, near the Atlerdan, or place of horſes, (At ſignifying a horſe in Turkiſh.) This was the Hippodrome, in the reign of the Greek emperors. In the midſt of it is a brazen column of three ſerpents twiſted together, with their mouths gaping. 'Tis impoſſible to learn why ſo odd a pillar was erected; the Greeks can tell nothing but fabulous legends when they are aſked the meaning of it, and there is no ſign of its having ever had any inſcription. At the upper end is an obeliſk of porphyry, probably brought from Egypt, the hieroglyphics all very entire, which I look upon as meer ancient puns. It is placed on four little brazen pillars, upon a pedeſtal of ſquare free-ſtone, full of figures in baſs-relief on two ſides; one ſquare repreſenting a battle, another an aſſembly. The others have inſcriptions in Greek and Latin; the laſt I took in my pocket-book, and it is as follows;

Difficilis quondam, Dominis parere Serenis
Juſſus, et extinctis palmam portare Tyrannis
Omnia Theodoſio cedunt, ſobolique perenni.

Your Lord will interpret theſe lines. Don't fancy they are a love-letter to him.

All the figures have their heads on; and I cannot forbear reflecting again on the impudence of authors, who all ſay they have not; but I dare ſwear the greateſt part of them never ſaw them; but took the

report from the Greeks, who reſiſt, with incredible fortitude, the conviction of their own eyes, whenever they have invented lies to the diſhonour of their enemies. Were you to believe them, there is nothing worth ſeeing in Conſtantinople, but Sancta Sophia, though there are ſeveral larger, and in my opinion, more beautiful moſques in that city. That of Sultan Achmet, has this particularity, that its gates are of braſs. In all theſe moſques there are little chapels, where are the tombs of the founders and their families, with wax candles burning before them.

The Exchanges are all noble buildings, full of fine alleys, the greateſt part are ſupported with pillars and kept wonderfully neat. Every trade has its diſtinct alley where the merchandize is diſpoſed in the ſame order as in the New Exchange at London. The Beſiſten, or jewellers quarter, ſhews ſo much riches, ſuch a vaſt quantity of diamonds, and all kinds of precious ſtones, that they dazzle the ſight. The embroideries are alſo very glittering, and people walk here as much for diverſion as buſineſs. The markets are moſt of them handſome ſquares, and admirably well provided, perhaps better than in any other part of the world.

I know you'll expect I ſhould ſay ſomething particular of the ſlaves; and you will imagine me half a Turk, when I don't ſpeak of it with the ſame horror other Chriſtians have done before me. But I cannot forbear applauding the humanity of the Turks

Turks to theſe creatures; they are never ill uſed, and their ſlavery is, in my opinion, no worſe than ſervitude all over the world. 'Tis true they have no wages; but they give them yearly cloaths to a higher value than our ſalaries to our ordinary ſervants. But you'll object that, men buy women *with an eye to evil*. In my opinion they are bought and ſold as publicly and as infamouſly in all our Chriſtian great cities.

I muſt add to the deſcription of Conſtantinople, that the Hiſtorical Pillar is no more. It dropped down about two years before I came to this part of the world. I have ſeen no other footſteps of antiquity except the aquæducts, which are ſo vaſt, that I am apt to believe they are yet more ancient than the Greek Empire. The Turks, indeed, have claped in ſome ſtones with Turkiſh inſcriptions, to give their natives the honour of ſo great a work; but the deceit is eaſily diſcovered —— The other public buildings are the Hans and the Monaſteries; the firſt are very large and numerous; the ſecond few in number, and not at all magnificent. I had the curioſity to viſit one of them, and to obſerve the devotions of the Derviſes, which are as whimſical as any at Rome. Theſe fellows have permiſſion to marry, but are confined to an odd habit, which is only a piece of coarſe white cloth, wraped about them, with their legs and arms naked. Their order have few other rules, except that of performing their fantaſtic rites, every Tueſday and Friday, which is done in this manner: They meet together

together in a large hall, where they all ſtand with their eyes fixed on the ground, and their arms acroſs, while the Imaum or preacher reads part of the Alcoran from a pulpit, placed in the midſt; and when he has done, eight or ten of them make a melancholy concert with their pipes, which are no unmuſical inſtruments. Then he reads again, and makes a ſhort expoſition on what he has read; after which they ſing and play, 'till their ſuperior (the only one of them dreſſed in green) riſes and begins a ſort of ſolemn dance. They all ſtand about him in a regular figure, and while ſome play, the others tie their robe (which is very wide) faſt round their waiſt, and begin to turn round with an amazing ſwiftneſs, and yet with great regard to the muſic, moving ſlower or faſter as the tune is played. This laſts above an hour, without any of them ſhewing the leaſt appearance of giddineſs, which is not to be wondered at, when it is conſidered, they are all uſed to it from their infancy; moſt of them being devoted to this way of life from their birth. There turned amongſt them ſome little Derviſes of ſix or ſeven years old, who ſeemed no more diſordered by that exerciſe than the others. At the end of the ceremony they ſhoot out; *There is no other God, but God, and Mahomet his prophet;* after which they kiſs the ſuperior's hand and retire. The whole is performed with the moſt ſolemn gravity. Nothing can be more auſtere than the form of theſe people; they never raiſe their eyes, and ſeem devoted to contemplation. And as ridiculous as this is in deſcription, there

there is ſomething touching in the air of ſubmiſſion and mortification they aſſume.——This letter is of a horrible length; but you may burn it when you have read enough, &c. &c.

LETTER XLII.

To the Counteſs of ———.

I AM now preparing to leave Conſtantinople, and perhaps you will accuſe me of hypocriſy, when I tell you, 'tis with regret; but as I am uſed to the air, and have learnt the language, I am eaſy here; and as much as I love travelling, I tremble at the inconveniencies attending ſo great a journey, with a numerous family, and a little infant hanging at the breaſt. However, I endeavour, upon this occaſion, to do as I have hitherto done in all the odd turns of my life; turn them, if I can, to my diverſion. In order to this, I ramble every day, wrapped up in my Ferige and Aſmack, about Conſtantinople, and amuſe myſelf with ſeeing all that is curious in it. I know you will expect that this declaration ſhould be followed with ſome account of what I have ſeen. But I am in no humour to copy what has been writ ſo often over. To what purpoſe ſhould I tell you, that Conſtantinople is the antient Byzantium? that 'tis at preſent the conqueſt of a race of people, ſuppoſed Scythians? that there are five or ſix thouſand moſques

moſques in it? that Sancta Sophia was founded by Juſtinian, &c. I'll aſſure you 'tis not for want of learning, that I forbear writing all theſe bright things, I could alſo, with very little trouble, turn over Knolles and Sir Paul Rycaut, to give you a liſt of Turkiſh emperors; but I will not tell you what you may find in every author that has writ of this country. I am more inclined, out of a true female ſpirit of contradiction, to tell you the falſehood of a great part of what you find in authors; as for example, in the admirable Mr Hill, who ſo gravely aſſerts, that he ſaw in Sancta Sophia, a ſweating pillar, very balſamic for diſordered heads. There is not the leaſt tradition of any ſuch matter; and I ſuppoſe it was revealed to him in a viſion, during his wonderful ſtay in the Egyptian Catacombs; for I am ſure he never heard of any ſuch miracle here. 'Tis alſo very pleaſant to obſerve how tenderly he and all his brethren voyage-writers, lament the miſerable confinement of the Turkiſh ladies, who are perhaps more free than any ladies in the univerſe, and are the only women in the world, that lead a life of uninterrupted pleaſure, exempt from cares, their whole time being ſpent in viſiting, bathing, or the agreeable amuſement of ſpending money and inventing new faſhions. A huſband would be thought mad that exacted any degree of œconomy from his wife, whoſe expences are no way limited but by their own fancy. 'Tis his buſineſs to get money, and hers to ſpend it: and this noble perogative extends itſelf to the very meaneſt of the ſex. Here is a fellow that carries embroidered handkerchiefs upon his back

to

to ſell. And as miſerable a figure as you may ſuppoſe ſuch a mean dealer; yet I'll aſſure you, his wife ſcorns to wear any thing leſs than cloth of gold; has her ermine furs, and a very handſome ſet of jewels for her head. 'Tis true, they have no places but the bagnios, and theſe can only be ſeen by their own ſex; however, that is a diverſion they take great pleaſure in.

I was, three days ago, at one of the fineſt in the town, and had the opportunity of ſeeing a Turkiſh bride received there, and all the ceremony uſed on that occaſion, which made me recollect the Epithalamium of Helen, by Theocritus; and it ſeems to me, that the ſame cuſtoms have continued ever ſince. All the ſhe friends, relations and acquaintance of the two families, newly allied, meet at the bagnio; ſeveral others go, out of curioſity, and I believe there were that day two hundred women. Thoſe that were, or had been married, placed themſelves round the rooms, on the marble ſofas; but the virgins very haſtily threw off their cloaths, and appeared without other ornament or covering, than their own long hair braided with pearl or ribbon. Two of them met the bride at the door, conducted by her mother and another grave relation. She was a beautiful maid of about ſeventeen, very richly dreſſed, and ſhining with jewels, but was preſently reduced to the ſtate of nature. Two others filled ſilver gilt pots with perfume, and began the proceſſion, the reſt following in pairs, to the number of thirty. The leaders ſung an Epithalamium, anſwered by the

the others in chorus, and the two laſt led the fair bride, her eyes fixed on the ground, with a charming affectation of modeſty. In this order they marched round the three large rooms of the Bagnio. 'Tis not eaſy to repreſent to you, the beauty of this ſight, moſt of them being well proportioned and white ſkin'd; all of them perfectly ſmooth, and poliſhed by the frequent uſe of bathing. After having made their tour, the bride was again led to every matron round the rooms, who ſaluted her with a compliment and a preſent, ſome of jewels, others of pieces of ſtuff, handkerchiefs, or little gallantries of that nature, which ſhe thanked them for, by kiſſing their hands. I was very well pleaſed with having ſeen this ceremony; and you may believe me, that the Turkiſh ladies have, at leaſt, as much wit and civility, nay liberty, as among us. 'Tis true, the ſame cuſtoms that give them ſo many opportunities of gratifying their evil inclinations (if they have any) alſo put it very fully in the power of their huſbands to revenge themſelves, if they are diſcovered; and I do not doubt but they ſuffer ſometimes for their indiſcretions in a very ſevere manner. About two months ago, there was found at day-break, not very far from my houſe, the bleeding body of a young woman, naked, only wrapp'd in a coarſe ſheet, with two wounds of a knife, one in her ſide, and another in her breaſt. She was not quite cold, and was ſo ſurpriſingly beautiful, that there were very few men in Pera, that did not go to look upon her; but it was not poſſible for any body to know her, no woman's face being known. She was ſuppoſed

to

to have been brought, in the dead of night, from the Conſtantinople ſide, and laid there. Very little inquiry was made about the murderer, and the corpſe was privately buried without noiſe. Murder is never purſued by the king's officers, as with us. 'Tis the buſineſs of the next relations to avenge the dead perſon; and if they like better to compound the matter for money (as they generally do) there is no more ſaid of it. One would imagine this defect in their government, ſhould make ſuch tragedies very frequent, yet they are extremely rare; which is enough to prove the people not naturally cruel. Neither do I think, in many other particulars, they deſerve the barbarous character we give them. I am well acquainted with a Chriſtian woman of quality, who made it her choice to live with a Turkiſh huſband, and is a very agreeable ſenſible lady. Her ſtory is ſo extraordinary, I cannot forbear relating it; but I promiſe you it ſhall be in as few words as I can poſſibly expreſs it.

She is a Spaniard, and was at Naples with her family, when that kingdom was part of the Spaniſh dominion. Coming from thence in a felucca, accompanied by her brother, they were attacked by the Turkiſh admiral, boarded and taken.——And now how ſhall I modeſtly tell you the reſt of her adventure? The ſame accident happened to her, that happen'd to the fair Lucretia ſo many years before her. But ſhe was too good a Chriſtian to kill herſelf, as that heatheniſh Roman did. The admiral was ſo much charmed with the beauty and long-ſuffering of

the fair captive, that as his firſt compliment, he gave immediate liberty to her brother and attendants, who made haſte to Spain, and in a few months ſent the ſum of four thouſand pounds ſterling, as a ranſom for his ſiſter. The Turk took the money, which he preſented to her, and told her ſhe was at liberty. But the lady very diſcreetly weighed the different treatment ſhe was likely to find in her native country. Her relations (as the kindeſt thing they could do for her in her preſent circumſtances) would certainly confine her to a nunnery for the reſt of her days.—Her Infidel lover was very handſome, very tender, and very fond of her, and laviſhed at her feet all the Turkiſh magnificence. She anſwered him very reſolutely, that her liberty was not ſo precious to her as her honour; that he could no way reſtore that but by marrying her, and ſhe therefore deſired him to accept of the ranſom as her portion, and give her the ſatisfaction of knowing that no man could boaſt of her favours without being her huſband. The admiral was tranſported at this kind offer, and ſent back the money to her relations, ſaying he was too happy in her poſſeſſion. He married her, and never took any other wife, and (as ſhe ſays herſelf) ſhe never had reaſon to repent the choice ſhe made. He left her ſome years after, one of the richeſt widows in Conſtantinople. But there is no remaining honourably a ſingle woman, and that conſideration has obliged her to marry the preſent Captain Baſſa (i. e. Admiral) his ſucceſſor.—I am afraid that you will think my friend fell in love with her raviſher; but I am willing to take her word for it, that ſhe acted wholly on principles

of

of honour, though I think ſhe might be reaſonably touched at his generoſity, which is often found amongſt the Turks of rank.

'Tis a degree of generoſity to tell the truth, and 'tis very rare that any Turk will aſſert a ſolemn falſehood. I don't ſpeak of the loweſt ſort; for as there is a great deal of ignorance, there is very little virtue amongſt them; and falſe witneſſes are much cheaper than in Chriſtendom, thoſe wretches not being puniſhed (even when they are publicly detected) with the rigour they ought to be.

Now I am ſpeaking of their law, I don't know, whether I have ever mentioned to you one cuſtom peculiar to their country, I mean, *adoption*, very common among the Turks, and yet more amongſt the Greeks and Armenians. Not having it in their power to give their eſtates to a friend or diſtant relation, to avoid its falling into the Grand Signior's treaſury, when they are not likely to have any children of their own, they chuſe ſome pretty child of either ſex, amongſt the meaneſt people, and carry the child and its parents before the Cadi, and there declare they receive it for their heir. The parents, at the ſame time, renounce all future claim to it; a writing is drawn and witneſſed, and a child thus adopted, cannot be diſinherited. Yet I have ſeen ſome common beggars, that have refuſed to part with their children in this manner, to ſome of the richeſt amongſt the Greeks; ſo powerful is the inſtinctive affection that is natural to parents!) though

the adopting fathers are generally very tender to theſe *children of their ſouls*, as they call them. I own this cuſtom pleaſes me much better than our abſurd one of following our name. Methinks 'tis much more reaſonable to make happy and rich, an infant whom I educate after my own manner, *brought up* (in the Turkiſh phraſe) *upon my knees*, and who has learnt to look upon me with a filial reſpect, than to give an eſtate to a creature without other merit or relation to me than a few letters. Yet this is an abſurdity we ſee frequently practiſed.——Now I have mentioned the Armenians, perhaps it will be agreeable to tell you ſomething of that nation, with which I am ſure you are unacquainted. I will not trouble you with the geographical account of the ſituation of their country, which you may ſee in the maps; or a relation of their antient greatneſs, which you may read in the Roman hiſtory. They are now ſubject to the Turks; and, being very induſtrious in trade, and encreaſing and multiplying, are diſperſed in great numbers through all the Turkiſh dominions. They were, as they ſay, converted to the Chriſtian religion by St. Gregory, and are perhaps the dovouteſt Chriſtians in the whole world. The chief precepts of their prieſts enjoin the ſtrict keeping of their Lents, which are, at leaſt, ſeven months in every year, and are not to be diſpenſed with on the moſt emergent neceſſity; no occaſion whatever can excuſe them if they touch any thing more than mere herbs or roots (without oil) and plain dry bread. This is their conſtant diet.—— Mr W——y has one of his interpreters of this nation,

tion, and the poor fellow was brought ſo low by the ſeverity of his faſts, that his life was deſpaired of. Yet neither his maſter's commands, nor the doctor's entreaties (who declared nothing elſe could ſave his life,) were powerful enough to prevail with him to take two or three ſpoonfuls of broth. Excepting this, which may rather be called a cuſtom, than an article of faith, I ſee very little in their religion different from ours. 'Tis true, they ſeem to incline very much to Mr Whiſton's doctrine; neither do I think the Greek church very diſtant from it, ſince 'tis certain, the Holy Spirit's proceeding *only* from the Father, is making a plain ſubordination in the Son.——But the Armenians have no notion of Tranſubſtantiation, whatever account Sir Paul Rycaut gives of them (which account I am apt to believe was deſigned to compliment our court in 1679) and they have a great horror for thoſe amongſt them that change to the Roman religion. What is moſt extraordinary in their cuſtoms, is their matrimony; a ceremony, I believe, unparallel'd all over the world. They are always promiſed very young; but the eſpouſed never ſee one another, till three days after their marriage. The bride is carried to church with a cap on her head, in the faſhion of a large trencher, and over it a red ſilken veil, which covers her all over to her feet. The prieſt aſks the bridegroom whether he is content to marry that woman, *be ſhe deaf, be ſhe blind?* Theſe are the literal words: to which having anſwered *yes*, ſhe is led home to his houſe, accompanied with all the friends and relations on both ſides, ſinging and dancing, and is placed

on a cuſhion in the corner of the ſofa; but her veil is never lifted up, not even by her huſband. There is ſomething ſo odd and monſtrous in theſe ways, that I could not believe them till I had inquired of ſeveral Armenians myſelf, who all aſſured me of the truth of them, particularly one young fellow who wept when he ſpoke of it, being promiſed by his mother to a girl that he muſt marry in this manner, tho' he proteſted to me, he had rather die than ſubmit to this ſlavery, having already figured his bride to himſelf, with all the deformities in nature.—— I fancy I ſee you bleſs yourſelf at this terrible relation. I cannot conclude my letter with a more ſurpriſing ſtory, yet 'tis as ſeriouſly true, as that I am,

Dear ſiſter, Yours, &c. &c.

LETTER XLIII.

To the Abbot of ——.

Conſtantinople, May 19. O. S. 1718.

I AM extremely pleaſed with hearing from you, and my vanity (the darling frailty of human kind) not a little flattered by the uncommon queſtions you aſk me, tho' I am utterly incapable of anſwering them. And indeed were I as good a mathematician as Euclid himſelf, it requires an age's ſtay to make juſt obſervations on the air and vapours. I have not yet been a full year here, and am on the

point of removing. Such is my rambling deſtiny. This will ſurprize you, and can ſurprize no body ſo much as myſelf. Perhaps, you will accuſe me of lazineſs or dulneſs, or both together, that can leave this place, without giving you ſome account of the Turkiſh court. I can only tell you, that if you pleaſe to read Sir Paul Rycaut, you will there find a full and true account of the Viziers, the Beglerbegs, the civil and ſpiritual government, the officers of the Seraglio, &c. things that 'tis very eaſy to procure liſts of, and therefore may be depended on; though other ſtories, God knows——I ſay no more——every body is at liberty to write their own remarks; the manners of people may change; or ſome of them eſcape the obſervation of travellers; but 'tis not the ſame of the government, and for that reaſon, ſince I can tell you nothing new, I will tell you nothing of it. In the ſame ſilence ſhall be paſſed over the arſenal and ſeven towers, and for moſques I have already deſcribed one of the nobleſt to you very particularly. But I cannot forbear taking notice to you of a miſtake of Gemelli, (though I honour him in a much higher degree than any other voyage-writer:) he ſays that there are no remains of Chalcedon; this is certainly a miſtake; I was there yeſterday, and went croſs the canal in my galley, the ſea being very narrow between that city and Conſtantinople. 'Tis ſtill a large town, and has ſeveral moſques in it. The Chriſtians ſtill call it Chalcedonia, and the Turks give it a name I forgot, but which is only a corruption of the ſame word. I ſuppoſe this is an error of his guide, which his ſhort

ſtay

ſtay hindered him from rectifying; for I have in other matters, a very juſt eſteem for his veracity. Nothing can be pleaſanter than the canal, and the Turks are ſo well acquaint with its beauties, that all their pleaſure ſeats are built on its banks, where they have, at the ſame time, the moſt beautiful proſpects in Europe and Aſia; there are near one another, ſome hundreds of magnificent palaces. Human grandeur being here yet more unſtable than any where elſe, 'tis common for the heirs of a great three-tail'd Baſſa, not to be rich enough to keep in repair the houſe he built; thus in a few years they all fall to ruin. I was yeſterday to ſee that of the late Grand Vizier, who was killed at Peterwaradin. It was built to receive his Royal Bride, daughter of the preſent Sultan, but he did not live to ſee her there. I have a great mind to deſcribe it to you; but I check that inclination, knowing very well that I cannot give you, with my beſt deſcription, ſuch an idea of it as I ought. It is ſituate on one of the moſt delightful parts of the canal, with a fine wood on the ſide of a hill behind it. The extent of it is prodigious; the guardian aſſured me there are eight hundred rooms in it; I will not, however, anſwer for that number, ſince I did not count them; but 'tis certain the number is very large, and the whole adorned with a profuſion of marble, gilding, and the moſt exquiſite painting of fruit and flowers. The windows are all ſaſh'd with the fineſt chryſtalline glaſs, brought from England, and here is all the expenſive magnificence you can ſuppoſe in a palace founded by a vain luxurious young man, with the

wealth

wealth of a vaſt empire at his command. But no part of it pleaſed me better than the apartments deſtined for the bagnios. There are two built exactly in the ſame manner, anſwering to one another; the baths, fountains, and pavements, all of white marble, the roofs gilt, and the walls covered with Japan china. Adjoining to them are two rooms, the uppermoſt of which is divided into a ſofa; and in the four corners are falls of water from the very roof, from ſhell to ſhell of white marble, to the lower end of the room, where it falls into a large baſon, ſurrounded with pipes that throw up the water as high as the room. The walls are in the nature of lattices, and on the outſide of them, there are vines and woodbines planted, that form a ſort of green tapeſtry, and give an agreeable obſcurity to thoſe delightful chambers. I ſhould go on and let you into ſome of the other apartments (all worthy your curioſity) but 'tis yet harder to deſcribe a Turkiſh palace than any other, being built intirely irregular. There is nothing that can be properly called front or wings; and tho' ſuch a confuſion is, I think, pleaſing to the ſight, yet it would be very unintelligible in a letter. I ſhall only add, that the chamber deſtined for the Sultan when he viſits his daughter, is wainſcotted with mother of pearl, faſtened with emeralds like nails. There are others of the mother of pearl and olive wood inlaid, and ſeveral of Japan china. The galleries, which are numerous and very large, are adorned with jars of flowers, and porcelain diſhes of fruit of all ſorts, ſo well done in plaiſter, and coloured in ſo lively a manner, that it has an enchanting effect. The garden

is

is ſuitable to the houſe, where arbours, fountains, and walks are thrown together in an agreeable confuſion. There is no ornament wanting except that of ſtatues. Thus you ſee, Sir, theſe people are not ſo unpoliſhed as we repreſent them. 'Tis true, their magnificence is of a different taſte from ours, and perhaps of a better. I am almoſt of opinion they have a right notion of life. They conſume it in muſic, gardens, wine and delicate eating, while we are tormenting our brains with ſome ſcheme of politics, or ſtudying ſome ſcience to which we can never attain, or, if we do, cannot perſuade other people to ſet that value upon it we do ourſelves. 'Tis certain what we feel and ſee is properly (if any thing is properly) our own; but the good of fame, the folly of praiſe are hardly purchaſed, and, when obtained, a poor recompence for loſs of time and health. We die or grow old before we can reap the fruit of our labours. Conſidering what ſhort liv'd weak animals men are, is there any ſtudy ſo beneficial as the ſtudy of preſent pleaſure? I dare not purſue this theme; perhaps I have already ſaid too much, but I depend upon the true knowledge you have of my heart. I don't expect from you the inſipid railleries I ſhould ſuffer from another in anſwer to this letter. You know how to divide the idea of pleaſure from that of vice, and they are only mingled in the heads of fools. ——But I allow you to laugh at me for the ſenſual declaration in ſaying, that I had rather be a rich Effendi with all his ignorance, than Sir Iſaac Newton with all his knowledge.

I am, Sir, &c. &c.

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LETTER XLIV.

To the Abbot of ——

Tunis, July 31. O. S. 1718.

I Left Conſtantinople the ſixth of the laſt month, and this is the firſt poſt from whence I could ſend a letter, tho' I have often wiſhed for the opportunity, that I might impart ſome of the pleaſure I found in this voyage, thro' the moſt agreeable part of the world, where every ſcene preſents me ſome poetical idea.

Warm'd with poetic tranſport, I ſurvey
Th' immortal iſlands, and the well known ſea,
For here ſo oft the muſe her harp has ſtrung,
That not a mountain rears its head unſung.

I beg your pardon for this ſally, and will, if I can continue the reſt of my account in plain proſe. The ſecond day after we ſet ſail, we paſſed Gallipoli, a city, ſituate in the bay of Cherſoneſus, and much reſpected by the Turks, being the firſt town they took in Europe. At five the next morning, we anchored in the Helleſpont, between the caſtles of Seſtos and Abydos, now called Dardanelli. They are now two little antient caſtles, but of no ſtrength, being commanded by a riſing ground behind them, which I confeſs I ſhould never have taken notice of, if I had not heard it obſerv'd by our captain and officers,

my

my imagination being wholly employed by the tragic ſtory that you are well acquainted with:

The ſwimming Lover, and the nightly Bride,
How HERO *lov'd, and how* LEANDER *died.*

Verſe again!—I am certainly infected by the poetical air I have paſſed through. That of Abydos is undoubtedly very amorous, ſince that ſoft paſſion betrayed the caſtle into the hands of the Turks who beſieged it in the reign of Orchanes. The governor's daughter imagining to have ſeen her future huſband in a dream (tho' I don't find ſhe had either ſlept upon Bride-cake or kept St. Agnes's Faſt) fancied ſhe ſaw the dear figure in the form of one of her beſiegers, and, being willing to obey her deſtiny, toſſed a note to him over the wall, with the offer of her perſon and the delivery of the caſtle. He ſhewed it to his general, who conſented to try the ſincerity of her intentions, and withdrew his army, ordering the young man to return with a ſelect body of men at midnight. She admitted him at the appointed hour, he deſtroyed the garriſon, took the father priſoner, and made her his wife. This town is in Aſia, firſt founded by the Mileſians. Seſtos is in Europe, and was once the principal city of Cherſoneſus. Since I have ſeen this ſtrait, I find nothing improbable in the adventure of Leander, or very wonderful in the bridge of boats of Xerxes. 'Tis ſo narrow, 'tis not ſurpriſing a young lover ſhould attempt to ſwim, or an ambitious king to try to paſs his army over it. But then 'tis ſo ſubject to ſtorms, 'tis no wonder the lover periſh'd, and the

bridge

bridge was broken. From hence we had a full view of mount Ida;

Where Juno once careſs'd her amorous Jove,
And the world's maſter lay ſubdu'd by love.

Not many leagues ſail from hence, I ſaw the point of land where poor old Hecuba was buried, and about a league from that place is Cape Janizary, the famous promontory of Sigæum, where we anchored. My curioſity ſupplied me with ſtrength to climb to the top of it, to ſee the place where Achilles was buried, and where Alexander ran naked round his tomb in honour of him, which, no doubt, was a great comfort to his ghoſt I ſaw there, the ruins of a very large city, and found a ſtone on which Mr W——y plainly diſtinguiſhed the words of *Sigæa Polin.* We ordered this on board the ſhip; but were ſhew'd others much more curious by a Greek prieſt, tho' a very ignorant fellow, that could give no tolerable account of any thing. On each ſide the door of his little church ly two large ſtones, about ten feet long each, five in breadth and three in thickneſs. That on the right is very fine white marble, the ſide of it beautifully carved in bas-relief; it repreſents a woman, who ſeems to be deſigned for ſome deity, ſitting on a chair with a foot-ſtool, and before her another woman weeping and preſenting to her a young child that ſhe has in her arms, followed by a proceſſion of women with children in the ſame manner. This is certainly part of a very antient tomb; but I dare not pretend to give the true explanation of it. On the ſtone, on the left ſide, is

a very fair inſcription, but the Greek is too antient for Mr W——'s interpretation. I am very ſorry not to have the original in my poſſeſſion, which might have been purçhaſed of the poor inhabitants for a ſmall ſum of money. But our captain aſſured us, that without having machines made on purpoſe, 'twas impoſſible to bear it to the ſea-ſide, and when it was there, his long-boat would not be large enough to hold it.

The ruins of this great city are now inhabited by poor Greek peaſants, who wear the Sciote habit, the women being in ſhort petticoats faſten'd by ſtraps round their ſhoulders, and large ſmock-ſleeves of white linen, with neat ſhoes and ſtockings, and on their heads a large piece of muſlin, which falls in large folds on their ſhoulders.——One of my countrymen Mr Sands (whoſe book I doubt not you have read as one of the beſt of its kind) ſpeaking of theſe ruins ſuppoſes them to have been the foundation of a city begun by Conſtantine, before his building Byzantium; but I ſee no good reaſon for that imagination, and am apt to believe them much more ancient.

We ſaw very plainly from this promontory, the river Simois rolling from mount Ida, and runing through a very ſpacious valley. It is now a conſiderable river, and is called Simores; it is joined in the vale by the Scamander, which appeared a ſmall ſtream half-choaked with mud, but is perhaps large in the Winter. This was Xanthus amongſt the Gods, as Homer tells us, and 'tis by that heavenly name, the nymph

nymph Oenone invokes it, in her epiſtle to Paris. The Trojan virgins uſed to offer their firſt favours to it by the name of Scamander, till the adventure, which Monſieur de la Fontaine has told ſo agreeably, aboliſh'd that heatheniſh ceremony. When the ſtream is mingled with the Simois, they run together to the ſea.

All that is now left at Troy is the ground on which it ſtood; for I am firmly perſuaded whatever pieces of antiquity may be found round it, are much more modern, and I think Strabo ſays the ſame thing. However there is ſome pleaſure in ſeeing the valley where I imagined the famous duel of Menelaus and Paris had been fought, and where the greateſt city in the world was ſituated. 'Tis certainly the nobleſt ſituation that can be found for the head of a great empire, much to be prefered to that of Conſtantinople, the harbour here being always convenient for ſhips from all parts of the world, and that of Conſtantinople inacceſſible almoſt ſix months in the year, while the north-wind reigns.

North of the promontory of Sigæum we ſaw that of Rhœteum fam'd for the ſepulchre of Ajax. While I viewed theſe celebrated fields and rivers, I admired the exact geography of Homer, whom I had in my hand. Almoſt every epithet he gives to a mountain or plain, is ſtill juſt for it; and I ſpent ſeveral hours here in as agreeable cogitations, as ever Don Quixote had on mount Monteſinos. We ſailed next night, to the ſhore where 'tis vulgarly reported Troy ſtood, and I took the pains of riſing at two in the

morning to view coolly thoſe ruins which are commonly ſhew'd to ſtrangers, and which the Turks call *Eſki-Stamboul*, i. e. Old Conſtantinople. For that reaſon as well as ſome others, I conjecture them to be the remains of that city begun by Conſtantine. I hired an aſs (the only voiture to be had there) that I might go ſome miles into the country, and take a tour round the antient walls which are of a vaſt extent. We found the remains of a caſtle on a hill, and of another in a valley, ſeveral broken pillars, and two pedeſtals, from which I took theſe Latin inſcriptions:

DIVI. AUG. COL.
ET. COL. IUL. PHILIPPENSIS
EORUNDEM ET PRINCIP. AM.
COL. IUL. PARIANAE. TRIBUN.
MILIT. COH. XXXII. VOLUNTAR.
TRIB. MILIT. LEG. XIII. GEM.
PRAEFECTO EQUIT. ALAE. I.
SCUBULORUM
VIC. VIII.

DIVI. IULI. FLAMINI
C. ANTONIO. M. F.
VOLT. RUFO. FLAMIN
DIV. AUG. COL. CL. APRENS.
ET COL. IUL. PHILIPPENSIS
EORUNDEM. ET PRINCIP. ITEM
COL. IUL. PARIANAE. TRIB.
MILIT. COH. XXXII. VOLUNTARIOR.
TRIB. MILIT. XIII.
GEM. PRAEF. EQUIT. ALAE. I.
SCUBULORUM
VIC. VII.

I do

I do not doubt but the remains of a temple near this place, are the ruins of one dedicated to Auguſtus, and I know not why Mr Sands calls it a Chriſtian temple, ſince the Romans certainly built hereabouts. Here are many tombs of fine marble and vaſt pieces of granate, which are daily leſſen'd by the prodigious balls that the Turks make, from them, for their cannon. We paſſed that evening at the iſle of Tenedos, once under the patronage of Apollo, as he gave it in, himſelf, in the particulars of his eſtate, when he courted Daphne. It is but ten miles in circuit, but in thoſe days very rich and well peopled, ſtill famous for its excellent wine. I ſay nothing of Tenes, from which it was called; but naming Mytilene, where we paſſed next, I cannot forbear mentioning Leſbos, where Sapho ſung and Pittacus reigned, famous for the birth of Alcæus, Theophraſtus and Arion, thoſe maſters in poetry, philoſophy, and muſic. This was one of the laſt iſlands that remained in the Chriſtian dominion after the conqueſt of Conſtantinople by the Turks. But need I talk to you of Catucuſeno, &c. princes that you are as well acquainted with as I am. 'Twas with regret I ſaw us ſail from this iſland into the Egean ſea, now the Archipelago, leaving Scio (the antient Chios) on the left, which is the richeſt and moſt populous of theſe iſlands, fruitful in cotton, corn and ſilk, planted with groves of orange and lemon trees, and the Arviſian mountain ſtill celebrated for the Nectar that Virgil mentions. Here is the beſt manufacture of ſilks in all Turkey. The town is well built, the women famous for their beauty, and

ſhew their faces as in Chriſtendom. There are many rich families; tho' they confine their magnificence to the inſide of their houſes, to avoid the jealouſy of the Turks, who have a Baſſa here; however they enjoy a reaſonable liberty, and indulge the genius of their country;

And eat, and ſing, and dance away their time,
Freſh as their groves, and happy as their clime.

Their chains hang lightly on them, tho' 'tis not long ſince they were impos'd, not being under the Turk till 1566. But perhaps 'tis as eaſy to obey the Grand Signior as the ſtate of Genoa, to whom they were ſold by the Greek emperor. But I forget myſelf in theſe hiſtorical touches, which are very impertinent when I write to you. Paſſing the ſtrait between the iſlands of Andros and Achaia, now Libadia, we ſaw the promontory of Lunium, now called Cape Colonna, where are yet ſtanding the vaſt pillars of a temple of Minerva. This venerable ſight made me think with double regret, on a beautiful temple of Theſeus, which I am aſſured was almoſt entire at Athens till the laſt campaign in the Morea, that the Turks filled it with powder, and it was accidentally blown up. You may believe I had a great mind to land on the fam'd Peloponneſus, tho' it were only to look upon the rivers of Aſopus, Peneus, Inachus, and Eurotas, the fields of Arcadia, and other ſcenes of ancient mythology. But inſtead of demi-gods and heroes, I was credibly informed, 'tis now over-run by robbers, and that I ſhould run a great riſque of falling into their hands by undertaking

taking ſuch a journey through a deſart country, for which however I have ſo much reſpect, that I have much ado to hinder myſelf from troubling you with its whole hiſtory from the foundation of Nycana and Corinth to the laſt campaign there; but I check the inclination as I did that of landing. We ſailed quietly by Cape Angelo, once Malea, where I ſaw no remains of the famous temple of Apollo. We came that evening in ſight of Candia: it is very mountainous; we eaſily diſtinguiſh'd that of Ida.—We have Virgil's authority that here were a hundred cities—

——*Centum urbes habitant magnos.*——

The chief of them——the ſcene of monſtrous paſſions.——Metellus firſt conquer'd this birth-place of his Jupiter; it fell afterwards into the hands of ——I am runing on to the very ſiege of Candia, and I am ſo angry with myſelf that I will paſs by all the other iſlands with this general reflection, that 'tis impoſſible to imagine any thing more agreeable than this journey would have been two or three thouſand years ſince, when after drinking a diſh of tea with Sapho, I might have gone the ſame evening, to viſit the temple of Homer in Chios, and paſſed this voyage in taking plans of magnificent temples, delineating the miracles of ſtatuaries, and converſing with the moſt polite and moſt gay of mankind. Alas! art is extinct here, the wonders of nature alone remain, and it is with vaſt pleaſure I obſerved thoſe of mount Ætna, whoſe flame appears very bright in the night many leagues off at ſea, and fills the head with a thouſand conjectures. However,

ever, I honour Philoſophy too much to imagine it could turn that of Empedocles; and Lucian ſhall never make me believe ſuch a ſcandal of a man of whom Lucretius ſays

——*vix humana videtur ſtirpe creatus.*——

We paſſed Trinacria without hearing any of the Syrens that Homer deſcribes, and, being thrown on neither Scylla nor Charybdis, came ſafe to Malta, firſt called Melita, from the abundance of honey. It is a whole rock cover'd with very little earth. The Grand Maſter lives here in the ſtate of a ſovereign prince; but his ſtrength at ſea now is very ſmall. The fortifications are reckon'd the beſt in the world, all cut in the ſolid rock with infinite expence and labour.——Off this iſland we were toſſed by a ſevere ſtorm, and were very glad, after eight days, to be able to put into Porta Farine on the African ſhore, where our ſhip now rides. At Tunis we were met by the Engliſh conſul who reſides here. I readily accepted of the offer of his houſe there for ſome days, being very curious to ſee this part of the world, and particularly the ruins of Carthage. I ſet out in his chaiſe at nine at night, the moon being at full. I ſaw the proſpect of the country almoſt as well as I could have done by day light, and the heat of the ſun is now ſo intolerable, 'tis impoſſible to travel at any other time. The ſoil is, for the moſt part, ſandy, but every where fruitful of date, olive, and fig trees, which grow without art, yet afford the moſt delicious fruit in the world. Their vineyards and melon-fields are enclos'd by hedges of that plant,

we

we call Indian fig, which is an admirable fence, no wild beaſt being able to paſs it. It grows a great height, very thick and the ſpikes or thorns are as long and ſharp as bodkins; it bears a fruit much eaten by the peaſants, and which has no ill taſte.

It being now the ſeaſon of the Turkiſh Ramadan, or Lent, and all here profeſſing, at leaſt, the Mahometan religion, they faſt till the going down of the ſun, and ſpend the night in feaſting. We ſaw under the trees, companies, of the country people, eating, ſinging, and dancing to their wild muſic. They are not quite black, but all mulatoes, and the moſt frightful creatures that can appear in a human figure. They are almoſt naked, only wearing a piece of coarſe ſerge wrapped about them.——But the women have their arms, to their very ſhoulders, and their necks and faces adorn'd with flowers, ſtars, and various ſorts of figures impreſs'd by gun-powder, a conſiderable addition to their natural deformity, which is, however, eſteemed very ornamental amongſt them; and I believe they ſuffer a good deal of pain by it.

About ſix miles from Tunis we ſaw the remains of that noble aqueduct, which carried the water to Carthage, over ſeveral high mountains, the length of forty miles. There are ſtill many arches entire. We ſpent two hours viewing it with great attention, and Mr W——y aſſured me, that of Rome is very much inferior to it. The ſtones are of a prodigious ſize and yet all poliſh'd, and ſo exactly fitted to each other,

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other, very little cement has been made uſe of to join them. Yet they may probably ſtand a thouſand years longer, if art is not made uſe of to pull them down. Soon after day-break I arrived at Tunis, a town fairly built of a very white ſtone, but quite without gardens, which, they ſay, were all deſtroyed when the Turks firſt took it, none having been planted ſince. The dry ſand gives a very diſagreeable proſpect to the eye, and the want of a ſhade contributing to the natural heat of the climate renders it ſo exceſſive, that I have much ado to ſupport it. 'Tis true, here is every noon the refreſhment of the ſea-breeze, without which it would be impoſſible to live; but no freſh water, but what is preſerv'd in the ciſterns, of the rains that fall in the month of September. The women of the town go veiled from head to foot under a black crape, and being mix'd with a breed of renegadoes are ſaid to be many of them fair and handſome. This city was beſieg'd in 1270, by Lewis King of France, who died under the walls of it, of a peſtilential fever. After his death, Philip, his ſon, and our prince Edward, ſon of Henry the IIId, raiſed the ſiege on honourable terms. It remained under its natural African kings, till betrayed into the hands of Barbaroſſa, admiral of Solyman the Magnificent. The Emperor Charles V. expelled Barbaroſſa, but it was recovered by the Turk under the conduct of Sinan Baſſa, in the reign of Selim II. From that time till now, it has remained tributary to the Grand Signior, governed by a Bey, who ſuffers the name of ſubject to the Turk, but has renounced the ſubjection,

jection, being abſolute, and very ſeldom paying any tribute. The great city of Bagdat is, at this time, in the ſame circumſtances; and the Grand Signior connives at the loſs of theſe dominions for fear of loſing even the titles of them.

I went very early yeſterday morning (after one night's repoſe) to ſee the ruins of Carthage.——I was however half broiled in the ſun, and overjoyed to be led into one of the ſubterranean apartments, which they call the *Stables of the Elephants*, but which I cannot believe were ever deſign'd for that uſe. I found in many of them broken pieces of columns of fine marble, and ſome porphyry. I cannot think any body would take the inſignificant pains of carrying them thither, and I cannot imagine ſuch fine pillars were deſign'd for the uſe of ſtables. I am apt to believe they were ſummer apartments under their palaces, which the heat of the climate render'd neceſſary. They are now uſed as granaries by the country people. While I ſat here, from the town of *Tents* not far off, many of the women flocked in to ſee me, and we were equally entertained with viewing one another. Their poſture in ſitting, the colour of their ſkin, their lank black hair falling on each ſide of their faces, their features, and the ſhape of their limbs, differ ſo little from their country-people the baboons, 'tis hard to fancy them a diſtinct race; I could not help thinking there had been ſome antient alliance between them.

When I was a little refreſh'd by reſt, and ſome milk

milk and exquiſite fruit they brought me, I went up the little hill where once ſtood the caſtle of Byrſa, and from thence I had a diſtinct view of the ſituation of the famous city of Carthage, which ſtood on an iſthmus, the ſea coming on each ſide of it. 'Tis now a marſhy ground on one ſide, where there are ſalt ponds. Strabo calls Carthage forty miles in circumference. There are now no remains of it, but what I have deſcribed; and the hiſtory of it is too well known to want my abridgement of it. You ſee, Sir, that I think you eſteem obedience better than compliments. I have anſwered your letter by giving you the accounts you deſir'd, and have reſerved my thanks to the concluſion. I intend to leave this place to-morrow, and continue my journey thro' Italy and France. In one of theſe places I hope to tell you by word of mouth, that I am,

Your humble ſervant, &c. &c.

LETTER XLV.

To the Counteſs of ——.

Genoa, Aug. 28, O. S. 1718.

I BEG your pardon, my dear ſiſter, that I did not write to you from Tunis, the only opportunity I have had, ſince I left Conſtantinople. But the heat there was ſo exceſſive, and the light ſo bad for the ſight, I was half blind by writing one letter to the Abbot

Abbot ———, and durſt not go to write many others I had deſigned; nor indeed could I have entertained you very well out of that barbarous country. I am now ſurrounded with ſubjects of pleaſure, and ſo much charmed with the beauties of Italy, that I ſhould think it a kind of ingratitude not to offer a little praiſe in return for the diverſion I have had here.——I am in the houſe of Mrs D' Avenant at St. Pierre d' Arena, and ſhould be very unjuſt not to allow her a ſhare of that praiſe I ſpeak of, ſince her good humour and good company have very much contributed to render this place agreeable to me.

Genoa is ſituated in a very fine bay, and being built on a riſing hill intermixed with gardens, and beautified with the moſt excellent architecture, gives a very fine proſpect off at ſea; though it loſt much of its beauty in my eyes, having been accuſtomed to that of Conſtantinople. The Genoeſe were once maſters of ſeveral iſlands in the Archipelago, and all that part of Conſtantinople which is now called Galata. Their betraying the Chriſtian cauſe, by facilitating the taking of Conſtantinople by the Turk, deſerv'd what has ſince happened to them, even the loſs of all their conqueſts on that ſide to thoſe Infidels. They are at preſent far from rich, and are deſpiſed by the French, ſince their Doge was forced by the late king to go in perſon to Paris, to aſk pardon for ſuch a trifle as the arms of France over the houſe of the envoy, being ſpatter'd with dung in the night. This, I ſuppoſe was done by ſome of the Spaniſh faction, which ſtill makes up the majority here, though

they dare not openly declare it. The ladies affect the French habit, and are more genteel than thoſe they imitate. I do not doubt but the cuſtom of Ciziſbeis has very much improved their airs. I know not where you ever heard of thoſe animals. Upon my word, nothing but my own eyes could have convinced me there were any ſuch upon earth. The faſhion began here, and is now received all over Italy, where the huſband's are not ſuch terrible creatures as we repreſent them. There are none among them ſuch brutes, as to pretend to find fault with a cuſtom ſo well eſtabliſhed, and ſo politically founded, ſince I am aſſured that it was an expedient, firſt found out by the Senate, to put an end to thoſe family hatreds, which tore their ſtate to pieces, and to find employment for thoſe young men, who were forced to cut one another's throats, *pour paſſer le temps;* and it has ſucceeded ſo well, that ſince the inſtitution of Ciziſbei, there has been nothing but peace and good humour amongſt them. Theſe are gentlemen who devote themſelves to the ſervice of a particular lady (I mean a married one, for the virgins are all inviſible, and confined to convents:) They are obliged to wait on her to all public places, ſuch as the plays, operas and aſſemblies, (which are called her *Converſations*) where they wait behind her chair, take care of her fan and gloves, if ſhe plays, have the privilege of whiſpers, &c.——When ſhe goes out, they ſerve her inſtead of lacquies, gravely trotting by her chair. 'Tis their buſineſs to prepare for her a preſent againſt any day of public appearance, not forgetting that of her

her own name *; in ſhort, they are to ſpend all their time and money in her ſervice, who rewards them accordingly (for opportunity they want none) but the huſband is not to have the impudence to ſuppoſe this any other than pure Platonic friendſhip. 'Tis true, they endeavour to give her a Ciziſbei of their own chuſing; but when the lady happens not to be of the ſame taſte, as that often happens, ſhe never fails to bring it about to have one of her own fancy. In former times, one beauty uſed to have eight or ten of theſe humble admirers; but thoſe days of plenty and humility are no more. Men grow more ſcarce and ſaucy, and every lady is forced to content herſelf with one at a time.

You may ſee in this place the glorious liberty of a Republic, or, more properly, an Ariſtocracy, the common people being here as arrant ſlaves as the French; but the old nobles pay little reſpect to the Doge, who is but two years in his office, and whoſe wife, at that very time, aſſumes no rank above another noble lady. 'Tis true, the family of Andrea Doria (that great man, who reſtor'd them the liberty they enjoy) have ſome particular privileges. When the Senate found it neceſſary to put a ſtop to the luxury of dreſs, forbiding the wearing of jewels and brocades, they left them at liberty to make what expence they pleaſed. I look with great pleaſure on the ſtatue of that hero which is in the court belonging to the houſe of Duke Doria. This puts me in mind of their palaces, which I can never deſcribe as

* That is the day of the Saint after whom ſhe is called.

I ought.——It is not enough that I ſay, they are, moſt of them, the deſign of Palladio? The ſtreet call'd Strada Nova, is perhaps the moſt beautiful line of building in the world. I muſt particularly mention the vaſt palaces of Durazzo, thoſe of the two Balbi, joined together by a magnificent colonade, that of the Imperiale at this village of St. Pierre d' Arena, and another of the Doria. The perfection of architecture, and the utmoſt profuſion of rich furniture are to be ſeen here, diſpoſed with the moſt elegant taſte, and laviſh magnificence. But I am charmed with nothing ſo much as the collection of pictures by the pencils of Raphael, Paulo Veroneſe, Titian, Caracci, Michael Angelo, Guido, and Correggio, which two I mention laſt as my particular favourites. I own, I can find no pleaſure in objects of horror; and in my opinion the more naturally a crucifix is repreſented, the more diſagreeable it is. Theſe my beloved painters ſhew nature, and ſhew it in the moſt charming light. I was particularly pleaſed with a Lucretia in the houſe of Balbi; the expreſſive beauty of that face and boſom, gives all the paſſion of pity and admiration, that could be raiſed in the ſoul, by the fineſt poem on that ſubject. A Cleopatra, of the ſame hand, deſerves to be mentioned; and I ſhould ſay more of her, if Lucretia had not firſt engaged my eyes.—Here are alſo ſome ineſtimable ancient buſtos.—The church at St. Lawrence is built of black and white marble, where is kept that famous plate of a ſingle emerald, which is not now permitted to be handled, ſince a plot, which, they ſay, was diſcovered to throw it on the pavement and break it;

a childiſh piece of malice, which they aſcribe to the King of Sicily, to be revenged for their refuſing to ſell it to him. The church of the Annunciation is finely lined with marble; the pillars are of red and white marble: that of St. Ambroſe has been very much adorn'd by the Jeſuits; but I confeſs all the churches appeared ſo mean to me, after that of Sancta Sopia, I can hardly do them the honour of writing down their names. But I hope you will own, I have made good uſe of my time, in ſeeing ſo much, ſince 'tis not many days that we have been out of the quarantine, from which no body is exempted coming from the Levant. Ours, indeed, was very much ſhortened, and very agreeably paſs'd in Mrs D' Avenant's company, in the village of St. Pierre d' Arena, about a mile from Genoa, in a houſe built by Palladio, ſo well deſigned, and ſo nobly proportioned, 'twas a pleaſure to walk in it. We were viſited here only by a few Engliſh, in the company of a noble Genoeſe, commiſſioned to ſee we did not touch one another. ——I ſhall ſtay here ſome days longer, and could almoſt wiſh it were for all my life; but mine, I fear is not deſtined to ſo much tranquility. I am, &c. &c.

LETTER XLVI.

To the Counteſs of ——

Turin, Sept. 12. O. S. 1718.

I CAME in two days from Genoa, through fine roads to this place. I have already ſeen what is ſhew'd to ſtrangers in this town, which indeed is not

worth a very particular deſcription; and I have not reſpect enough for the holy handkerchief, to ſpeak long of it. The churches are handſome, and ſo is the king's palace; but I have lately ſeen ſuch perfection of architecture, I did not give much of my attention to theſe pieces. The town itſelf is fairly built, ſituated in a fine plain on the banks of the Po. At a little diſtance from it, we ſaw the palaces of La Veneire, and La Valentin, both very agreeable retreats. We were lodg'd in the Piazza Royale, which is one of the nobleſt ſquares I ever ſaw, with a fine portico of white ſtone quite round it. We were immediately viſited by the Chevalier ——, whom you knew in England, who, with great civility, begg'd to introduce us at court, which is now kept at Rivoli, about a league from Turin. I went thither yeſterday, and had the honour of waiting on the queen, being preſented to her by her firſt lady of honour. I found her majeſty, in a magnificent apartment, with a train of handſome ladies all dreſs'd in gowns, amongſt which it was eaſy to diſtinguiſh the fair princeſs of Carignan. The queen entertain'd me with a world of ſweetneſs and affability, and ſeemed miſtreſs of a great ſhare of good ſenſe. She did not forget to put me in mind of her Engliſh blood; and added, that ſhe always felt, in herſelf, a particular inclination to love the Engliſh. I returned her civility, by giving her the title of Majeſty, as often as I could, which perhaps ſhe will not have the comfort of hearing many months longer.— The king has a great deal of vivacity in his eyes; and the young Prince of Piedmont, is a very handſome young man; but the great devotion, which this court

is, at preſent, fallen into, does not permit any of thoſe entertainments proper for his age. Proceſſions and maſſes are all the magnificence in faſhion here; and gallantry is ſo criminal, that the poor Count of-—, who was our acquaintance at London, is very ſeriouſly diſgraced, for ſome ſmall overtures he preſum'd to make to a maid of honour. I intend to ſet out to morrow, and to paſs thoſe dreadful Alps, ſo much talked of.—If I come to the bottom, you ſhall hear of me.

I am, &c. &c.

LETTER XLVII.

To Mrs T——.

Lyons, Sept. 25. O. S. 1718.

I Received, at my arrival here, both your obliging letters, and alſo letters from many of my other friends, deſigned to Conſtantinople, and ſent me from Marſeilles hither; our merchant there, knowing we were upon our return. I am ſurprized to hear my ſiſter —— has left England. I ſuppoſe what I wrote to her from Turin will be loſt, and where to direct I know not, having no account of her affairs from her own hand. For my own part, I am confin'd to my chamber, having kept my bed till yeſterday, ever ſince the 17th, that I came to this town, where I have had ſo terrible a fever, I believ'd for ſome time, that all my journies were ended here; and I do not at all wonder that ſuch fatigues as I have paſſed, ſhould have

have ſuch an effect. The firſt day's journey from Turin to Novaleſſe, is through a very fine country, beautifully planted and enrich'd by art and nature. The next day we began to aſcend mount Cenis, being carried in little ſeats of twiſted oſiers, fixed upon poles, upon men's ſhoulders; our chaiſes taken to pieces and laid upon mules.

The prodigious proſpect of mountains covered with eternal ſnow, of clouds hanging far below our feet, and of vaſt caſcades tumbling down the rocks with a confuſed roaring, would have been entertaining to me, if I had ſuffer'd leſs from the extreme cold that reigns here. But the miſty rain, which falls perpetually, penetrated even the thick furr I was wrapped in; and I was half dead with cold before we got to the foot of the mountain, which was not till two hours after dark. This hill has a ſpacious plain on the top of it, and a fine lake there; but the deſcent is ſo ſteep and ſlippery, 'tis ſurprizing to ſee theſe chairmen go ſo ſteadily as they do. Yet I was not half ſo much afraid of breaking my neck, as I was of falling ſick, and the event has ſhew'd, that I placed my fears right.

The other mountains are now all paſſable for a chaiſe, and very fruitful in vines and paſtures: Amongſt them is a breed of the fineſt goats in the world. Acquebellet is the laſt, and ſoon after we entered Pont Beauvoiſin, the frontier town of France, whoſe bridge parts this kingdom, and the dominions of Savoy. The ſame night we arrived late at this

town,

town, where I have had nothing to do but to take care of my health. I think myſelf already out of any danger, and am determined, that the ſore throat, which ſtill remains, ſhall not confine me long. I am impatient to ſee the curioſities of this famous city, and more impatient to continue my journey to Paris, from whence I hope to write you a more diverting letter than 'tis poſſible for me to do now, with a mind weaken'd by ſickneſs, a head muddled with ſpleen, from a ſorry inn, and a chamber cram'd with mortifying objects of apothecaries vials and bottles.

I am, &c. &c.

LETTER XLVIII.

To Mr Pope.

Lyons, Sept. 28. O. S. 1718.

I Received yours here, and ſhould thank you for the pleaſure you ſeem to enjoy from my return; but I can hardly forbear being angry at you, for rejoicing at what diſpleaſes me ſo much. You will think this but an odd compliment on my ſide. I'll aſſure you, 'tis not from inſenſibility of the joy of ſeeing my friends; but when I conſider that I muſt, at the ſame time, ſee and hear a thouſand diſagreeable impertinents; that I muſt receive and pay viſits, make courteſies, and aſſiſt at tea-tables, where I ſhall be half killed with queſtions; and, on the other part, that I am a creature that cannot ſerve any body but with inſignificant

ſignificant good wiſhes; and that my preſence is not a neceſſary good to any one member of my native country, I think I might much better have ſtay'd where eaſe and quiet made up the happineſs of my indolent life.—I ſhould certainly be melancholy, if I purſued this theme one line farther. I will rather fill the remainder of this paper, with the inſcriptions on the tables of braſs, that are placed on each ſide of the town-houſe.

I. TABLE.

Maereram. noſtr. : : : : ſi : : : : : Equidem. primam. omnium. illam. cogitationem. hominum. quam. maxime. primam. occurſuram. mihi. provideo. deprecor. ne. quaſi. novam. iſtam. rem. introduci. exhorreſcatis. ſed. illa. potius. cogitetis. quam multa. in. hac. civitate. novata. ſint. et. quidem ſtatim. ab. origine. urbis. noſtræ. in. quot. formas. ſtatuſque. res. p. noſtra. deducta ſit.

Quondam. reges. hanc. tenuere. urbem. ne. tamen. domeſticis. ſucceſſoribus. eam. tradere. contigit. ſupervenere. alieni. et quidam. externi. ut. Numa. Romulo. ſucceſſerit. ex. Sabinis. veniens. vicinus. quidem. ſed. tunc. externus. ut. Anco. Marcio. Priſcus. Tarquinius. propter. temeratum. ſanguinem. quod. patre. Demarato. Corinthio. natus. erat. et. Tarquinienſi. matre. generoſa. ſed. inopi. ut. quæ. tali. marito. neceſſe. habuerit. ſuccumbere. cum. domi. repelleretur. a. gerendis. honoribus. poſtquam. Romam. migravit. regnum. adeptus. eſt. huic. quoque et. filio. nepotive. ejus. nam. et. hoc. inter. auctores. diſcrepat. incertus. Servius. Tullius. ſi. noſtros ſequimur. captiva. natus. ocreſia ſi. tuſcos. cœli. quondam. Vivennæ. ſodalis. fideliſſimus. omniſque. ejus.

caſus.

caſus. comes. poſtquam. varia. fortuna. exactus. cum. omnibus. reliquis. cœliani. exercitus. Etruria exceſſit. montem. Cœlium. occupavit. et. a. duce. ſuo Cœlio ita. appellitatus mutatoque nomine. nam. tuſce. maſtarna. ei. nomen erat. ita. appellatus eſt ut. dixi et regnum. ſumma. cum. reip. utilitate. obtinuit deinde poſtquam. Tarquini. Superbi mores. inviſi. civitati noſtræ. eſſe. cæperunt. qua. ipſius. qua. filiorum ejus nempe pertæſum. eſt. mentes. regni et. ad conſules. annuos. magiſtratus. adminiſtratio. reip. tranſlata eſt.

Quid. nunc. commemorem. dictaturæ. hoc. ipſo. conſulari. imperium valentius repertum apud. majores. noſtros quo. in. aſperioribus bellis aut. in civili. motu. difficiliore. uterentur. aut. in auxilium plebis creatos. tribunos. plebei. quid. a. conſulibus ad. decemviros. tranſlatum imperium ſolutoque. poſtea. decemvirali. regno. ad. conſules. rurſus reditum quid im : : : : v. ris. diſtributum conſulare imperium. tribunoſque. militum. conſulari imperio. appellatos. qui. ſeni. et. octoni. crearentur quid communicatos. poſtremo. cum. plebe honores. non. imperi. ſolum. ſed ſacerdotorum. quoque. jamſi. narrem. bella. a. quibus. cæperint. majores. noſtri. et. quo. proceſſerimus. vereor. ne. nimio. inſolentior. eſſe videar. et. quæſiſſe. jactationem. gloriæ. prolati. imperi ultra. oceanum. ſed. illo. C. Porius. revertar. civitatem.

II. TABLE.

: : : g : : : : : : : : : : : Jane : : : : : : : : : : : : : : : : : : novo : : : divus : aug : : no : lus et patruus. Ti. Cæſar. omnem. florem. ubique. colonarium. ac. municipiorum. bonorum. ſcilicet. virorum.

et.

et. locupletium. in hac. curia. esse. voluit. quid ergo. non. italicus. senator. provinciali potior. est. jam. vobis. cum. hanc. patrem. censuræ. meæ. approbare. ecepere. quid. de. ea. re. sentiam. rebus. ostendam. sed. ne. provinciales. quidem. si. modo. ornare. curiam. poterint. rejiciendos. puto.

Ornatissima. ecce. colonia. valentissimaque rienneńsium. quam. longo jam. tempore. senatores. huic. curiæ. confert. ex. qua. colonia. inter. paucos. equestris. ordinis. ornamentum. L. restinum. familiarissime. diligo. et. hodieque. in. rebus. meis. detineo. cujus. liberi. fruantur. quæso primo. sacerdotiorum. gradu. post. modo. cum. annis. promuturi. dignitatis. suæ. incrementa. ut. dirum. nomen. latronis. taceam. et. odi. illud. palestricum. prodignum. quod ante in domum consulatum. intulit quam. colonia. sua. solidum. civitatis. Romanæ. beneficium. consecuta. est. idem. de. fratre. ejus. possum. dicere. miserabili quidem. indignissimoque. hoc. casu. ut. vobis. utilis. senator. esse. non. possit.

Tempus est. jam. Ti. Cæsar. Germanice detegere te. patribus. conscriptis. quo. tendat oratio. tua. jam. enim. ad. extremos. fines. Galliæ. Narbonenśis. venisti.

Tot ecce insignes. juvenes quot intueor. non magis. sunt pœnitendi senatoreb quam. pœnitet Persicum. nobilissimum virum. amicum. meum. inter. imagines. majorum. suorum. Allobrogici. nomen. legere. quod. si. hæc. ita esse. consenti. is. quid. ultra. desideratis. quam. ut. vobis. digito demonstrem. solum ipsum. ultra. fines. provinciæ. Narbonenśis. jam. vobis. senatoris mittere.

quando.

quando. ex. Lugduno. habere. nos. noſtri. ordinis. viros. non. pœnitit. timide. quidem p. c. egreſſus. adſuetos. familiareſque. vobis. provinciarum. terminos. ſum. ſed. deſtricte. jam. comatæ. Galiæ. cauſæ. agenda. eſt. in qua. ſi. quis. hæc. intuetur quod. bello. per. decem. annos. exercuerunt. divem. Julium. idem. opponat. centum. annorum. immobilem. fidem. obſequiumque. multis. trepidis. rebus. noſtris. pluſquam. expertum. illi. patri. meo. Druſo. Germaniam. ſubigenti. tutam. quiete. ſua. ſecuramque. a. tergo. pacem preſtiterunt et quidem. cum. ad. cenſus. novo. tum. opere. et. in. adſueto. Gallios ad. bellum avocatus. eſſet quod. opus. quam. arduum. ſit. nobis. nunc. cum. maxime. quamvis. nihil. ultra. quam. ut. publice. notæ. ſint facultates. noſtræ. exquiratur. nimis. magno. experimento. cognoſcimus.

I was alſo ſhewed, without the gate of St. Juſtinus, ſome remains of a Roman aquæduct; and behind the monaſtery of St. Mary, there are the ruins of the Imperial palace, where the Emperor Claudius was born, and where Severus lived. The great cathedral of St. John is a good Gothic building, and its clock much admired by the Germans. In one of the moſt conſpicuous parts of the town is the late king's ſtatue ſet up, trampling upon mankind. I cannot forbear ſaying one word here, of the French ſtatues (for I never intend to mention any more of them) with their gilded full-bottomed wigs. If their king had intended to expreſs in one image, ignorance, ill taſte, and vanity, his ſculptors could have made no other figure, ſo proper for that purpoſe, as this ſtatue, which repreſents the odd mixture of

an old beau, who had a mind to be a hero, with a buſhel of curl'd hair on his head, and a gilt truncheon in his hand.—The French have been ſo voluminous in the hiſtory of this town, I need ſay nothing of it. The houſes are tolerably well built, and the *Belle Cour* well planted, from whence is ſeen the celebrated joining of the Soane and Rhone.

Ubi Rhodanus ingens amne prærapido fluit
Ararque dubitans quo ſuos fluctus agat.

I have had time to ſee every thing with great leiſure, having been confin'd ſeveral days to this town by a ſwelling in my throat, the remains of a fever, occaſioned by a cold I got in the damps of the Alps. The doctors here threaten me with all ſorts of diſtempers, if I dare to leave them; but I, that know the obſtinacy of it, think it juſt as poſſible to continue my way to Paris, with it, as to go about the ſtreets of Lyons, and am determin'd to purſue my journey to-morrow, in ſpite of doctors, apothecaries, and ſore throats.

When you ſee Lady R——, tell her I have received her letter, and will anſwer it from Paris, believing that the place that ſhe would moſt willingly hear of.

I am, &c. &c.

LET-

LETTER XLIX.

To the Lady R——.

Paris, Oct. 10. O. S. 1718.

I Cannot give my dear Lady R——, a better proof of the pleaſure I have in writing to her than chuſing to do it in this ſeat of various amuſements, where I am *accableed* with viſits, and thoſe ſo full of vivacity and compliments, that 'tis full employment enough to hearken, whether one anſwers or not. The French ambaſſadreſs at Conſtantinople, has a very conſiderable and numerous family here, who all come to ſee me, and are never weary of my making enquiries. The air of Paris has already had a good effect on me; for I was never in better health, tho' I have been extremely ill all the road from Lyons to this place. You may judge how agreeable the journey has been to me; which did not want that addition to make me diſlike it. I think nothing ſo terrible as objects of miſery, except one had the God-like attribute of being capable to redreſs them; and all the country villages of France ſhew nothing elſe. While the poſt-horſes are changed, the whole town comes out to beg, with ſuch miſerable ſtarv'd faces, and thin tattered cloaths, they need no other eloquence to perſuade one of the wretchedneſs of their condition. This is all the French magnificence till you come to Fountaine-bleau, when you are ſhewed one thouſand five hundred rooms in the King's hunting palace.

The apartments of the royal family are very large, and richly gilt; but I ſaw nothing in the architecture or painting worth remembring. The long gallery, built by Henry IV. has proſpects of all the king's houſes. Its walls are deſign'd after the taſte of thoſe times, but appear now very mean. The park is, indeed, finely wooded and water'd, the trees well grown and planted, and in the fiſh-ponds are kept tame carp, ſaid to be, ſome of them, eighty years of age. The late King paſſed ſome months every year at this ſeat; and all the rocks, round it, by the pious ſentences inſcribed on them, ſhew the devotion in faſhion at his court, which I believe died with him; at leaſt, I ſee no exterior marks of it at Paris, where all peoples thoughts ſeem to be on preſent diverſion.

The fair of St. Lawrence is now in ſeaſon. You may be ſure I have been carried thither, and think it much better diſpos'd than ours of Bartholomew. The ſhops being all ſet in rows ſo regularly, and well lighted, they made up a very agreeable ſpectacle. But I was not at all ſatisfied with the Groſſierte of their Harlequin, no more than with the muſic at the opera, which was abominably grating, after being uſed to that of Italy. Their houſe is a booth compared to that of the Hay-Market, and the play-houſe not ſo neat as that of Lincoln's Inn fields; but then, it muſt be own'd, to their praiſe, their tragedians are much beyond any of ours. I ſhould hardly allow Mrs O——d a better place than to be confident to La ——. I have ſeen the tragedy of Bajazet ſo well repreſented, that I think our beſt actors can be only

ſaid

ſaid to ſpeak, but theſe to feel; and 'tis certainly infinitely more moving to ſee a man appear unhappy, than to hear him ſay that he is ſo, with a jolly face, and a ſtupid ſmirk in his countenance.—*A propos* of countenances, I muſt tell you ſomething of the French ladies; I have ſeen all the beauties, and ſuch—(I can't help making uſe of the coarſe word) nauſeous creatures? ſo fantaſtically abſurd in their dreſs; ſo monſtrouſly unnatural in their paints! their hair cut ſhort, and curled round their faces, and ſo loaded with powder, that it makes it look like white wool! and on their cheeks to their chins, unmercifully laid on a ſhining red japan, that gliſters in a moſt flaming manner, ſo that they ſeem to have no reſemblance to human faces. I am apt to believe that they took the firſt hints of their dreſs, from a fair ſheep newly raddled. 'Tis with pleaſure I recollect my dear pretty country women: and if I was writing to any body elſe, I ſhould ſay, that theſe groteſque dawbers give me ſtill a higher eſteem of the natural charms of dear Lady R——'s auburne hair, and the lively colours of her unſullied complexion. I am, &c. &c.

P. S. I have met the Abbé here, who deſires me to make his compliments to you.

LETTER L.

To Mr T———.

Paris, Oct. 16. O. S. 1718.

YOU ſee I'm juſt to my word in writing to you from Paris, where I was very much ſurprized

to meet my ſiſter, I need not add, very much pleaſed. She as little expected to ſee me as I her (having not receiv'd my late letters) and this meeting would ſhine under the hand of de Scuderie, but I ſhall not imitate his ſtile ſo far, as to tell you how often we embraced, how ſhe enquir'd, by what odd chance I return'd from Conſtantinople? And I anſwer'd her by aſking, what adventure brought her to Paris! To ſhorten the ſtory, all queſtions, and anſwers, and exclamations, and compliments being over, we agreed upon runing about together, and have ſeen Verſailles, Trianon, Marli, and St. Cloud. We had an order for the water to play for our diverſion, and I was followed thither by all the Engliſh at Paris. I own Verſailles appeared to me rather vaſt than beautiful; and, after having ſeen the exact proportions of the Italian building, I thought the irregularity of it ſhocking.

The king's cabinet of antiques and medals, is indeed, very richly furniſhed. Amongſt that collection, none pleaſed ſo well as the Apotheoſis of Germanicus, on a large agate, which is one of the moſt delicate pieces of the kind, that I remember to have ſeen. I obſerv'd ſome antient ſtatues of great value. But the nauſeous flattery and tawdry pencil of Le Brun, are equally diſguſting in the gallery. I will not pretend to deſcribe to you the great apartment, the vaſt variety of fountains; the theatre, the grove of Æſop's fables, &c. all which you may read very amply particularized in ſome of the French authors, that have been paid for theſe deſcriptions. Trianon, in its littleneſs, pleaſed me better than Verſailles;

Marli

Marli better than either of them, and St. Clould beſt of all, having the advantage of the Seine running at the bottom of the gardens, the great caſcade, &c. You may find information in the aforeſaid books, if you have any curioſity to know the exact number of the ſtatues, and how many foot they caſt up the water.

We ſaw the king's pictures in the magnificent houſe of the Duke D' Antin, who has the care of preſerving them till his majeſty is of age There are not many, but of the beſt hands. I looked with great pleaſure on the Arch-Angel of Raphael, where the ſentiments of ſuperior beings are as well expreſſed as in Milton. You won't forgive me, if I ſay nothing of the Thuilleries, much finer than our Mall; and the Cour, more agreeable than our Hide-Park, the high trees giving ſhade in the hotteſt ſeaſon. At the Louvre, I had the opportunity of ſeeing the king, accompanied by the duke regent. He is tall, and well ſhap'd, but has not the air of holding the crown ſo many years as his grandfather. And now I am ſpeaking of the court, I muſt ſay I ſaw nothing in France, that delighted me ſo much as to ſee an Engliſhman (at leaſt a Briton) abſolute at Paris; I mean Mr Law, who treats their dukes and peers extremely *de haut en bas*, and is treated by them with the utmoſt ſubmiſſion and reſpect.——Poor ſouls! ——This reflection on their abject ſlavery, puts me in mind of the *place des victoires*; but I will not take up your time and my own with ſuch deſcriptions, which are too numerous.

In

In general I think Paris has the advantage of London in the neat pavement of the ſtreets, and the regular lighting of them at nights, in the proportion of the ſtreets, the houſes being all built of ſtone, and moſt of thoſe belonging to people of quality, being beautified by gardens. But we certainly may boaſt of a town very near twice as large, and when I have ſaid that, I know nothing elſe we ſurpaſs it in. I ſhall not continue here long; if you have any thing to command me during my ſhort ſtay, write ſoon, and I ſhall take pleaſure in obeying you.

I am, &c. &c.

LETTER LI.

To the Abbot ——

Dover, October 31. O. S. 1718.

I AM willing to take your word for it, that I ſhall really oblige you, by letting you know as ſoon as poſſible, my ſafe paſſage over the water. I arrived this morning at Dover, after being toſſed a whole night in the packet-boat in ſo violent a manner, that the maſter, conſidering the weakneſs of his veſſel, thought it proper to remove the mail, and gave us notice of the danger. We call'd a little fiſhing-boat, which could hardly make up to us; while all the people on board us were crying to heaven. 'Tis hard to imagine one's ſelf in a greater ſcene of horror than

on

on ſuch an occaſion; and yet I ſhall own it to you, tho' I was not at all willing to be drown'd, I could not forbear being entertained at the double diſtreſs of a fellow-paſſenger. She was an Engliſh lady that I had met at Calais, who deſired me to let her go over with me in my cabin. She had bought a fine point-head, which ſhe was contriving to conceal from the cuſtom-houſe officers. When the wind grew high, and our little veſſel crack'd, ſhe fell very heartily to her prayers, and thought wholly of her ſoul. When it ſeemed to abate, ſhe returned to the worldly care of her head-dreſs, and addreſſed herſelf to me—— "*Dear madam, will you take care of this point? if it* "*ſhould be loſt!—ah Lord, we ſhall all be loſt! Lord* "*have mercy on my ſoul!——pray, Madam, take care* "*of this head-dreſs.*" This eaſy tranſition from her ſoul to her head dreſs, and the alternate agonies that both gave her, made it hard to determine which ſhe thought of greateſt value. But however the ſcene was not ſo diverting but I was glad to get rid of it, and be thrown into the little boat, tho' with ſome hazard of breaking my neck. It brought me ſafe hither, and I cannot help looking with partial eyes on my native land. That partiality was certainly given us by nature, to prevent rambling, the effect of an ambitious thirſt after knowledge, which we are not formed to enjoy. All we get by it is a fruitleſs deſire of mixing the different pleaſures and conveniences which are given to the different parts of the world, and cannot meet in any one of them. After having read all that is to be found in the languages I am miſtreſs of, and having decayed my

ſight

ſight by midnight ſtudies, I envy the eaſy peace of mind of a ruddy milk-maid, who, undiſturb'd by doubt, hears the ſermon, with humility, every Sunday, not having confounded the ſentiments of natural duty in her head by the vain enquiries of the ſchools, who may be more learn'd, yet, after all, muſt remain as ignorant. And after having ſeen part of Aſia and Africa, and almoſt made the tour of Europe, I think the honeſt Engliſh ſquire more happy, who verily believes the Greek wines leſs delicious than March beer, that the African fruits have not ſo fine a flavour as golden pippens, that the Beca figuas of Italy are not ſo well taſted as a rump of beef, and that in ſhort there is no perfect enjoyment of this life out of Old England. I pray God I may think ſo for the reſt of my life; and ſince I muſt be content with our ſcanty allowance of day-light, that I may forget the enlivening ſun of Conſtantinople.

I am, &c. &c.

LETTER LII.

To Mr P——.

Dover, Nov. 1. O. S. 1718.

I Have this minute received a letter of yours ſent me from Paris. I believe and hope I ſhall very ſoon ſee both you and Mr Congreve; but as I am here in an inn, where we ſtay to regulate our march to London, bag and baggage, I ſhall employ ſome of

of my leiſure time in anſwering that part of yours that ſeems to require an anſwer.

I muſt applaud your good nature in ſuppoſing that your paſtoral lovers, (vulgarly call'd Hay-makers) would have liv'd in everlaſting joy and harmony, if the lightning had not interrupted their ſcheme of happineſs. I ſee no reaſon to imagine that John Hughes and Sarah Drew were either wiſer or more virtuous than their neighbours That a well ſet man of twenty-five ſhould have a fancy to marry a brown women of eighteen, is nothing marvelous; and I cannot help thinking that had they married, their lives would have paſſed in the common track with their fellow pariſhioners. His endeavouring to ſhield her from a ſtorm was a natural action, and what he would have certainly done for his horſe, if he had been in the ſame ſituation. Neither am I of opinion that their ſudden death was a reward of their mutual virtue. You know the Jews were reprov'd for thinking a village deſtroy'd by fire, more wicked than thoſe that had eſcaped the thunder. Time and chance happen to all men. Since you deſire me to try my ſkill in an epitaph, I think the following lines perhaps more juſt, tho' not ſo poetical as yours.

Here lies John Hughes and Sarah Drew,
Perhaps you'll ſay, What's that to you?
Believe me, friend, much may be ſaid
On that poor couple that are dead.
On Sunday next they ſhould have married;
But ſee how oddly things are carried!

On Thurſday laſt it rain'd and lighten'd,
Theſe tender lovers ſadly frighten'd,
Shelter'd beneath the cocking hay
In hopes to paſs the time away.
But the BOLD THUNDER *found them out,*
(Commiſſion'd for that end no doubt)
And ſeizing on their trembling breath,
Conſign'd them to the ſhades of death.
Who knows if 'twas not kindly done?
For had they ſeen the next year's ſun,
A beaten wife and cuckold ſwain
Had jointly curs'd the marriage chain;
Now they are happy in their doom,
FOR POPE HAS WROTE UPON THEIR TOMB.

I confeſs theſe ſentiments are not altogether ſo heroic as yours; but I hope you will forgive them in favour of the two laſt lines. You ſee how much I eſteem the honour you have done them; tho' I am not very impatient to have the ſame, and had rather continue to be your ſtupid living, humble ſervant, than be celebrated by all the pens in Europe.

I would write to Mr C——; but ſuppoſe you will read this to him if he enquires after me.

THE END.

BRITISH MUSEUM 30 MAY 68